THE BOY WITH THE U.S. INDIANS

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

The Boy with the U. S. Indians

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U. S. SERVICE SERIES.

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. INDIANS

BY

FRANCIS ROLT-WHEELER

With Thirty-six Illustrations, principally from Bureaus of the United States Government

BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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THE BOY WITH THE U. S. INDIANS

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To
My Son Roger's Friend
VIRGIL MARKHAM

PREFACE

The haunting presence of the Indian is the one great glamour that remains of Early America. The great highways of modern commerce follow the trail he made, the streams that now bear mighty ocean-going craft were first explored in swift birch-bark canoes, and where are now the waving wheat-fields of the west the tipis of the buffalo-hunters stood. There is scarcely a square mile of all this land that does not bear some memory of the Indian, and every American-born citizen shares his birthplace with generations of copper-skinned braves who occupied the land before him. And, withal, the Indian glamour holds a full measure of bravery, manliness and courtesy, of a splendid obedience to ideals that knew no shrinking when put to the supremest tests.

Most misunderstood of all races, the Indian at last is winning the recognition that is his due. For three centuries his extinction has been sought by fair means or foul, he has been banished from the home of his forefathers, hounded to restricted reservations, tricked and exploited by politicians,

and deliberately shot or starved to death. The pioneer's fear and hatred of a foe whose character he never tried to understand has been handed down to later generations as a basis for unjust prejudice and blind disregard of honor. But, to the credit of America be it said, that evil time is past. The Bureau of Ethnology and the Bureau of Indian Affairs combine to show the Indian as he really was and is, and the Indian citizen as he is and will be. The richness and variety of Indian languages, the wonder and beauty of Indian literatures, the characteristic and peculiar contribution of Indian art and music and the sublime symbolism of Indian religion are but recently perceived to constitute in American tradition a heritage not less precious than "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." To portray, as far as possible, the virility and continuity of the several Indian stocks, to make us thrill with pride as truly in our forerunners as in our ancestry, to win for every boy a sense of the splendid unity of American life and ideals, and to establish a kinship of brave spirits between the redskin and the white, is the aim and purpose of

THE AUTHOR.

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The Boy with the U. S. Indians

THE BOY WITH THE U. S. INDIANS

CHAPTER I

THE MYSTERY OF LOST WOLF

"Virgil, I'm going away!"

"Where, Wolf?" questioned the lad addressed, glad to find that his chum had broken the silence he had kept since entering the rough log hut they had built together for an 'experiment-house' several seasons before.

"I'm going to leave the village and I shall not come back!"

"Why?"

"It is in my heart to tell you," the other boy replied, and Virgil, who was accustomed to his friend's queer phrasing, put back upon its shelf a bottle of photographic chemicals he had just taken down, and prepared to listen.

As his chum did not at once continue, Virgil watched him closely and noted the decided set of

the jaw. Although he had known for years that Lost Wolf was a full-blood Indian, the fact had never struck him so forcibly as it did that afternoon. The tense look, the motionless pose, the slight crouch in the attitude gave him the look of the true savage, and for an instant Virgil saw his friend as he might appear in his war-paint.

"The world I live in is not mine," resumed the lad, in the picturesque wording that was his heritage and which a whole boyhood spent in a Minnesota village had not been able to quench, "it is the white man's world. The animals have their forest and even the wolf goes to his own den. I am the Lost Wolf. I have no home-place. I must lie down to sleep in the white man's house."

Virgil whistled softly. He had never heard his friend speak so openly before.

"But your home's right here, Wolf," he said. "We all count you as one of us. You're doing famously, through high school already and going next year to college. I wish I were so far along!"

"I have spent eighteen years in a trap," the Indian lad answered. "It is enough. I shall not go to college."

"Why not?" queried Virgil. "The Camerons want you to go, I'm sure of that!"

"It is true," the other said simply, "they want me to go. The doctor says that I shall learn there to be more wise. There are many ways of being wise. I am not quite a white boy, Virgil!"

"You're not white, of course," was the rejoinder, "but what difference does that make? I'm sure you've got heaps of friends. You're the best runner in the school and our ball team would have been licked half a dozen times last summer if it hadn't been for you."

"It is true," the Indian boy answered with his customary phrase, and with the gentleness and gravity that had made him one of the popular boys in the village. "I can run fast. That is a game. It is my time now to put away games. Somewhere beyond the sunset is my home. I must find it."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Wolf," said a sonorous voice, as Virgil's soldier uncle came to the door, "though it's as well to keep the love of games all through life. I can come in, I suppose, Virgil," he continued, "unless you have some of your particularly secret experiments on hand."

"Sure, Uncle Jim, come right in, of course,"

was the instant reply. "I haven't tried any experiments to-day. Wolf was just saying when you came in, that he wanted to go away from us. Think of it, he wants to chuck college and all the rest of it, just to start on a wild-goose chase to find the tribe he belongs to!"

"I don't see that it would necessarily be a wild-goose chase," the old soldier answered. "From the little I have heard of your story, Wolf, I should think you ought to be able to find your own people."

"Who are my people, Major Targeton?" the Indian answered him. "North, where the beaver builds his dam, the Ottawa fish from their birch-bark canoes; are they my people? South, in the swamps, the Seminole share their life with the alligator and the copperhead snake; are they my people? The tipis of the Sioux are pitched on their western reservations, though the countless buffalo are gone; shall I find my people there? The pueblos of the Hopi hold guard over the sun-baked deserts of the far Southwest; are my people with them?"

"You don't know at all what is your tribe? You have no clue?"

"I do not know," Lost Wolf said sadly. "I

have three things to help me find them, some Indian picture writing, some beadwork, and a necklace. Can you read Indian signs, Major Targeton?"

"Not unless it happens to be Cheyenne," was the reply. "But I can spot Cheyenne stuff at sight."

A sharp gleam came into the Indian lad's eyes. He put his hand inside his shirt and brought out a small deerskin bag. Carefully he drew out an ancient necklace and passed it to the old soldier. It was a wonderful piece of craftmanship made of bears' claws, about an inch apart, and the sinew string between was threaded with pieces of lightning-struck wood, shells, and beads made from dyed reeds.

Major Targeton examined it carefully and then shook his head.

"It's a chief's necklace," he said, "but I should think that it belonged to some leader who was not a war-chief. I've never seen one like it, and I'm fairly sure that it is not of Cheyenne make. No, I'm sorry, I can't help you with this. But why don't you go to the big council that is coming off next month? You'd surely get some help there."

"I have not heard of any council," the Indian lad replied.

"I don't think it is half as well known as it ought to be," the Major explained, "but I think the idea is a good one. You see, Wolf," he continued, turning to his eager listener, "a special message has been sent to the old Indian chiefs, all over the country, calling them to a council. The big lodge is to be pitched near the Custer battlefield, on the Little Bighorn River in Montana. Since the tribes were broken up and sent to the various reservations, there really hasn't been a true Indian council larger than the tribal meetings and only the oldest of the chiefs now living can remember the ancient ceremonies. But those old customs are much too important and too interesting to be forgotten, so some wealthy and scientific men have combined to arrange this gathering, where the traditions may be studied, and the Government has given permission for the chiefs to go."

"Then it is a make-believe council!" said Lost Wolf, a little scornfully. "It is the white man who has called it!"

"In one way I suppose it is," the old soldier

agreed, "but not altogether. It is true that one reason for asking the chiefs to gather was that all sorts of records might be taken, for moving-pictures and phonographs and all the rest of it. But still it is a real peace council, for many chiefs whose tribes have been at enmity for generations will smoke the pipe of peace together. What I was thinking of mostly, though, was the chance it would give you of seeing many chiefs together. There will be other people there too, experts from the Government, who have studied Indian lore all their lives. Between the two, I should think you would have a very likely chance of finding out what you want to know."

"The plan is good," Lost Wolf agreed, "I will go."

"I wonder if I couldn't go too, Uncle Jim!" cried Virgil. "There's nothing I'd rather do more. And," he continued, "it would be a bully chance to show how my color photograph invention works. Just think of all the opportunities there—the painted tipis (tepees), the horses, the gay blankets, the feather war-bonnets!"

"Lots of chances," his uncle agreed, "but rather a severe test. However, I really believe

your scheme is sound, and," he added, "I'm proud of my nephew, and would like to see him make good with that process."

Virgil colored with pleasure.

"Do you really suppose I can go?"

"That's for your father to say. But if Wolf takes the trip I don't see any reason to prevent your going with him. First of all, though, let me make sure how much definite information we have. As I remember," he continued, turning to the Indian lad, "you were found with your mother, lying beside a trail in South Dakota somewhere. She was badly wounded. Just where was that, Wolf?"

"Near the White River, sir."

"Yes, I thought it was in the country thereabout. The teamster brought your mother and you back to the village and Doctor Cameron's sister-in-law took care of you both until your mother died, which was a few weeks later, and then she gave you a home. When the doctor's sister-in-law died, which was when you were about three years old, he decided to bring you here since his brother couldn't take proper care of a tiny Indian child. You've lived here ever since. Isn't that nearly the whole story?"

"It is true," the lad answered. "That is all I know."

"And you're depending on that picture-writing which your mother left you, on that necklace and on some beadwork moccasins to reveal to you the tribe to which you belong?"

"It is true," came the accustomed reply.

"Then," the old soldier answered, with an air of certainty, "the council is the place for you to go. But before we get so far as to plan the trip itself, I should like to hear your reasons for seeking to go, Wolf; I want to know why you are so anxious to find your own people. I think I can make a guess at some of the reasons, but I should like to hear you put them your own way."

"I am not a white boy," Lost Wolf answered simply. "I am an Indian. My speech is the speech of the white man, my clothes are the clothes of the white man—"

"You can always manage to make them look as if they weren't, Wolf," interjected Virgil, but the Indian lad paid no heed.

"My place," he continued, "has been in a white man's home, and in the white man's school I have learned ways different from those of my own race. But my heart is Indian all the time."

"It wouldn't be, so much, Wolf," said Virgil, "if you didn't spend such a lot of time in the library reading every book you can get hold of about Indians; and, half the time, you talk like some chap out of a book, not like the rest of us."

"You would read about your own country and people if you were an exile," Lost Wolf rejoined, a little sadly, "I do so, too. My heart is glad when I read of the brave deeds of my people. I am not a white boy with an Indian face, but an Indian boy with an Indian heart. I speak your speech, but I do not think the way you think; I go to your church, but I do not pray to the Great Spirit the way you pray."

Virgil and the major waited for the lad to continue.

"People call me Lost Wolf," he resumed, after a pause. "The white man gave me that name. It is not my name. I have read the customs of many tribes. An Indian baby is given a name, when a boy grows big he gets another name, when he is made a warrior he is given a man's name. I have a baby's name, and it is not mine. I must find my tribe to find my name."

"Tell me, Wolf," said the major, dropping for a moment into the picturesque language of the

plains, which he had known so well thirty years before, when he had taken part in the Indian fighting, "why do you ride the ponies of your talk all round the camp?"

"It is true," the Indian lad replied, "I ride round. Good. Now I will come in. I will tell why I want to find my tribe. This is what my heart says. The white man says that there is duty to one's father's people and to one's mother's people, Wovoka the Paiute says there is duty to one's people, and the Great Spirit says so too. I am young; I am strong. Perhaps my mother's sister is poor, perhaps my grandfather is old and weak, perhaps they have no bread. It is right that I should help. I must find them."

Major Targeton looked at him thoughtfully, but made no reply.

"There doesn't seem much left to say when Wolf puts it that way, does there, Uncle Jim?" Virgil remarked.

"Have you told any one of your plan to leave the village, Wolf?" queried the old soldier, ponderingly.

"I have spoken my heart to Mrs. Cameron and to Virgil. Now to you. No one else."

"What did the doctor's wife say?"

"She said," the Indian answered with a characteristic half smile of amusement, "that she did not see why I should want to go away and live in a tent with savages and wear no clothes, when I might stay here, live like the white people, go to college and wear clothes."

"And what did you answer to that, Wolf?"

"I told her, Major Targeton," the boy answered, "that I thought it was possible for me to find my family and still wear trousers."

The former cavalryman broke into a hearty laugh.

"You remind me," he said, "of a story they tell about an agent on one of the western reservations in the days when the Government had first set aside those sections of territory in exchange for Indian lands needed for settlement. He was a shrewd Westerner, this agent, and put down what threatened to be quite an uprising, by a pair of trousers."

"How was that, Uncle Jim?" put in Virgil, eager for a yarn.

"It was 'way back in the times when the Indians were awkward to handle and were always making trouble over the rations of beef which the Government was forced to give the various

tribes because their food supply had been cut off by the extinction of the buffalo. The trouble on this particular reservation was begun by an Indian boy who had been sent for a few years to one of those endowed schools in the East where they try to make a half-baked white man out of an Indian who has spent the first fifteen years of his life among his tribe. That's a plan that doesn't work. It's a different matter in your case, Wolf, for you began at the beginning.

"The reservation school is the thing, there the Indian can learn just what he ought to learn and is under conditions that he understands. But to take an Indian lad to an eastern institution, to surround him with modern appliances, electric light, hot and cold water taps, high-grade machinery of every pattern for work in the house and fields and then, after he has learned to depend on these, to turn him loose on the reservation again, is little short of cruelty. It gives the boy a taste for what he never can have on his reservation allotment and utterly unfits him to use the only devices he can get.

"It was just that way with this chap. His four or five years in the East had made him think he knew so much more than all the rest of his tribe

that he ought not to have to work, and he thought the easiest way to make a living would be to promote trouble. So, in order to make himself prominent, he hatched up every kind of grievance that could be thought of, some being really important, but most of them of a trifling kind, and went about the reservation speechifying about these until he had the tribe quite stirred up. Finally, painted and in little more than a breechclout, though his companions were in ceremonial dress, he headed a party of quarrelsome young braves to the agency. The agent, a western man, who knew Indians, was ready for him.

"'Which the only question I'm willin' to discuss with you at present is pants,' the agent said, 'an' I'm not goin' to consider any proposal you may be wantin' to offer ontil you come to the agency in a manner becomin' to my idees of a conference. Thar's a pair of pants festooned over the bars o' that corral. When I see 'em decoratin' your hide in the customary usage o' pants, I'll talk business with you, an' not before.'"

"I don't quite see, Uncle Jim," said Virgil, "what the question of trousers had to do with the grievances of the tribe."

"It wasn't in the grievances that the danger lay," the old soldier explained, "it was the manner of presenting them that looked threatening. That was just what the agent said.

" 'Pants is a token o' bein' civilized, my young buck,' he said, 'an' while I'm not insistin' on an old chief breakin' away from the customs of a lifetime, I take it that Uncle Sam has put me here to teach the young idee the dangers o' backslidin'. If you'd never been off the reservation an' wanted a pow-wow, I'd be willin' to talk with you if you landed here in your full war-paint. But with you it's different, you've been sent East an' you've had a chance to l'arn better. I'm lookin' to you an' the younger men to help pull up the tribe to a style o' livin' that'll fit in better with the way things are run to-day. An' you can take it as straight talk that I figger on pants as one o' those ways.' "

"What did the chap do, Uncle Jim?"

"Who, the young Indian? He stood pat at first, said trousers were degrading to a free and noble race, and all that sort of stuff. But it didn't work. The agent refused to see any delegation from the tribe of which the young brave was a member, so that, instead of his being able to make

the others think how important he was, the rest of the tribe saw that he was a hindrance. This began to make the young brave angry and restive and he started ill-feeling among a group of hot-headed warriors. The agent stood it for a week or two and then he shut off the chap's rations. Next day the trouble-maker came to the agency, at the head of about twenty others, and started threatening talk.

"The agent stopped him at his first sentence.

" 'See here,' he said, 'I'm tired o' wastin' good time on any naked an' onblushin' savage. Thar's grub an' thar's water in that shack. When you get good an' ready, you can put on those pants an' lope up to the door an' ask for grub. But you can bet your last bead that you're goin' hungry ontil you come round to my way o' thinkin'. Pants is the real bang-up fashion on this reservation, an' this here party I'm givin' you is a full-dress occasion.' "

"I suppose he had to weaken at last, Uncle Jim?"

"Of course. It stopped the trouble right away, too, because no people in the world enjoys a joke more than an Indian. The tribe calls that young brave 'Wears-Agent's-Pants' to this day!"

The close of the old soldier's story was greeted with silence. Virgil looked furtively at Lost Wolf, for it was evident that Major Targeton had not told the tale pointlessly, and he noted that the Indian lad's eyelids had narrowed, increasing the slant-eyed look observable in all tribes of North American Indians.

"Wolf," the major continued, seeing that the boy had understood the allusion, "why do you want to turn back to the old customs? You say that you feel your duty to your own people, whom you have not seen and do not know, but what about your duty to Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, to whom you owe nearly everything?"

The Indian's expression clouded.

"It is not a true saying," he answered quietly. "I owe the most where the most was given. My father and my mother were Indian. They gave me life. My white friends have given me food, clothes, and a bed to sleep on. But is that a gift from the white man to the Indian?"

With a characteristic gesture, which was dignified despite its emphasis, he stamped his foot upon the ground.

"This house we boys built, this garden of Mr. Keen's, these fields with fences round them,

where did the white man get them? When he took the Indians' hunting ground, did he pay? Is it not true that this whole town stands on the land stolen from the Menominee?"

"It is true," Major Targeton answered, echoing the Indian's phrase.

"White men have lived here and become rich," Lost Wolf continued, "but the Indian has no share. Not longer ago than when you were a boy, sir, the streams here were the wild-rice harvest fields of hundreds of Indians, but now the wild rice is swept away that the water may carry logs to the white man's mill. These woods were full of game and all the forest belonged to the Menominee, but now the tribe is banished to a gameless reservation in Wisconsin."

"I don't think you've had such a bad time of it yourself, Wolf," Virgil put in, with an uncomfortable feeling that the Indian was getting the better of the discussion.

"It is true," Lost Wolf agreed, "I am grateful. I have been given much. But it is the difference between being allowed to live and having the right to live. I want the right to live. I will only get that among my own people."

"But it isn't as if you hadn't had a chance,"

Virgil said, hardly realizing that his chum could have had such feelings all the years that he had known him and that he had never guessed. "You've gone to school and to high school, and you know a lot of things that Indians on a reservation never would know."

"It is true," came Wolf's accustomed reply. "But learning is for use. The white man takes the Indian's land and uses it for himself. Then the Indian must take the white man's learning and use it for himself. Did the white man try to help the Indian when he first came? Did he give money then for books to teach him? Or did he give money for the scalps of the Indians?"

"I'm sure we never did that!" ejaculated Virgil, hotly. "Come, Wolf, that's a bit too strong!"

"It is true," the Indian lad answered, imperturbably.

"Uncle Jim!" cried Virgil, appealing to the major, half in disbelief.

"I'm afraid Wolf is right there," the old soldier admitted, shaking his head, "in colonial days and nearly until the time of the Civil War, bounties were offered for Indian scalps. The British, for a while, did the same thing in Canada."

"You mean they really offered money for the scalps of warriors?"

"Not warriors only, but women and children as well," asserted Lost Wolf indignantly.

"And did white men scalp the Indians, then?" Virgil asked in utter surprise. "I always thought it was the other way."

"A few of the frontiersmen and the half-breed 'coureurs du bois' took advantage of the bounty. Indeed as late as 1853 there was a scalping raid by Texans, and in the sixties helpless men, women and children of the Cheyennes were scalped and otherwise horribly mutilated by Colorado militiamen," his uncle replied; "but the principal purpose of the scalp bounty was to set the friendly Indians against the hostiles."

"It made no difference to the white man's government whether the scalps were those of his friends or enemies," Lost Wolf added, "so long as the scalps were Indian."

"But wasn't that an Indian custom?"

"Yes," the old soldier agreed dubiously, "but only in the lower Saint Lawrence River country. None of the Plains Indians knew the practice until it was spread as a result of the colonists' policy for getting rid of troublesome enemies. It

was readily adopted, however, by tribes which had no dealings with the Government."

"I always thought that all Indians scalped their enemies, and that a warrior was famous according to the number of scalps that hung at his belt!" Virgil said, with an air of being sure that he was right.

"I think you're wrong in both those statements," his uncle answered. "It was very seldom that an enemy was scalped until after he was dead, though it was occasionally done to a living captive, and these rather ghastly trophies were generally secured by the women, who flocked to the battlefield as soon as the fighting was over. You know the scalp dance was a woman's dance, not a man's?"

"No, I didn't know," the boy answered.

"Then, too, the scalping of one's enemies had little to do with a warrior's fame. This was measured by *coups,* and these were awarded for bravery. The highest coup was secured by striking an armed enemy with the bare hand, while attacking him. No, in justice to the Plains tribes, at least, you have to admit that their standard for personal bravery was very high. Scalping was an incident, not an incentive."

"The white man made friends with some tribes, and bribed them to scalp their brothers," said Lost Wolf, returning to the attack. "Then, after that, he starved to death thousands of those he had sworn to help and who he had turned against their race by false promises. The white man takes the Indian's land while pretending to help him, and the only price he pays is murder, treachery, and starvation!"

The old soldier looked intently at the tall lithe figure standing beside him, and the Indian lad returned his gaze steadily.

"Wolf," the major said sternly, "I'll not deny that a good deal of what you say is true, but, by my sword, if you had talked to me like that twenty years ago, I'd have ordered out a file of soldiers to arrest you, and if you had resisted, I should have had them shoot you on the spot!"

The suggestion of military arrest struck strangely on Virgil's ears and gave him an unpleasant shock. That his chum Lost Wolf was an Indian he had always known, but the idea that there could be danger from Indians at the present time had never crossed his mind. Like all American schoolboys, the days of redskin warfare seemed to him to be far, far back in history, and

Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

THE APPEAL TO THE GREAT SPIRIT.

Masterpiece of sculpture by Cyrus Edwin Dallin, of plains Indian on his pony praying for his tribe.

the word "hostile" sounded as remote a term as "pioneer."

"There aren't any Indians now that the Government really looks on as dangerous, are there, Uncle Jim?" asked Virgil, wanting to turn the subject away from its somewhat embarrassing personal turn.

"None that the Federal Government is worrying over," was the reply, "unless it is the Yaqui, and they, of course, are across the Mexican border. It's seldom, though, that a year goes by without a band of Yaqui Indians falling upon a small village in Mexico, plundering it, killing a fair proportion of the people, and sometimes taking part of the women and children with them for slaves."

"You mean right now?" queried the boy surprisedly.

"There was one raid this summer that I heard about, when I was 'way up in Vermont," the old soldier affirmed, "and in some of the remoter parts of the hill country of northwestern Mexico, trouble is almost constant."

"The Yaqui are quite primitive, then, I suppose?"

"Hardly. They are more advanced than most

of our Southwestern stocks, I believe, though I don't know very much about any Indians except the Plains tribes. They raise crops and run herds of cattle, I know, and they do a bit of manufacturing of cotton and woolen stuffs, too. But that doesn't seem to keep them from being on the warpath nearly all the time. In 1901, one of their outbreaks nearly brought them into conflict with the United States, for they crossed the international boundary when pursued by Mexican federal troops. It was partly because of this that President Diaz undertook to break up the Yaqui strongholds by deporting the ringleaders to Yucatan and other parts of Mexico. In the Mexican civil war that followed the departure of Diaz, the Indians took advantage of the unsettled condition of the country and became troublesome again, though they have been wise enough to retain a wholesome respect for United States territory. Still, I think one can fairly say that the Yaqui is the only tribe of North American Indians that is not entirely subdued."

"Are the Apache 'entirely subdued,' Major Targeton?" Lost Wolf queried.

"I think so, Wolf," the old soldier replied. "The last raid, under Geronimo, when they killed

seventy-three white settlers, was in 1885, and when Geronimo died in 1909, he was almost the last of the old hostile Apache chiefs. It's a good thing, too, because fighting between civilized troops and savage enemies is bound to be unfair and yet the troops can't afford to despise their foes. It's not wise to take too many chances in Indian warfare. Custer tried that, once too often."

"You weren't one of Custer's band, were you, Uncle Jim?" Virgil asked, excitedly.

"If I had been," replied the major, a little grimly, "I shouldn't be here now. Your young friend's relatives would have taken care of that. Not one soul of Custer's detachment escaped alive. The Indians surrounded them and killed every one. Then the women came out and scalped about half the troopers who had been killed. How about it, Wolf?"

"It is true," the Indian lad replied. "The white soldiers attacked the Sioux camp. They began the fight. The Indians defended their homes and then fought back. That was right?"

"I suppose it was right enough, if you put it that way," the old soldier answered, "but I was very fond of General Custer and knew all the offi-

cers of the troop quite well. Major Reno and I were old friends. I've always felt very bitter about Custer's death, but if you ask me whether I blame the Indians under Chiefs Gall and Crazy Horse, I should have to say 'no,' they acted according to their own ideas of right and wrong."

"I never knew just how that Custer affair started, Uncle Jim," Virgil said, scenting a story. "Was he sent out to put down an Indian uprising?"

"Hardly that," his uncle answered. "There had been a great deal of trouble with the Sioux in the early seventies and there was a good-sized army constantly on the go trying to keep peace. Custer—who had been a general in the Civil War and chief of cavalry—was then lieutenant-colonel of cavalry in the regulars, in charge of a detachment of cavalry under General Sheridan. He had been up in the Black Hills country since 1873, and he certainly was a wonder in getting after the Indians. He was as good a diplomat as he was a soldier, too, and he could get results out of a council that no one else could obtain, because the chiefs of the several tribes always regarded him as an honorable man."

"It is true," Lost Wolf agreed. "The Indians

have always understood a soldier and a man of honor. The chiefs were glad to welcome General Crook. But the white men did not always send great soldiers."

"I'm afraid we didn't," Major Targeton admitted. "But the country was very new!"

"The country was not new," retorted the Indian lad, in his slow way, firmly but without disrespect, "it was old. It was ours for generations. To the councils we sent our great chiefs. To the councils the white men sent politicians and traders. If you had sent your great chiefs, there would have been less war."

"But about Custer, Uncle Jim?" pleaded Virgil, eager to hear the story and afraid lest his chum's stubborn upholding of his race should anger the old soldier. "What really caused the massacre?"

The major took off the broad-brimmed hat he always wore and looked through the rough hewn window into the far distance. The slight stoop of his shoulders straightened, and when he spoke it was sonorously, with a ring in his voice that set Virgil a-tingle with expectancy.

"First, last and all the time," the former cavalry officer said, "the figure of Sitting Bull

stands out as the great Indian leader of those times. I should judge he was one of the finest types of a Sioux warrior. But he was quite irreconcilable. Even when still a young man he came into his tribal camp one day when an old chief had made an agreement with a white trader and had accepted some gifts. Picking up the treasures and braving the wrath of the tribe, the young warrior—whose name was then Four Horns—strode to the edge of the river on the opposite shore of which the trader's camp stood and flung the gifts into the stream below.

" 'There is not water enough in all that river,' he cried out in his tribal tongue, 'to carry sufficient gifts to make peace between the Indian and the paleface!' "

"Good!" approved Lost Wolf. "He was real Indian all the way, heart and all!"

"Wherever the war-trail led," resumed the old soldier, "the trail of Sitting Bull crossed it. He was tribal leader of the Hunkpapa Tetons, a division of the Sioux group, and all his early life he was almost constantly on the war-path against the Crows and the Shoshoni. His biography, written by himself in Indian pictures, is full of records of battles with Crow war-parties or

horse-stealing expeditions from guarded hostile camps. The record is in the Army Medical Museum at Washington. Sitting Bull was both a war-chief and a medicine-man, and he was bitterly hostile to the whites to the day of his death."

"There's something rather fine in that, Uncle Jim," said Virgil, whose imagination had been stirred by the thought of this last great Sioux leader, defending his race against the all-conquering 'paleface,' "that's the way a chap likes to think of an Indian chief! But just what do you mean when you call him a medicine-man? Was he a doctor, too?"

"Looking after the sick is only a very small part of the work of the medicine-man," the major answered. "He is the religious leader, the wise man of the tribe. Sitting Bull was the ideal of all the Indian medicine-man can be," the major continued with an old-fashioned bow of courtesy toward Lost Wolf, "but it was entirely due to his power that the Sioux rose in a body when, in 1876, the Government sent word that all the Sioux would be compelled to go on reservations, give up their arms, abandon hunting, and live at peace with the other Indian tribes and the whites. For

three years before that, there were numerous sharp skirmishes, and Custer had been in the saddle almost constantly, his long yellow hair flashing at the front of every battle his hard-riding scouts and cavalry could reach.

"It was in January that the Government issued this order, but even the promptness with which the army followed up the summons could not prevent the alert decisiveness of Sitting Bull. Within a week's time, the swiftest ponies and the most enduring runners of the Sioux and Cheyenne tribes had carried the vengeful prophecies of their great leader to the most distant lodges, every tribe prepared for conflict and mustered its full war-strength, and before long the two most famous chiefs of the Sioux tribes took the field. So ready was the response that by spring the chiefs claimed a following of eight thousand determined warriors."

"Eight thousand! That's quite an army!" interjected Virgil.

"It is, my boy, when working with guerilla tactics, as Indians generally do. Major-General Sheridan at last sent out three army columns, under Generals Crook, Terry, and Gibbon, with orders to push aggressive measures until Sitting

Bull's force was cut to pieces and the chief himself killed or made a captive."

"You spoke of two leaders, Uncle Jim," said Virgil. "Who was the other one?"

"Didn't I tell you? Sitting Bull was in command of the northern Sioux, and Crazy Horse, an Oglala Sioux chief, was the reckless and dashing leader of the southern tribes. He was a fine strategist, also.

"In the early summer the Federal army concentrated in its efforts to crush the power of the Sioux. I tell you, boys, Indian campaigning was real war and the picket took good care not to sleep at his post. The camp was always being awakened by some sentry who had fired at a rustling in the bushes, thinking—and it was likely enough—the intruder was a redskin.

"Under Sheridan's order, General Crook, perhaps the most skilful Indian fighter this country ever had, was pushed forward with all haste, and, with the additional support of a large band of 'friendlies,' or loyal Indians, he moved rapidly upon the southern division. His scouts brought him word that Chief Crazy Horse, with about six hundred Minneconjou Sioux and Cheyenne, was close at hand. Crook knew the value of striking

hard and striking swiftly, and with one of his whirlwind rushes forced the issue. I was with the Seventh Cavalry then, and I tell you, Virgil, the engagement was hot while it lasted."

"Did you actually charge, Uncle?" cried Virgil.

"I actually charged, Virgil," the major replied, smiling slightly at the boy's eagerness, "and got an arrow in my leg." He tapped his left thigh lightly and continued. "But it wasn't much more than a flesh wound and I was able to keep the saddle.

"The Indians got the best of it, for we were heavily outnumbered and Crazy Horse—I told you he was a first-class strategist—had prepared his braves in case of victory, and when the redskins advanced, apparently in confusion, they did so in the form of an ambush arranged with a good deal of skill. We were wild to renew the attack and grumbled a good deal at not receiving orders to charge. But, as we saw afterwards, Crook knew what he was about, for a less wary general would have gone pell-mell into this trap and probably a large part of his army would have been cut to pieces.

"Having won the Battle of the Rosebud, Crazy Horse fell back on the larger division of the

Sioux, which was commanded by Sitting Bull. He sent out messengers to all the scattered bands of the Cheyenne, giving the location of our army and telling them to concentrate on the Little Big Horn River. The painted couriers sped in every direction, and the rest of the hostiles, in full war-paint, and excited to fury by the reports that an army had come to make them break up their homes to live on reservations, hurried to the big central camp.

"While we had engaged Crazy Horse, Generals Terry and Gibbon, starting respectively from Fort Abraham Lincoln and Fort Ellis, had made a long reconnoissance, but had failed to intercept any large portion of the Indian army and they rejoined each other on June the twenty-third. Two days before, however, Terry received scouts from Gibbon. These scouts, who had been riding the outermost circle, reported a body of Indians riding rapidly in the direction of the Little Big Horn. The scouts had not been near enough to be sure to what band the hostiles belonged, but they put the number at seven or eight hundred.

"Knowing that Crazy Horse had fallen back to rejoin Sitting Bull, General Terry felt it to be of great importance to prevent these new

forces joining or escaping towards the east, and he detailed Custer, who was commanding the cavalry of that division, to advance without delay. So, early the morning of the twenty-second, Custer set off on what proved to be his death-ride."

"Why was Custer sent alone?" Virgil asked.

"The cavalry is the swift arm of the service," was the reply; "infantry could not march rapidly enough to intercept the enemy. General Terry knew that the Indians would not offer a pitched battle if it could be avoided, and Custer's orders were to head off the escape of this band, if possible, and wait for the main body of the army, which—it had been agreed—was to combine at the junction of the Big Horn and Little Big Horn rivers on June the twenty-sixth."

"You were still with General Crook then, Uncle Jim, not with Terry at all?" asked Virgil, who was following every word.

"Yes, I was with Crook. On the evening of the twenty-fourth, Custer arrived near the head of the Rosebud River, not far from the Little Big Horn, and saw signs there of recent Indian camps. The troop picketed their horses that night in the country between the Rosebud and

the Little Big Horn Rivers. The men slept on their arms and double sentries were posted.

"In the half light of dawn, Custer's Indian scouts came riding to the camp with information that they had seen an Indian camp-circle high up the Little Big Horn. From their reports and from his own ideas, Custer believed this encampment to be that of a band of twelve hundred Pawnee who were known to be on the war trail to join Sitting Bull, although the scouts averred that the lodges seemed to them more probably Cheyenne or Sioux. Custer told Major Reno, his second in command, who afterwards told me the story, that he believed it would be wise to surround and capture these Pawnee before they united with the Cheyenne, although the main body of the army under General Terry would not join him till next day, and probably the columns under Generals Crook and Gibbon the day after. But still, with six hundred troopers, Custer was sure that he could scatter the supposed Pawnee, for the odds were only two to one.

"I don't think there would have been any doubt about the working out of the plan, either, if the enemy had been what Custer expected. But, personally, I've always thought that the disaster was

due to an entirely different cause, to a fatal mistake for which Custer was not responsible in any way."

"What was that, sir?" queried Wolf, who was following the recital eagerly, with his sympathy as earnestly devoted to the cause of the Sioux as was Virgil's to the side of the gallant cavalry leader.

"The removal of our sabres," the major answered. "The Indians always were afraid of the cavalry because of our sabres, that's why they used to call us 'Long Knives.' Custer's men, unfortunately, were armed only with revolvers, because it had been thought that firearms were a much more effective weapon than cold steel against enemies whose general tactics were to ride round in circles, shooting arrows from a safe distance."

"I don't see why that was such a mistake, Uncle Jim," Virgil said, "a sabre isn't any good against an Indian twenty feet away."

"That's where you're wrong, my boy," his uncle said, "the point is that it keeps him twenty feet away. You'll see, presently, how this mistake contributed to the awful slaughter.

"Following his invariable policy," said the old

soldier, resuming his account, "General Custer divided his detachment into three parties, one under Major Reno with three companies, one under Lieutenant Benteen with two companies, and the third body, which included four companies, he commanded himself. The plan of battle was about this way—"

The major stopped, and with his cane drew a plan in the sawdust on the floor of the boys' workshop.

"This," he said, "is the Little Big Horn River, flowing northwards to join the Big Horn, and the Rosebud River, which flows directly into the Missouri, below the Big Horn, and from which Custer was coming, is to the east, over here. When the scouts came into camp, you see, early in the morning, Custer was on the east or right-hand side of the Little Big Horn River, and the Indian village which the scouts had reported was on the west or left bank, looking down-stream, of course. You get hold of the general idea of it?"

"Yes, sir!" the two boys replied in chorus.

"Very good. Now follow closely Custer's plan and you'll see the entire battle quite clearly. Shortly after camp had been struck and the whole body of cavalry had ridden to within a mile of the

Little Big Horn, Custer divided his detachment, as I told you. He sent Lieutenant Benteen,—who had the smallest number of men—up the river a couple of miles, to make a southern detour, cross the river and come up on the heights along the west bank, above the Indian village, to cut off escape in that direction. He himself, with the largest number of troops, rode down the east bank of the stream, preparing to cross about a mile lower down, where he expected to remain in force and meet the Indians. Major Reno was directed to wait one hour and then to charge straight across the river, where it made a slight turn, almost immediately below the point where the three parties separated, and so drive the Indians down the stream into the very arms of General Custer himself.

"If these tactics could have been carried out, you can see for yourselves that the cavalry position would have been extremely strong; Major Reno would be behind the Indians, having stormed their camp with a surprise charge; Custer, with over three hundred troopers would be waiting to engage them in front, while the river on one side and Lieutenant Benteen with two companies on the other would prevent their escape either way.

That was the intended plan of attack and Custer had used similar strategy very effectually on several battlefields before, but this time the result could not have been foreseen by any generalship. The disposal of the forces, so far as I can see, would have been absolutely perfect if Benteen had not struck rough going and if the camp had held only the twelve hundred Pawnees, on which Custer counted. But you will remember, Virgil, I told you a little while ago that a large part of the Indian force had fallen back on the Little Big Horn River, not knowing that the same point had been chosen as the gathering place for the United States army!

"Major Reno—I'm telling you this part of the story now as he told it to me, and as I heard it from the men who took part in that bloody fight—waited with his troops, hidden behind a ridge on the east bank of the river, for the length of time agreed upon, in order to allow Benteen to ride up the river, cross it and come down on the opposite bank, above the Indian village. It afterwards developed that Benteen had found the ground very rough, was delayed by a deep ravine and was unable to carry out his share of the plan in the time given him; but, of course, Reno knew

nothing of that. When the required time had elapsed, he snapped the case of his watch shut, vaulted into his saddle, and started the troops at a swinging trot for the river.

"As he came down, he saw with a good deal of concern that the village seemed to be much larger than he anticipated. Though a rise of ground prevented him from seeing further down the river valley to the northward, he had a feeling—so he told me later—that there were even yet more tipis beyond. But he had his orders, and as soon as he came in full sight of the encampment on the other side of the water, he rose in his stirrups, called on his men to follow him at the charge, plunged into the river and through it to the Sioux camp on the opposite bank, riding, so far as he could see, against insuperable odds."

"Oh! Bravely done!" cried Virgil.

"The banks of the Little Big Horn were steep and the current rapid, but Reno's men plunged through the river at the full charge, being met by scattering volleys of arrows and an irregular gun fire from the surprised Indian camp. Although the attack was utterly unexpected, the warlike Sioux snatched their weapons and mounted in a few seconds. The chiefs of the camp

ran to the council lodge, but there was no time even for hurried speech, the fury of Reno's charge had been so great, and though the Indians fought with courage to defend their homes, the troopers pressed them back, the resistance of the Sioux barely being enough to cover the retreat of the few women and children who had come to the war encampment.

"It was a scene of savage warfare in its most lurid form. Pressed back within the very ring of their tents, the Indians turned and fled, while here and there a trooper dismounted and set fire to tipi after tipi until, within fifteen minutes of the passage of the river, the Indian camp was a ring of fire. Grimed with smoke and hoarse with shouting orders which could only be indistinctly heard above the Indian yells, Major Reno spurred on his horse in pursuit, driving, as he believed, the routed remnants of the Indian band into certain destruction by Custer and the cavalry supposedly waiting a mile below.

"Suddenly Major Reno caught sight of an Indian chief, one red-tipped eagle's feather in his hair, sitting motionless on a bay pony not a hundred yards away. Even as Major Reno looked, he raised his club, and as though some spirit of

magic had touched the fleeing Indians, each horse wheeled on its haunches and the victorious troopers found themselves in the midst of maddened foes, arrows and bullets whistling about their ears, war-clubs and tomahawks menacing them on every side. Too game to retreat, Major Reno held his troop stubbornly together, and fought his way up the heights above the village where Benteen was expected to appear every minute.

"But, as he reached the top, and for the first time commanded a view of the river valley, Reno feared that he had ridden on his last charge. Far as the eye could reach were the war lodges of the Sioux and the Cheyenne. Under the blaze of the hot June sun, the circles of tipis gleamed white, many of them gay with designs in glowing color; the smoke of a thousand cooking fires lazily floated upward and the blue haze of early summer hung over the hills. But a nearer view dispelled this momentary air of peace. The encampment that Reno had charged and of which a few tipis were already nothing but smouldering embers had been that of the Hunkpapa, under the leadership of Chief Gall, Sitting Bull's lieutenant; beyond were the Oglala Sioux, whose reckless and determined bravery was led by the indomitable

Crazy Horse; the lodges of the Brulé and Minneconjou Sioux lay next; still further up the river stood the tipis of the swift-riding Sans Arcs, with hundreds of ponies in readiness; near the ford where Custer had expected to cross, the fighting Blackfoot Sioux swarmed in hundreds; and beyond that, beyond all the Sioux lodges, a thousand Northern Cheyenne, silent and implacable foes of the white men, were riding from their tents to the fray.

"One moment, and the air quivered as the shrill yelling of fifteen hundred blood-hungry warriors echoed again and again from the low hills about the Little Big Horn River. Not an instant was to be lost. Though many a trooper's hand shook on his bridle-rein at that nerve-racking cry, no one saw Major Reno blanch nor heard any note of fear in his voice as he cheered his men on to the recrossing of the river they had won so gallantly before.

"Again Chief Gall raised his war-club and the Seventh Cavalry found itself hemmed in on every hand. Not once did the troopers falter, but slaying and being slain, they fought their way down the hill up which they had so boldly charged, leaving their dead and dying every few yards or

so. A sudden and unexpected lull just as they reached the river bank enabled them to cross, though many were drowned in the swift current, and Reno with the survivors of his band reached the summit of a hill not far from the place where Custer had left him. The Indians charged the hill again and again, all through that awful afternoon, but Reno had hastily thrown up entrenchments, and for seven hours fought off the Indians that surrounded him. A few of his men, who were cut off on the west bank, concealed themselves in a wood near by, and, though within firing distance of a thousand enemies, succeeded later in making their escape."

"And Custer?" panted Virgil breathlessly.

"I'm coming to him now," the major answered. "Hearing the sound of firing up the river, Custer had charged down the long sloping bank to the ford, as had been arranged. The exact details of his movements will never all be known, for there was not a white survivor left to tell the tale. Still, Chief Gall of the Oglala Sioux, Red Horse, a Brulé Sioux chief, and Two Moons a sub-chief of the Cheyenne, have told of the fight as they led it in their several bands, and their accounts tally with the positions in which the bodies were found

when the army came up next day. Some of Custer's Crow scouts also gave information later from stories told them by various warriors who had taken part in the battle.

"It was while Reno was fighting his way down the hill again, and the struggle was at its most desperate stage, that several Sioux from the Sans Arcs and Blackfoot camps came dashing up to the melée with word that a larger number of soldiers—which was Custer's command—was charging down to the river and that the women and children were in danger in the lower camps. Immediately half the Indians wheeled and under the command of Crazy Horse and Rain-in-the-Face, the latter a Hunkpapa sub-chief who bore a bitter personal grudge against Custer, galloped at topmost speed to the defence of their brother Sioux. It was this diversion which enabled Reno to cross the river.

"But the Blackfoot messengers had spread the alarm as they went, and by the time that Crazy Horse reached the ford by which Custer had expected to cross, the entire line of river front was debouching warriors, Oglala, Santee, Brulé, Minneconjou, and Sans Arcs, together centering on the doomed band. On the west side, silent, grim

and ready, the Blackfoot Sioux waited, to keep the defence or go as reinforcements, as their chiefs should direct. In spite of the living flood of painted faces and brandished weapons, unterrified by the cries of three thousand Indians, each yelling the war-whoop of his tribe, Custer still tried to push on, knowing that only on the further side of the river could he hope to unite with Reno, only upon the western shore could his sundered forces join. But not a trooper of Custer's band ever reached the water and never again did any of those men see their comrades on either shore.

"Retreat and retreat alone might have saved Custer, but Chief Gall, who was in charge of the entire Indian force while Sitting Bull was away 'making medicine' in the hills, was too wise a leader not to foresee this, and a large party of Sans Arcs, on their swift ponies, sped along the level ground that lay between the heights on which Reno had entrenched himself and the low hill to which Custer had been forced. They raced along, leaning over the sides of their ponies, shooting as they went, each Indian that passed an added certainty to the death-approach for Custer's men.

"Even then, despite the appalling odds, nearly

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

"CUSTER'S LAST STAND."

Only picture in existence drawn by an eye-witness of the battle, Red Horse, a Sioux chief, who was in the thick of the fighting. Note the defencelessness of the troopers, also the use of the spear, tomahawk, and bow-and-arrow by the three Indians respectively.

a hundred to one, one faint chance remained, that of escape to the east, but with the speed and fury of a cyclone, a band of a thousand Cheyenne swept over the hill, having forded the stream a quarter of a mile farther down, and under the command of Dull Knife, chief of the Northern Cheyenne, emptied a score of saddles with their first volley of arrows. Little Wolf and Wild Hog circled the crest with smaller Cheyenne bands, and from his camp to the westward Two Moons led sixty more warriors to the attack.

"Against that rush of maddened redskins no cavalry could stand, and the Cheyenne clove Custer's detachment in two, hurling the larger portion down the hill to be impaled upon the spears, pierced by the arrows, or brained with the tomahawks of the resistless Sioux. The Cheyenne opened to let the Sans Arcs through, and these, nearly every man wearing the eagle's plumes of a veteran, fell on the shattered ranks of the troopers. Scarce could a man breathe twenty breaths between the crashing surge of the Cheyenne over the hill and the tempestuous dash of the Sans Arcs which split the formation of the cavalry as a great tree is lightning-riven. When the Sans Arcs had passed, nothing was left of a

troop of cavalry but four small groups, isolated from each other, below the hill, while on the low top of it, Custer with seventy men made his last stand. There had been no chance for clever tactics, no opportunity for Custer's wonderful skill as a leader to show itself—war's whirlwind was in full blast and the blood-curdling war-whoops surged upward with a triumphant note.

"If the troopers had worn their sabres at their sides, they might have hewed their way to each other and held the horde at bay until the evening, but seeing them without their sabres, the Indians no longer were afraid of the once-feared 'Long Knives,' accordingly many a trooper was dragged from his saddle by clutching hands, his ammunition gone and his hands weaponless. Though without defence, yet so profound was the dread inspired by the fighting prowess of the troopers that it was nearly sundown before the men that rallied round General Custer had all fallen, though attacked by two thousand Indians. Up to the end, the Oglala Sioux under Rain-in-the-Face and the Cheyenne under Dull Knife kept up a long-distance fight until the Sioux leader felt that he had wiped out in blood the stain upon his honor caused by his arrest at the hands of Custer previously.

"All through the afternoon, as the survivors of Custer's command died one by one, more and more braves joined their comrades attacking Reno's party, which had entrenched itself securely. Major Reno, though not able to see the battle between Custer and the Indians, could hear the firing and the war-whoops clearly, he knew that his commanding officer was in extreme peril and every impulse stirred him to go to the rescue. Several times, too, the Indians drew away, leaving him unmolested, but he suspected this to be a ruse. Gallantry, he knew, must give way at times to military prudence, and from the coign of vantage he had secured during those moments of peril on the west bank of the river, Reno knew the size of the force he would have to meet and felt that any attempt at rescue would mean only the sacrifice of all his men for the sake of reckless heroism.

"Slowly the shadows lengthened over the hill where Custer's color-sergeant still held aloft the regimental ensign, but ever the grim circles about the doomed bands grew smaller; one by one they vanished in a whirlpool of tomahawks and war-clubs and where the blood-flecked eddy of conflict had seethed, veiled by the pistol smoke that drifted sluggishly over the field, the stream of Indians

moved ceaselessly. At last but one maelstrom remained, one ring of fire rimmed with the death-dealing pageantry of savage warfare, encircling the crest of the fatal hill where Custer and seventy of his men had set themselves when the sun was high. The red-yellow shafts of the sunset touched the topmost poles of the tipis, hiding the crimsoned river in the gathering dusk as the last trooper, wounded to death, staggered to his feet and tried to raise the flag as a final though vain attempt to signal to the reinforcements that never came; there a war-club smote him to the earth where his body was found next day, still clasping to his heart the flag that he and all his comrades had given their life-blood to defend.

"Wounded, stripped, and mutilated as many of the bodies were, however," the Major ended, "even Rain-in-the-Face, bitter enemy of Custer though he was, forbade that his foe's body should be touched, and the brave leader of that awful day was left in honor where he fell, the Indians' mute testimony to a gallant soldier's death."

CHAPTER II

THE HUNTING OF THE WHITE BUFFALO

For a couple of weeks after the major's story of the Custer fight, Lost Wolf stayed away from the Keen household and Virgil rightly supposed that his chum did not want to reopen a discussion of which the memories were so poignant to the old cavalryman. Chancing to meet his friend near the gymnasium one day, however, he learned that Lost Wolf had determined to go to the council and the lad raced home with the news.

"Father!" he cried, "Wolf really is going to Montana! You said perhaps I could go. May I?"

The kindly and benignant old poet looked up with a smile from a letter he was reading.

"This afternoon's mail has just brought me a letter from my friend," he replied, "accepting our invitation for the week after next. His father, Chief White Buffalo, of whom I was speaking to you the other day, is going to the council, and

since that will make quite a party, I see no reason why you shouldn't go. I think you may be sure that the answer is 'Yes.' "

"That's bully!" exclaimed Virgil in delight. "Thanks, heaps, Father! Is the chief going to stay here, too?"

"Just for a few days. So," he added with a humorous gleam under the bushy white eyebrows, "you will have a chance to see a real, live Indian chief. White Buffalo was a well-known leader of the Blackfeet, not the Blackfoot Sioux, but the true Siksika."

"One doesn't hear much of them in the Indian wars," said Virgil, wrinkling his forehead thoughtfully.

"I don't think the Blackfeet ever were regularly at war with the American Government," his father answered, "though they were very aggressive and harassed their neighbors, Cree, Assiniboin, Crow, Flathead, and so forth. They were even venturesome enough to make occasional raids into Sioux territory, and I have heard White Buffalo tell some thrilling stories of his younger days. You ought to take advantage of your opportunity, Virgil, and get him to tell you of life on the plains as it used to be."

"You bet I will!" agreed Virgil and though Mr. Keen, who was somewhat a stickler against slang, raised his eyebrows at the phrase, he did not check the boy's enthusiasm.

"It is possible," his father said thoughtfully, "that White Buffalo might be able to help your friend, Lost Wolf."

"I had thought of that, Father," the boy answered, "since he is a real Indian."

"He is that, 'heart and all,' as your chum would say," the old poet answered with a smile, "but, being a trifle older than Lost Wolf, he is not quite so impetuous and hot-headed about the sins of the white men."

"And is his son just as Indian?"

"He is full-blood, of course, but you would find it hard to tell it. He is very proud of his Indian birth, as most men with the old strain in them are, or should be, but his ways are not greatly different from those of his white neighbors."

The fortnight slipped away rapidly and for two or three days before the arrival of the expected guests, Virgil was almost too excited to eat. Though a quiet lad, he showed his repressed feeling by an additional dreaminess, and he spent hours testing his invention in color photography

with which he expected to achieve such wonderful results at the famous council, and which, as it afterwards proved, was to be his "Open Sesame" into an understanding of the various Indian tribes of the United States.

When at last the expected day arrived, Mr. Keen, not wishing that the old chief should be fatigued immediately on his arrival, sent the boy on a message to a lumberman a little distance out of the village and though Virgil raced back breathlessly, when he got home he was told that the guests had gone to their rooms. Shortly before supper, Virgil came down to the living room, where he met his father's friend, a tall, powerfully built mill-owner, nearly fifty years of age. Presently the door opened and the chief came in.

Virgil, who, without thinking, had half expected to see the chief dressed in some way to suggest his race, at first was disappointed by the ordinary clothing, but this feeling was only momentary, for White Buffalo was a majestic figure. It was evident that he was old, for his steps were slow and a little tottering, but he held his tall spare form erect, the long iron-grey hair falling over his shoulders was full of lustre, and his glance was keen and steady. He lifted his right hand

as an acknowledgment of salutations and sat down slowly and with dignity in the large arm-chair which had been drawn up for him.

"Good!" he said after a pause. "It is good to be in the home of the friends of my son."

He leaned back in his chair, watching the group with the alertness of a trained hunter and warrior. Virgil, absorbed in him, stared at the old chief almost to the point of rudeness, and his unabashed eagerness aroused the chief's interest.

"It is the son of the friend of my son that looks on me as one looks on a land not seen before?" White Buffalo asked suddenly.

"Yes, Chief," answered Virgil, embarrassed by discovering that he did not know what form of address to use and suddenly becoming conscious that he must have been staring.

"And what is the name they name you?"

"Virgil," the boy answered.

White Buffalo tried to repeat the name to himself, but found it difficult. At last he said,

"Vir—gil! Tell me, then, what is the meaning of the name they named you?"

"The meaning?" repeated the boy, a little puzzled. "I don't know just what it means. But it was the name of a great poet."

"Ha! And what means that 'poet'?"

"One who makes songs," answered Virgil, seeing that he would tire the old warrior unless he spoke very simply. "He lived a great many years ago, and he made a very long song about a great battle and how a warrior went down to the spirit world."

"Big Medicine!" the old chief said. "The name is good. Then you will make songs, then you will chant the rhymes of battle and the world where dead warriors live?"

"I'm afraid not," the boy replied, shaking his head, "he was a very big maker of songs. But I should like to write some little songs, too."

"Good," the old chief repeated. "It is good that the young remember that the old are wise. They will be wise also when their winters are very many."

"But Virgil was really a very big writer of songs," the boy persisted, "one of the biggest that has ever lived."

"You shall tell the song," the old chief said, settling back in his chair contentedly, and Virgil, struggling with the difficulty of making the ancient Latin epic seem understandable to a North American Indian, made shift to tell the story of

the wanderings of Æneas after the destruction of the town of Troy. The old warrior grunted his approval when Virgil spoke of the filial love of Æneas who carried his father on his shoulders, and his eyes lit with laughter at the ruse of the Wooden Horse. Delighted at his hearer's interest, Virgil told of Dido, Queen of Carthage, described the visit to the Sibyl, "the wise medicine-woman," pictured, as well as he could, Æneas' descent into the Underworld, and sketched the adventures with the Cyclops and the perils that befell the people who afterwards were to build Rome. Supper was announced before the boy had finished his recital, and Virgil was compelled to complete it at the table, rather to his embarrassment, for he was aware that his father knew the story almost word for word in the old Latin. He came through the ordeal without mishap, however, partly because his Latin had been thoroughly drilled into him and partly because he had learned, though still a boy, the wonders of that ancient poetry.

After supper, however, Virgil thought that it was the old chief's turn to speak, and recalling the form of the question White Buffalo had put to him, he asked in turn,

"Chief, was your name always White Buffalo, or did they name you some other name?"

"White Buffalo a man's name," the chief answered. "Man's name and child's name different."

"What was your child name?" asked Virgil, his evident interest excusing his curiosity.

"Baby name, Pronged Horns. The big family name, Elk. My name, Pronged Elk Horns. Oldest brother Soft Elk Horns; next brother Yellow Elk Horns; next brother, Branched Elk Horns; my name next. Always the same. His baby name," the chief continued, motioning slightly to his son who was seated a few feet away, "Soft Elk Horns, too."

"And did you keep that name, until you were made a chief?" asked the boy.

The old Blackfoot warrior shook his head.

"Pronged Elk Horns my baby name. The years I was a boy, the boys named my name Prickly Burr."

"Why, Chief White Buffalo?" Virgil asked, laughing. "Were you always wanting to fight them?"

The Indian passed his hand backwards and forwards before his face, as a gesture of denial.

"Indian boys do not fight each other," he said, and Virgil could catch the note of discipline in the voice. "It is not wished. But I liked very much to ride. Ha! There were horses in the Blackfoot camps when Napi (a kindly god) gave us the buffalo and the white man was far away! When I was small I rode every horse. One day a very wild horse was brought into the camp. It was stolen from the Sioux. A boy, older than I, said that I could not ride it, he made a song that I could not ride the horse. I did ride the horse. Three times around the tents I rode the horse. After that, the horse heard the song I made that I was riding him and became very angry. He became so angry that he lay down and rolled. Ha! The ground was not a ground to roll on. It was all prickly burrs. The burrs stuck to the angry horse, there were burrs in his mane and burrs in his tail. Ha! The horse was on his feet, but I was on the horse. Fast he ran, the burrs hurt him so. But I had made a song that I would ride the horse and I rode him to my father's tent, still covered with the burrs. They named me Prickly Burr."

"And that was bareback, of course?"

The Indian warrior nodded.

"But how did you get the name White Buffalo?" Virgil persisted. "Was it because you were made a chief?"

"It was at a buffalo hunt," the Blackfoot leader said simply, and stopped.

Virgil waited a moment, then burst out,

"All the buffalo are gone now, and I've never even seen any one before who was at a real buffalo hunt. Won't you tell us about it, Chief?"

There was a considerable pause. The old warrior smoked in silence for several minutes and it was evident that the scenes of the chase in those long-ago days were passing before his eyes.

"I will tell," he said at last. He held out his pipe to his son for refilling, for he had learned to smoke freely in the white man's way, and while this important matter was being carried out all the members of the circle gathered closer, even the chief's son wearing a look of expectancy, for he had never heard his father tell the story in its entirety. After a delay which became oppressive to Virgil's eagerness, the chief began.

"I had seen twelve winters," he said. "The summer had been hungry. My father Quick Snake was a good hunter. We had food. But in many tents, no food. Old Chief Standing

Hawk was very old, the young men could not find buffalo, the hunters came to the tipis in the evening with hands empty. The spotted sickness had been in the camp, many warriors were killed. We were hungry many weeks. Then the young men found buffalo. The herd was a long way off. The buffalo were as many as the winters of Standing Hawk four times (about 350 head). Much buffalo meat in the herd.

"Standing Hawk had a talk (council). I did not hear. I was a boy. I heard the braves tell each other what he said. Standing Hawk said the young men were too few to stop a big herd. He said that we must trap them."

"Trap buffalo? I always thought you shot them with bows and—" began Virgil, but his father frowned down the boy's interruption and Virgil, flushing, remembered that Major Targeton had told him that even in the most heated discussion in an Indian council no one would be rude enough to interrupt a speaker.

"I have said that Standing Hawk was old. He was very old. Each year the Spirit of the Winter gave him wisdom. He was very wise. He remembered the fighting between the Sauk and the white men (the Black Hawk war of 1832). He

was a young chief when Black Hawk sent a brave to the Blackfeet to ask for help. Standing Hawk was young, but he was wise. He said the Winnebago and Potawatomi should help the Sauk, but the Blackfeet were too far. It was too far. If the war-parties left, the Sioux would come. The young men grumbled. Standing Hawk was wise. That year when the leaves put on their paint Black Hawk was made a prisoner. He killed many white soldiers but was stopped at the Father of Waters (the Mississippi) by a fireboat with wide-mouthed guns (the steamer *Warrior,* August 2, 1832). Then the young men were glad."

The old chief stopped for a moment to press down the tobacco in his pipe, and Virgil feared that he would ramble off into reminiscences of tribal warfare instead of the buffalo hunt, but in a few moments he took up the thread of his story.

"All the old things could Standing Hawk remember. He told the young men about a buffalo trap near one small river that flows into the Muddy Water (Upper Missouri). He could not tell if the trap still was good. Black Cloud was the medicine-man. He made a very strong medicine. After three days Black Cloud said Napi had shown him in a dream a trap like the one

By permission of Mr. Lorado Taft.

THE GENIUS OF THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

Great statue by Lorado Taft in Illinois, showing a Sauk Indian taking "a last look at the scenes which were dear to him."

Standing Hawk told. He said that it was much broken on the side of the setting sun."

"Clairvoyance?" Virgil questioned of his father in a whisper.

"With a little guesswork added," Mr. Keen replied, answering the first question with a nod.

"Many hungry days we rode after the buffalo. The young men wanted to kill a few and have a feast. But Standing Hawk and Black Cloud said 'No.' It was not good that the buffalo get frightened. Slowly we drove them near the old trap. The dream of Black Cloud was a true dream. The long line of stones was still there, but on the side of the setting sun, there was a big hole made among the stones.

"Standing Hawk said to get stone and build up the wall. No stone near. No time to wait. The buffalo were coming. Standing Hawk said to spread stones along. This made the wall look strong. We knew that it was weak. Then he sent us to hide behind the stones on the outside of the walls."

"Were you there, Chief?" burst out Virgil.

"I was there," the old warrior replied. "I was too small to carry stones. I was on my little pony Swift Arrow. He could run as quickly as

the hunting dogs of the storm. Standing Hawk gave him to me when I rode a wild horse no one else would ride. It was when the Atsina and the Sarsi came to a Blackfoot council. I have said that the name they named me was Prickly Burr, then.

"We waited behind the wall. Then I saw Black Cloud. He was painted to please the Buffalo gods. His pony was covered with a buffalo calf hide. It was fresh killed. Where he got it, I do not know. He rode near the herd and threw some burning medicine on the ground. It made the buffalo angry. Then Black Cloud turned his pony swiftly. The angry buffalo followed, a big old bull in the front. Black Cloud rode fast in between the two lines. The walls were far apart where they began, about seven times as far as an arrow can fly (half a mile, or so). Black Cloud rode fast. The angry buffalo ran quicker. The old black bull was still a little in the front, but the quicker-running cows were coming near.

"Soon the herd began to crowd as the sides of the herd reached the side wall. The buffalo could not run straight. The faster they ran, the more narrow was the way. The buffalo were frightened. They could not run sideways because of

the wall, they could not spread out, and those behind were shoving. There was nothing to do but run harder. It was a stampede. The herd came down the trap like the dark thunderbird over the water.

"About six times as far as a strong man could throw a spear, a big white buffalo cow ran forward, in front of the old black bull. It is a true word," he said affirmatively, as though expecting doubt among his hearers, "the cow was white, not the color of a rainy sky, but white. She ran much faster than the old black bull. Before a bowman could shoot twice, she was at the heels of Black Cloud. There was just time. Black Cloud turned to the little space through the wall. If the black bull had been in front it would have taken him so long to stop and turn that all the herd would have followed, but the white cow turned almost as quickly as the pony and the herd followed.

"If the wall had been strong, only a few buffalo would have escaped. The wall was thin. The stones were scattered. We jumped up and yelled to frighten them. But the buffalo would not hear. The animals in front followed the white cow and the rest did the same.

"It was my first buffalo hunt and I wanted to see everything, so I had stopped where the wall was very thin. It was quite close to where I was that Black Cloud and the white buffalo went through. Black Cloud was very wise. He stopped short, so suddenly that I thought the buffalo would catch him, whirled round to the end of the wall. There he stood safe from the plunging herd. All of us who had stayed behind the wall were near to being trampled by the herd. But, by the goodness of the medicine of Black Cloud, that part of the wall where most of the people were, stood firm. I was right in the way."

"What did you do?" cried Virgil, forgetful of the discourtesy of interruption and carried away by the excitement of the story.

"As the buffalo came plunging through," the old chief answered, his eyes shining as he recalled the scene, "my pony, Swift Arrow, turned. I did not think what I was doing. It was without thinking that I jumped on his back. The name Swift Arrow was a true name, for in as many strides as the fingers on my two hands I was going as quickly as the buffalo. The white cow saw me. She had been forced forward by

Courtesy of the Am. Museum of Nat. Hist.

"INDIANS HUNTING THE BISON."

Reproduction of drawing in Maximilian's "Atlas" (1831), showing a small party of Hidatsa (?) warriors securing meat for themselves, at a time other than the tribal hunt.

the herd so that she could not see Black Cloud. With a snort, she started after Swift Arrow.

"Ha! How Swift Arrow ran! A buffalo cow can go faster than a horse, but the white cow had run a long way and the pony was fresh and very quick. The dry brown grass slid under the flying hoofs as the stones at the bottom of a river are left behind when the fallen tree shoots down a rapid. Behind, the hoofs of the buffalo sounded like the roar of the fire when it eats up the dry prairie grass. I thought only of getting out of the way. I could not do that. The white cow followed like a spirit, Swift Arrow ran as hard as he could, but the white cow was close behind. I sat forward, making my weight as little as possible. I was light then, not heavy as I am now," and White Buffalo looked down at his six feet of gnarled and bony frame.

"In a little while I saw where we were running. I turned Swift Arrow a little so that we should run close to the wall but on the outside. I thought this might hold back the herd. Soon I nearly reached the end. I had a quick thought. When we came to the end of the wall, I swung Swift Arrow round. This time I wanted the herd to follow. The white cow turned almost as fast and

the herd came after. It was the same as before, only instead of Black Cloud, a chief and medicine-man, it was Prickly Burr, a boy of twelve winters that guided on the herd. I only thought of doing as he did. I knew Black Cloud would be making big medicine and I thought that this time the Buffalo gods would be kind to the Blackfeet. We had been hungry so long.

"Down between the walls I rode. As the stone lines grew closer, the herd ran faster again, but they were tired now and I could keep ahead of them. Swift Arrow was faster than Black Cloud's horse and I was not much weight to carry. The white cow ran very fast but I was not in much danger. But when I came to the place to turn my heart was sad. The wall had been all broken down by the herd when it passed before. Only Black Cloud stood in the opening, making medicine and praying to the Buffalo gods. I saw. I knew if I turned, all the herd would turn, no good would come, and Black Cloud would be trodden into the earth. Then a thought from the medicine of Black Cloud sped into my heart. I laughed. I made a song of triumph.

"As I came past Black Cloud, I pointed to the opening and shook my hand for 'no,' I would not

turn that way. I did not want my father to think I was too frightened or too foolish to know what I did. Straight to the edge of the cliff I rode Swift Arrow. Just before reaching it, the pony tried to stop. But, as he put his forefeet together and slid through the loose earth at the edge, I saw the head of the white buffalo cow go down suddenly. I jumped. As I let go the bridle, the pony was tossed up in the air. At the same moment, I fell on the back of the white buffalo. But, before the cow had time to feel that I was there, she had reached the head of the cliff. Over she plunged, with me clinging to her back. Even in the air I held fast to the thin hair on her back. I was still Prickly Burr.

"The cliff was high, high as ten tipis. When the white buffalo fell, I fell on her. I do not know what happened. The Spirit of Darkness took me. I must have bounded off the back of the buffalo like a ball and fallen into the water of the river that flowed by the bottom of the cliff. When the Spirit of Darkness went away from putting his heavy hands on my head, I found I was lying on the bank of the river. I was a long way down from where the buffalo fell. The river carried me away. My guardian spirit guided me

to a shore where I would be safe until the darkness went away. I lay there a long time.

"It was early-star-time when some of the women came down the stream to look if any more buffalo had floated down. They found me. One of my legs was broken. I could not walk. Also I was very sick inside. The others went back to the camp and Black Cloud came himself to see me. The young men carried me to my father's tent. Black Cloud said I would not die. He said I should be sick two winters. Some day, he said, I should be chief. Those years we had plenty of food. The Buffalo gods were good. The Corn-Maidens did not go away. I was very sick. Black Cloud took me often to his tent. He taught me the little medicine. He did not teach me big medicine.

"One day when the leaves were very white-green (early spring) my father Quick Snake called me. I went out, leaning on a stick, my leg was still crooked. I thought I saw a spirit. I thought Swift Arrow was there. Standing Hawk and Black Cloud stood by my father. One of the young men held a pony, it was just like Swift Arrow. The chief said, 'Prickly Burr, I have brought you Swift Arrow. Black Cloud says you

Courtesy of the Am. Museum of Nat. Hist.

CREE INDIANS IMPOUNDING BUFFALO.

Reproduction of engraving made nearly a century ago, showing the converging lines of braves and the sunken circle in the distance, at the autumn tribal hunt.

may ride again. As long as you are able to ride, you shall always have a Swift Arrow as the gift of the tribe. The chief of the Blackfeet does not forget.' I am nearly as old now as Standing Hawk was then, but the Blackfeet have remembered. In the stable of my son's home stands to-day Swift Arrow, sent me last summer by the present head chief of the Blackfeet.

"I was then not quite fourteen winters, but at the very next battle with the Cree I rode out with Standing Hawk. He would not let me fight. He killed one of the sub-chiefs of the Cree, but would not take the coup. He unslung from his wrist his war-club, his heavy chief's war-club and put it in my hand. He said, 'Give the coup.' So I struck the dead Cree chief lightly on the shoulder with the war-club.

"When I went back to camp, Standing Hawk spoke to the warriors and told my coup. Then he called my father. He told Quick Snake that I should be a warrior soon and spoke of the saying of Black Cloud that some day I should be a chief. My father made a feast. After my leg was strong again, I went to the far hills for a fast. Then I knew that Black Cloud was right. My spirit came to help me when I had no food.

When I came home the naming-feast was held, and before the tribe Black Cloud announced I should be named 'White Buffalo.' That is how I was given my name."

Virgil, who had been almost breathless with excitement during the telling of the buffalo hunt, cried out, as soon as the chief had stopped.

"But that was like a hero! That is," he went on, seeing that the word was not understood, "a wonderfully brave man who does great things for his people."

The old warrior went on smoking placidly. It was clear that he regarded heroism as far too much a matter of course for compliment.

"The Blackfeet," he replied, "are all brave."

CHAPTER III

WHEN KIOWA AND BLACKFEET JOIN

The few days in which White Buffalo was a guest in the Keen household were so full of incident and excitement to Virgil that they seemed to pass like a dream. Even his favorite books were neglected, though Virgil was an inveterate reader, in order that he might seize every chance for a talk with the Blackfeet chief. White Buffalo's personal vanity, which racial characteristic the old warrior had to the full, was gratified by the boy's hero-worship, and he ransacked the stores of his memory for tales of the days "when no shoe harder than a moccasin had ever pressed the prairie turf."

At last the eventful day came on which White Buffalo, his son the mill-owner, Lost Wolf, and Virgil boarded the train for Fort Custer, Montana, the nearest railroad point to the valley where the council was to be held. The conservatism of the old chief was shown in the nature

of his baggage. Although he was willing enough to carry civilized clothes of the character he usually wore in an ordinary modern trunk, nothing would induce him to pack his ceremonial dress, including his war-bonnet, in anything but a parfleche, or rawhide case, fastened with thongs passed through holes near the side. The parfleches of White Buffalo were painted in strong colors with decorative symbols, and fringes of deerskin strips were added.

"I suppose, Chief," said Virgil, when they had settled aboard the train and the boy, wanting to buy a magazine, pulled a handful of small change from his pocket, "you find it hard to get used to the idea of money!"

The old warrior reached forward and took from the boy's hand one of the old issue of copper cents, which was engraved with an Indian's head on the reverse side.

"Paleface has money of copper and silver," he said, "Blackfeet had money of shell and wood. It is the same thing. You have pockets, you make no holes in your money. I have seen Chinese money. They have no pockets, they make hole in it like wampum. Indians' money better than white man's money. White man's

money tell no story. Indian's money tell many stories."

"What kind of stories?" asked the boy.

"I can tell you about that, I think, Virgil," Lost Wolf replied, after looking at White Buffalo and receiving from the old chief a nod of intimation that he might speak. "I was reading all about wampum the other day in a Bureau of Ethnology report. Well, this article said that most strings or belts of wampum were given by one tribe to another when a treaty was made, as a warranty of good faith. If only a string was given, it might be unstrung and used as money. But if the treaty was very important the wampum was generally given as a belt and a design was worked into it to remind the holders of the belt of the terms of the treaty."

"I don't quite see how," objected Virgil.

"It is true," affirmed Wolf, continuing, and speaking as much to the old chief as to Virgil, for the former was following the conversation with keen interest. "I have seen pictures of two fine belts. One was given to William Penn by the Delawares at Shackamaxon in 1682. The Delawares must have thought this a very important treaty, for the belt is eighteen strings wide. It

is a treaty of peace between the Indians and the white men, because two figures are worked in it in purple beads on a white ground, the figures being those of an Indian holding by the hand the figure of a man wearing a white man's hat."

"Is the real belt still in existence?" asked Virgil interestedly.

"It's in a museum at Philadelphia. But the other belt, I think, is better still."

"What's that one?" the boy inquired.

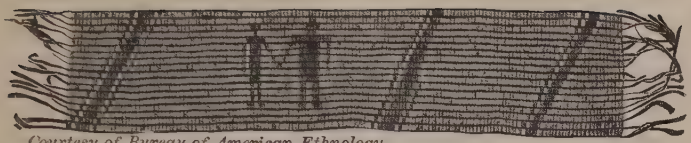
"It's a great big belt. It was given to George Washington by the Onondagas, accepted by him, and later returned to the tribe as a token of friendship."

"Did it have figures, too?"

"There was a house in the middle," the lad replied, "with three divisions. I didn't read what this meant but it looked to me like an Iroquois 'long-house.'"

"I don't know much about the Iroquois," protested Virgil, skeptically, "but I'm dead sure the 'long-house' wasn't built in three parts."

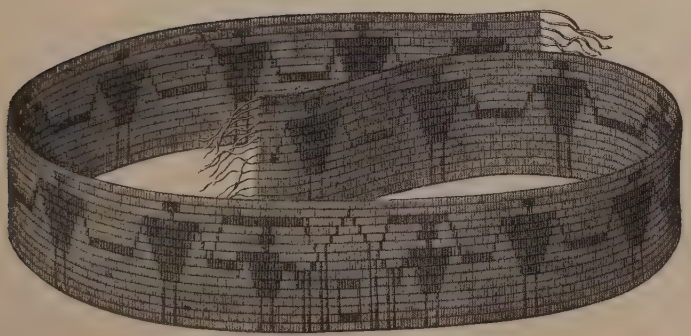
"I know it wasn't," retorted the Indian lad. "But I know I've read that following the War of the Revolution the Five Nations, though after the Tuscarora I suppose it ought to be called the



Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

THE PENN WAMPUM BELT.

Ratifying the treaty of peace made between the Delawares and William Penn in 1682.



Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

THE GEORGE WASHINGTON WAMPUM BELT.

Given to the first President of the United States by the Onondagas, as token of friendship between the Iroquois Confederation of Five Nations and the Thirteen Original States.

Six Nations, was broken up, and that later than the break the Onondagas took the lead."

"Good! It is a true word!" White Buffalo remarked. "I have heard in the east of the Onondaga. They were a great people. Do you know why?"

"I had read," Lost Wolf answered. "But you tell us, White Buffalo!"

"Only I have heard say that they were many people and very brave. Tell what you know."

"As I understand it," the Indian lad continued, "there were three groups in the big council. Every question, whether it was big or small, was taken up and talked over by the Mohawk and Seneca on the one side and the Oneida, Cayuga and afterward the Tuscarora on the other. After each side had reached a separate opinion, the two were told to the Onondaga and this tribe had the right to accept or refuse either of them. If the Onondaga refused both,—they didn't do that often—their medicine-men and chiefs were expected to suggest a plan with which one group or the other would agree. The tribes that lost always obeyed without making any fuss."

"But about the belt," queried Virgil, impatiently.

"I was coming to that," Lost Wolf answered. "I think, myself, that the house with three divisions means the three groups of the big council. Then, on either side of the house, and all the way along the belt, which is a very big one, are thirteen men holding hands. These were meant for the thirteen colonies. Then, on either side of the house there goes out a long arm over the head of the first man on each side as though to protect him. The hand of the first man, too, touches the two side houses. The way I look at it, it can't mean anything else than that the three groups of the Iroquois and the thirteen colonies are ready to stand hand in hand for protection."

"And where is that belt kept, Wolf? Is that in a museum too?"

"It is one of the treasurers of the Onondaga," the Indian lad replied, "and I guess it's as safe with them on their reservation as it would be in any museum in the world."

"But just exactly what was wampum—strings of beads?"

"Mostly from the thick part of sea-shells, made into beads about a quarter of an inch in length, and about an eighth of an inch through. The purple kind was made from clam shells, generally,

and periwinkles were used for the white beads, worth only half as much. Some of the inland tribes adopted the idea, but made their wampum of sections of thin wood and cane."

Throughout the entire journey the daily occurrences of travel brought up a host of questions in the discussion of which all four members of the party joined. White Buffalo gave the knowledge which comes from practical usage, Lost Wolf had a fund of scattering information from his constant reading of Indian matters, and Virgil's quick imagination constantly seized on topics that would tend to reveal Indian character. When, at last, the party reached its stopping place, Virgil had gained a new conception of the Indian, the chief's broad kindliness forming a strong contrast to Wolf's too-youthful animosity.

"Did you ever in all your life see such a figure!" the boy exclaimed in admiration to his friend, as, the following morning, he snapped back into his photographic chest three color plates of White Buffalo. The party was ready to start for the place of the council and White Buffalo had donned his full Indian dress and was astride his horse.

"Just look at the old chief now, as he sits there!

Doesn't he look as if he owned the earth? Then look at that frowsy lot of wooden shacks behind the depot. Doesn't it seem as if they ought to hide themselves?"

"It is true," was Wolf's customary reply.

"Why is it, I wonder," the boy continued, "that an Indian in proper Indian dress always has the look of belonging just where he stands? I suppose it's because nothing he wears is manufactured, Wolf, don't you suppose? The feathers are the feathers of the eagles that fly overhead, not of queer tropical birds such as our women wear, the deerskin hasn't been spoiled in a factory, and all the decoration in porcupine quills has been done by Indian girls around their own tipis. But he certainly does look great! Don't you wish you were rigged out like that, Wolf?"

The Indian lad looked down contemptuously at his ordinary suit.

"White Buffalo is a chief," was his only reply, "not all warriors have so much."

"And what a lot of feathers he has in his war-bonnet and spine!" Virgil exclaimed. "How many do you suppose there are?"

"About forty."

"And does every one of those represent a coup?"

"It shows that he has many coups," Lost Wolf returned, "but not exactly that number. The war-bonnet could only be worn by those who had reached a high grade of warrior in the tribe, and the spine the same way. At first only three or four in a tribe could wear it. But among some rich tribes it became quite common. Still a war-bonnet and spine always meant that a lot of coups had been taken. Red Cloud, an Oglala Sioux chief, claimed eighty coups."

"Did they use only the one kind of feather?"

"Only the tail feather of the golden eagle, so I have read," the Indian lad replied, "and these are hard to get. The Cherokee allowed the eagle to be killed only by an official Eagle-Killer, and some of the Plains tribes required the warrior who wanted eagle plumes to catch the bird with his bare hands and strangle him. If the bird had been killed with a weapon, the feathers could not be used for a war-bonnet."

"Uncle Jim told me," said Virgil, as he settled himself in the saddle, "that the biggest coup was for striking an enemy with the bare hand when

fighting, but he didn't say anything about giving a feather for each."

"They didn't give a feather for each," Lost Wolf objected; "some coups gave only the right to a warrior to paint himself in a different kind of way. That was decided by the chiefs, just as when a war-bonnet was made, the fastening of each feather had to be justified by the story of a coup. If the chiefs and other warriors were satisfied, one of them struck a hollow board with a stick and this was called 'coup.' It is a French word meaning 'to strike,' or rather, 'a blow.'"

"I didn't know that painting had any meaning," said Virgil, "I had an idea that an Indian painted himself any color he chose, only he tried to make himself look as hideous as possible so as to frighten the enemy."

"Painting always meant something," Wolf answered, "but nearly every tribe had different rules about painting. Very often it was used by an Indian to tell who he was. He painted the same sign on his shield, on himself, and sometimes on his tipi."

"And couldn't he paint anything he wanted to?"

"No. Sometimes it was because of a coup and

then he had to use the right way of doing it. Most times, though, if an Indian was a member of a chief's family, or if his father, and the father of his father, and the father of his father's father had been big warriors, he could paint his family sign. The same way," the Indian lad said, with a half-smile, "that Mrs. Keen uses a queer kind of bird at the top of her letters."

"You mean our crest?"

"I should call it a totem," Lost Wolf suggested, noting Virgil's look of surprise as this wholly new view-point on his family crest. "But what kind of a bird is it?"

Virgil pulled a letter out of his coat pocket and looked at the back of the envelope with a puzzled expression.

"Hanged if I know," he said. "I believe the chaps who know all about heraldry call it a griffin, but it isn't a real bird."

"It is true," Lost Wolf agreed. "It is not a real bird. The figures the Indians painted were not 'real birds' either. But they meant more to them than that crest does to you. When an Indian painted himself black, with white spots, it meant—among some tribes—that he had killed an enemy during the last tribal attack, but other

signs meant that he was a member of an important family and had a right to be distinguished."

"But when they went on the war-path, they were painted nearly all over, weren't they?"

"It is true. The horses, also. But there were many reasons why. Two tribes never painted alike, so that in a battle it was easy to tell friend from foe. When a great many men were fighting this was important. Then, Virgil, you know there were several grades of warriors, the bravest in the top rank, and these were painted differently so that the others would recognize them at once when he gave orders."

"But sometimes paint was used to give a frightening look, I'm sure!" Virgil protested.

"It is true. And from what the early settlers wrote, sometimes the white men were very badly frightened. But there was a bigger reason than all these. Paint was used when on the war-path because the big and showy dress often was left in the home camp with nearly all the rest of the clothing, so that a thick coat of paint was a protection against the hot summer sun and against the bites of insects."

"Tell me, Wolf, do you know why you so often

see a picture of a warrior, even a chief, with only one or two feathers stuck in his hair, instead of a whole raft of them reaching all the way down the back?"

"Wearing a golden-eagle feather in the hair was a much bigger thing than the war-bonnet," Lost Wolf answered. "It was worn in all sorts of ways and marked differently. Very often the tip was dyed red. Sometimes it was cut in different shapes. I don't know what all the different markings meant, but there was almost a complete language of the feather. It told which were war chiefs and which were chiefs for all sorts of different things during peace."

"I thought," said Virgil, "that the Indians went to war every chance they could."

"That a bad word," interposed White Buffalo, who had overheard the last remark as the boys rode up behind him. "My father, Quick Snake, always said, 'It is bad to go to war.' The Blackfoot never begin war. A good deed in defence is twice as good as a good deed in attack. Every Blackfoot boy is taught that he must not let the word 'war' go out of his lips before the chiefs'-talk (a council's decree)."

"I read, Chief," Virgil said, "that when we

first came to America the Indians did not fight much with each other. Every tribe had its own share of the country, there was room and food for all, hardly any of the tribes wandered and most of them had large fields of corn. Then, so the book said, when the white men came and drove the Indians back over each other's territory, every one's land was invaded, all the good feeling was broken up and fighting went on all the time."

"Ha!" ejaculated White Buffalo, "the book is wise. The Sioux come only to the Blackfoot land because the white men come too close. Then we fight the Sioux."

"It was in the same book, Chief," Virgil continued, "that I read that of all the Indians in America the Blackfeet and the Comanche were the best horsemen, and that the Blackfeet were the big buffalo hunters, one of the few tribes to dwell always in tents."

"Blackfoot always have horses. When I was a boy, there was a Piegan Blackfoot chief, Many Horses, and he had as many horses as there are needles on an old pine tree."

Virgil privately thought that this was a little flowery, but the Piegan chief's herd was a famous

one, and the boy did not care to challenge the old warrior's statements.

"Blackfeet had tobacco fields. The Blackfeet were hunters. We did not grow corn. Must have tobacco for the gods."

In that phrase, "for the gods" Virgil saw the true reason of the universal custom of tobacco among the North American Indians.

"Wolf," he said, turning to his friend, "the Indians didn't smoke tobacco the way we do now, did they?"

The Indian lad shook his head.

"It was sacred," he answered. "Long before the white man came the Indians smoked tobacco, but always as an offering to the gods. The cigarette, smoked in a thin reed, was more sacred than the cigar. Even with the bowl pipe each person in a council smoked but one or two whiffs. Most ceremonial pipes were like tubes, which were smoked with four whiffs, one to each point of the compass. But pipes have been found in the mounds. So the Indians knew that way of smoking a long time ago."

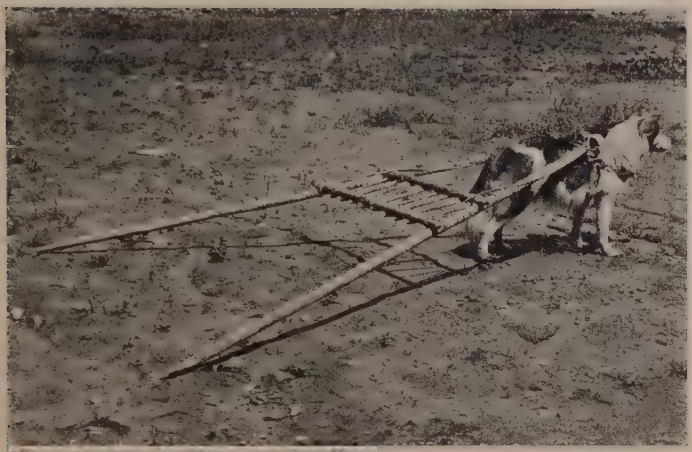
"But if the pipe was the latest scheme for smoking," objected Virgil, "I'm sure I've always read of the 'peace pipe.' I'm certain it says

in my 'Hiawatha' that the calumet, or great ceremonial pipe, was given to the Indians as far back as they could remember. At least, isn't it 'Mitche Manitou the Mighty' who is represented by Longfellow as having given the peace pipe?"

"Ha! I will tell," the old chief interjected. "When my leg was crooked I went often to the tipi of Black Cloud. He made the pipe. There is much story."

"I told you, Virgil," Lost Wolf said in a low voice, "that everything Indian has a lot of meaning."

"I will tell," the old warrior repeated, with an emphasis showing displeasure at the whispered interruption. "One day Black Cloud say to me to make a new sacred fire. Sacred fire always made by spinning one stick on another (friction), and while I make the fire Black Cloud go away. Black Cloud bring back two sticks. He measure them. Each stick is four spans from the thumb to fourth finger long. I took away the skin (peeled them). With a long hook the soft wood (pith) I took away. Then Black Cloud cut a road (groove) along the sticks so that the spirits might walk along. The talk of the fire was given to each stick (by its being passed through the flames).



Courtesy of the Am. Museum of Nat. Hist.

DOG TRAVOIS USED BY BLACKFOOT INDIANS, MONTANA.

Courtesy of the Am. Museum of Nat. Hist.

HORSE TRAVOIS USED BY BLACKFOOT INDIANS, MONTANA.

"Then Black Cloud took color and painted one stick blue for the sky. He sang a song that Napi might give it life. Black Cloud took color and painted the road red. He sang a song that the spirits might walk the red road of our bodies (the blood-vessels). The other stick he painted green for the earth spirits and the road again was red. This is the stick which means man.

"Black Cloud take the woman stick, the blue. The eagle flies in the blue tipi of Napi. Black Cloud glued eagle feathers to the stick, and soft feathers from the bluejay. The eagle is the head chief of the day, so is the calumet.

"In the middle of the stick Black Cloud tied the feathers of the great owl. The owl is the head chief of the night, so is the pipe.

"He took a woodpecker. Near the place for the mouth he tied it, with the beak wide open. The inside of the bill he painted blue that Napi might see the spirit of the bird walk along the red road. The woodpecker is the head chief of the trees, so is the pipe. He took a duck. Through the breast, throat and bill of the duck he thrust the stick until the breast came near the feathers of the owl. The duck is the head chief of the water, so is the pipe.

"The stick came out a little way from the bill of the duck and there Black Cloud made a small hole and put a bowl for tobacco in the shaft. And from the stick he hung a fan of ten tail-feathers of the brown eagle, with the white balls of down from the thighs of the white eagle. This is the great pipe. It is the mother, it is the sun and moon, it is the forest and the water, it is life and food.

"The man pipe is nearly the same, but while it is making, no songs are sung. The gods of the green pipe are not big gods."

"I always felt that there must be some meaning in all those things, Chief," said Virgil, as White Buffalo finished, "and now I'll know how much those colored feathers mean when I see them, in museums or other places. But these calumets were only smoked at councils, I suppose?"

"One council," White Buffalo replied. "Sometimes one pipe could be used many times. But war pipe and peace pipe and council (treaty) pipe quite different."

"Could only the chiefs smoke?"

"Tobacco only for the gods. Blackfoot never smoke like white man in old days. When a man wanted good spirit to help him when he was sick,

then he smoke; when a brave asked for help of good spirit in chase or war, he mixed a little tobacco with other things. Gum, sumac, and willow bark. Manzanita leaves, too. Only just a little tobacco. Pure tobacco only for the gods. Blackfoot never smoked except to please his gods, all different now."

"It seems to me," said Virgil, "that the Indians had all sorts of religious ideas."

"Religion everything to the Blackfoot," the chief said simply. "Altar in every Blackfoot tipi. Every morning, warrior burn gum on the altar to please Napi. He sing a song to Napi asking him to be pleased and to be kind to his family and to his tribe. This song, he sing it loud. Then he burn a little more gum and sing a song to his own spirit. He sing it in his heart. No one but the spirit can hear."

"A spirit or manito is a brave's own guardian angel, isn't he?" the boy asked.

White Buffalo pondered for a moment over the words setting forth the main principle of Indian thought.

"Napi, the Great Rabbit (the sun), and all the Things That Were (the whole world of nature), wanted man. So man came up from the under-

ground. The spirit all had magic. Man had no magic. But the spirit brought man. So he must protect man. So, when a boy is going to be a man he goes away. He eats nothing. He drinks nothing. He prays all the time that his spirit may come. One day it comes. He sees what was the one that made him come into the world. It is his own spirit. He takes something that makes him think of it. He carries it everywhere. He prays. He does not pray to it. He does not pray to the animal like the one he saw. He prays to the magic of the world which comes to him through his spirit. The things the spirit did not want he must not do."

"That's just like taboo!" cried Virgil. "If the manito was a pine tree, then he must never make a fire of the tree; if it was a deer, then he must not eat deer's meat? Is that the idea?"

"Good," White Buffalo answered. "It is a true word. But the medicine-men had big spirit. They knew the magic behind all the big spirit. They told the things that the Great Rabbit and all the Things That Were said that man must not do. Their own spirit was so big, sometimes, that they could tell what was to be before it came. They could find what was lost. They could tell

what was true. They understood the meaning of dreams and were wise in the ways of animals and plants. When their spirit was strong they could make sick people well unless the magic of the sick man's spirit had made his death ready. They had the never-forgettingness of the old chants and dances which pleased the big spirit of the tribe and of Napi, the Great Rabbit of the Blackfoot."

"I begin to see," said Virgil thoughtfully, "the medicine-man was a priest, an oracle, an expert in natural history and the historian of the tribe all rolled into one, as well as being a doctor and surgeon into the bargain."

Lost Wolf turned to Virgil, his jaw set firmly.

"I'm going to find my people," he said, "and when I do, I shall be made a medicine-man."

"I should think it might take a few years," hazarded the boy.

"It is true," the Indian lad replied. "But I will try all the years it needs. I see it now. The ways of the world are wise. I have learned the white man's learning. Now I will learn the Indians' learning. I shall use both to help my people and they shall be the foremost of their race."

Virgil was about to reply, but his friend, with a sudden gesture, held up his hand, then sum-

marily, waved his companion to the rear, and the boy, a little surprised, obeyed. A sharp question was on his lips, but he bit his tongue on it and waited to see what would happen. Virgil fell behind a few yards. Unconsciously, or so it seemed, the horses had strung along in single file. In advance, perhaps twenty yards before the rest, rode White Buffalo, a magnificent figure in all his full array, the red-tipped feathers waving in the wind, the rich embroidered deerskin robe glowing in the sunlight. As he rode, the tall gaunt figure sitting Swift Arrow seemed a bronze Centaur of the western plains, and Virgil, taught by his father in the wisdom of the ancient Greeks, could not but think of "Cheiron, the ancient centaur, wisest of all things beneath the sky." And as he looked aside at Lost Wolf, he thought of Æsclepius, the too-wise child, and the boy's heart within him leapt at the thought of The Heroes, the all-too-little-known heroes of the early ages of his own great American land.

Behind the old chief followed his son, then Lost Wolf and Virgil last of all. The gait of the ponies had fallen into a walk. With the coming of silence a strange spell seemed to fall. The freshness of an early summer morning was in the air, the

world seemed young again and by some subtle intimacy the ecstasy of the boundless prairies attuned itself to that grand figure riding on ahead.

A mile or more the ponies paced slowly, with the deep sense of the vibrancy of wild life growing more potently upon Virgil every minute and the hush of expectancy deepening. Then, with the seeming languor of the visions one sees on summer noons, on a far distant hillside rose a faint column of dark-grey smoke, clearly outlined against the pale blue of a sky from which rain clouds had but lately cleared away.

White Buffalo halted. Raising his hand to shade his eyes, he sat motionless, the flutter of his magnificent headdress of golden-eagle feathers the only thing moving in the world besides the signal-smoke. Gone was the slight droop of old age, shed with all the other evidences of placid ease in a sheltered home surrounded with the comforts of civilization. Every line of his unconscious pose bespoke the Chief of the Siksika, the true Blackfeet, reading again with little-dimmed eyes the signals of his race over the prairies of their former holding.

All the artist in Virgil, for the lad had the in-

born feeling, rose at the sight and he felt for his camera. But he was an artist to his soul as well as to his finger-tips, and an inner, finer feeling stayed his hand, and he slid back noiselessly the folding instrument into its case. Somehow he felt it would be sacrilege, and sat as moveless as the others of the party, while a prairie lark from its nest near the red lilies of the uplands, rose with a soft whir of wings and, a moment later, trilled its clear seven-note call.

In a few moments the smoke faded away into thin vapor and White Buffalo proceeded. He kept his pony at a walk, however, advancing slowly and with great dignity. But before an hour had passed they reached a rise of ground from which, in the far distance, they could see a gleam of white against the green, where stood, for the last time in the history of America, the tipis and council lodges of the ancient race. The chief put his pony to a quicker pace.

The tipis were still half a mile away when, quite suddenly, upon a ridge not distant more than two hundred yards, the figure of an Indian was silhouetted against the western sky. A moment later other figures appeared, riding in Indian panoply to the place of meeting. Again White Buf-

falo halted and swung his pony round to face the party coming onward. Each of the others stopped as they reached the top of the ridge.

It was a long time since the days of scalping parties, and Virgil had never known any reason to fear the redskins, but as those plumed and painted figures one by one topped the hill until fourteen of them were ranked in a loose line, his heart beat faster. These, indeed, were Indians! These were not half-blood hangers-on at the fringes of near-reservation towns—these were warriors, these were the men who had made the war-cry a sound of fear to the boldest heart among the pioneers. For a moment, for one brief moment, some primal instinct stirred in Virgil, his naturally peaceful spirit flew to the thought of weapons and the battle-lust flashed into his usually thoughtful eyes.

Slowly, so slowly that the gesture conveyed a wonderful sense of dignity, White Buffalo raised his right hand above his head, the fingers close together.

"I give you Peace!" the signal said.

With equal dignity, the chief of the band upon the hill responded with the same sign. After a pause he raised his right hand again, the fingers

tightly closed, but with the thumb spread out, and passed it slowly to right and left twice.

"I do not know you. Who are you?" the signal said.

For a moment White Buffalo remained motionless.

Then, placing his left hand across his breast, he touched with his right hand first his foot and then his black, black hair.

"Blackfoot," the signal said.

Continuing, White Buffalo closed his right hand, all save the forefinger, which he held up perpendicularly, and raised it slowly above the level of his head. Then, turning his wrist so that the hand was poised with the finger pointing downwards he brought it to the level of the shoulder, to convey the meaning of "one who is above others."

"Chief," the signal said.

After a suitable lapse of time, White Buffalo repeated the sign of the right hand passed backwards and forwards twice.

"Who are you?" the signal queried.

In reply the leader of the other party raised his right hand to the side of his head, level with the top of his head, and described a small circle in the air, once thought to mean 'rattle-brained'

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SIGNALLING WELCOME AND HOSPITALITY.

Blackfeet in the Glacier National Park, Montana, communicating with each other across a stream.

though now believed to have an earlier meaning illustrative of the way of wearing the hair. Then the stranger repeated the sign for chief.

"A Kiowa, a chief!" the signal said.

Virgil, who had slipped out of his saddle and was busy with his camera, was especially delighted at thus meeting the Kiowa, for he remembered that this tribe had the record of being the most predatory and bloodthirsty of all the Indian tribes, and of having killed more white men in proportion to their number than any other people on the continent.

Continuing, the Kiowa chief raised his right hand, partly closed, held it against his heart, then slowly brought it out in a little more than a quarter circle, half to his side and half in front of him, opening the fingers as he did so as though to say, "Open your heart to me," and Virgil quickly grasped the meaning.

"Tell me your name!" the signal said.

The reply was given with the same request for solemn assurance of understanding, though the Kiowa and the Blackfoot have no alliance, their homes are a thousand miles apart, and their languages belong to entirely different stocks having no words the same.

White Buffalo placed his two clenched fists on either side of his head, with the forefingers extended inward and curved like a buffalo's horns, and then touched a border of white beads on his deerskin shirt.

"My name is White Buffalo! Tell me your name, also!" the signal said.

In answer to this, the Kiowa chief slowly put his right hand in front of his elbow, the back outward and only the first and second fingers extended, then drew the hand slowly across his body, keeping the fingers in the same position, until it was in front of his right elbow. Seeing that his chum looked puzzled, Lost Wolf leaned down from his saddle.

"That means 'dog,' Virgil," he explained. "It is the sign for a travois, that queer kind of dragging two pole litter which dogs used to draw before the Indians had ponies or knew the use of wheels."

In the meantime, while Lost Wolf was hastily explaining the obscure sign, the Kiowa chief leaned his head on one side, placing the hand, palm up, level with it and a few inches below, an evident sign for sleep, then closed with a gesture of negation, as though throwing something away.

"My name is Dog-that-never-sleeps!" the signal said.

"I have heard of him as a big chief," said White Buffalo. "And," he added to his son, as another stalwart Indian rode forward and placed his two hands to the side of his head, putting up his forefingers so that they stood upright and forward like the ears of a wolf to denote his tribe, following with other gesture signs telling his name, "there is a Pawnee Chief with him, whom I do not know. His name is Spotted River. The great spirits will be pleased to see the Blackfeet, Pawnee, and Kiowa smoke the pipe of peace."

CHAPTER IV

THE LAST GREAT INDIAN COUNCIL

White Buffalo did not speak again during the remainder of the ride. Moreover, because every member of the party felt in a greater or less degree the solemnity of a meeting which would forever be the last of its kind, silence was maintained by all. The Kiowa and Pawnee chiefs, with their following, arrived a few moments before White Buffalo, and the old Blackfeet warrior reined up before the council tent as a grave chief stepped from the doorway with a gesture of welcome. It was Plenty Coups, head chief of the Crows, to whom the leadership of the council belonged, because it was summoned on land belonging to his tribe, on the Crow Reservation in Montana.

Lost Wolf followed the old chief's son, who had recognized a friend, leaving Virgil alone, uncomfortably conspicuous so near the council tent. He did not want to follow Lost Wolf, partly because he knew the Indian lad had some plans to carry

out and would need to use every moment of his time in his tribal quest, and also because he wanted a chance to unpack the photographic material he had carried on his saddle and desired to give his invention its final test.

Riding to a clump of trees about a hundred yards from the circle, Virgil noted a bronzed stranger chatting with one of the younger braves, and rightly judged that he was a visitor tanned by exposure and not one of the members of the council. Dismounting, he waited until the conversation had ended and introduced himself.

He didn't quite know how to begin, so blurted out,

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'm not an Indian."

"I hadn't supposed you were," replied the other with an amused smile. "Nor am I. And," he added, laughing outright at the boy's confusion, "with all these Indians around us, perhaps we ought to make a defensive alliance. Doesn't all this," he waved his hand at the circle of tipis, "make you feel a bit as if you were an intruder?"

"Indeed it does, sir," Virgil replied. "That's what made me speak to you so abruptly. I beg your pardon, I didn't mean to be rude."

"Not a bit," his ally replied. "But if we are

going to make a treaty let's find out of what two tribes we are."

Virgil liked this man. He was one of those who immediately understood, and the boy saw at a glance that contact with the Indians had made him whole-hearted in every way.

"My name's Virgil Keen, sir," he said. "I came to the council with Chief White Buffalo of the Blackfeet and some other Indian friends, but I didn't want to disturb them after they got here."

His new friend eyed the boy closely.

"Why not?" he said.

"I could see, sir," Virgil answered slowly, "that to White Buffalo, it—it meant a lot, sir. And I was afraid if I said anything, I might sort of break the spell, somehow."

The other held out his hand and shook Virgil's warmly.

"That sounds to me as if you were one of the right sort," he said, "you've good judgment and a sense of courtesy, at any rate. As for me, my name is O'Gehd and I'm with the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington. Did you just come to the council for the fun of the thing with your friends, or are you interested in Indians?"

"I had two reasons in coming, Mr. O'Gehd,"

Virgil answered. "One of them was that I have a school-chum, Lost Wolf, who is up here trying to find his tribe, and the other is that I've made a lot of experiments in a new plan for color photography and I thought this would be an especially good place to give it a thorough try-out. Father said that if I could succeed in registering with one exposure all the various shades of Indian dress, in the dim light inside a tent, I could reckon my invention a success. I've spent a lot of time working out this process."

"The deuce you have!" his new friend exclaimed. "I've been interested in color photography for years. Have you got any finished plates with you?"

"Yes, sir," the boy replied, "I brought a few of the best." He laughed, "I've had a lot of failures, though."

"Of course, that's the only way to learn. But let me see those things of yours. And if they're any good, and you really have been getting results, I think I have influence enough here to give you a chance to photograph anything you want, that is, as long as you keep to your own line of work. You see, this whole council is financed by a lover of the Indians, who is using this as a means to

secure every possible kind of record known to modern science of the customs of the old Indian life before it disappears and before the aged chiefs —who are the only ones left who know the ancient ways—are all dead. There's a perfect battery of cinematograph cameras for moving pictures and various other devices, but, so far as I know, there's not a color photograph outfit on the ground. The Bureau of Indian Affairs has done a good deal to help this council, but it hasn't come quite within our work in the Bureau of Ethnology. I'm on furlough, though, and I live not very far from here so I came because of my own interest in it."

"I haven't ever quite understood, sir," said Virgil as they strolled over to the place where the ethnologist had pitched his tent, "just what a council is. Do only chiefs go to it, or can any warrior be a member?"

"All depends on the council," was the reply. "To start with, there are councils for the family, for the clan, for the tribe and for the confederacy, and every tribe has different customs. I judge you haven't studied Amerinds much, and if you are new to the subject let me give you a piece of advice that will always be true in every case."

"What's that, Mr. O'Gend?"

"Don't generalize from what you see of one tribe! It is because people forget this truth that there is so much nonsense abroad about the North American Indian. I declare sometimes I think people are better informed about the men in Mars than about their neighbors in their own State, if those neighbors happen to have a brownish skin. There is as much difference between the civilization of a Seneca and a Pima, as there is between that of Japanese and Hottentot; there is as much divergence between the language of an Apache and a Comanche—though they live side by side—that there is between Russian and Tibetan, who also live side by side; there is as much variation between the religion of the Tlingit and the Seminole as there is between Confucianism and Brahmanism. To say that a certain custom is 'Indian' is just about as descriptive as it would be to group all the customs of Europe, Asia, and Africa together and describe them as 'Eastern Hemisphere-ian!' "

"I noticed, Mr. O'Gehd," Virgil remarked, "that you called the Indians 'Amerinds.' I never heard that word before."

"It is the correct word," the ethnologist re-

plied. "Don't you think we have perpetuated Columbus' mistake long enough?"

"How?"

"In calling the tribes he found on this continent 'Indians.' He believed, to his dying day, that he had discovered India, or at least the East Indies, and you know that when he landed on Yucatan, he announced it to his homeland as the Malay peninsula?"

"Yes, I knew that," the boy returned, "but it had never occurred to me before as the reason why we still call them Indians."

"That's the reason," his friend affirmed, "and the great difficulty of finding another name for the race is that we do not know yet whether the tribes of the North American continent came from north, south, east or west. A few years ago a congress was held at which one of the most famous experts in every branch of science read a paper on the evidence of his science toward the problem of the origin of the Amerind, or the North American Indians, but no final conclusion was reached."

"I always supposed they had come from Asia over Bering Straits."

"They may have, or at least some must have; there is pretty strong evidence that there were

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

VILLAGE OF THE CONQUERING OMAHA.

Early photograph showing occupancy by Siouan tribe of Arikara settlement, contrasting the tipis of the invaders and the earth lodges of the defeated.

early migrations to America from northeastern Asia. But there are stories without end. Popular fable tried to find in them the Lost Tribes of Israel, there is a legend that a Welsh clan under a Prince Madoc settled in America a thousand years ago. The belief in the Lost Atlantis comes up every once in a while to serve as a bridge to explain some astounding similarities between the Aztec and the Egytian civilizations, or fabulous voyages from China are guessed at to give some reason for the Mongolian appearance of some of the tribes. But you may be assured that this problem, one of the biggest we are facing today, has not as yet been definitely solved."

"It is a puzzle, isn't it, sir? And what's your theory?"

"I prefer not to theorize, but I believe the time will come when ethnologic researches will warrant the assertion that the American Indians are descended from Asiatic ancestors. Some tribes, at least, show this descent clearly. But come, let us take a look at those plates."

The scrutiny was long and exact and Virgil was put through an exhaustive examination of the details of his processes. He soon found that his new friend understood a great deal more about the

various other processes of color photography than he did, and once or twice the boy found himself tripped up on some point of chemistry, for science was not Virgil's strong point. At the same time he saw clearly that the essential point of his discovery had not been guessed by any one, for he felt that, if it had, the ethnologist would have been sure to know it.

"What is the composition of the emulsion on the plates?" he asked at last.

"That's the secret part of it," Virgil replied. "Father told me that I oughtn't to tell anybody; he wouldn't even let me tell him."

"All right," the other said, "I won't try to find out then. I really think, Keen," he continued, "that you have a good thing there and I certainly should like to see some of your color plates showing the chiefs at this council. So, just as soon as you can get your things in shape I'll be ready to let you know what arrangements I can make to help you. And if you're successful in this, I shouldn't be surprised if it led to other things, for every one feels that 'now or never' is the time for recording Indian life and manners by every possible means."

"Do you suppose, sir," Virgil queried eagerly,

"that this scheme of mine really could be of service?"

"I think," the ethnologist answered seriously, "that if your process works as well as your plates seem to show, it will be of the greatest value to us all, just when it is needed most. It is possible, Keen, that your invention may show to all the ages yet to come the Indian as he was, in the wonderful and soft wealth of color with which he surrounded himself, and against the background of a still unchanged scenery."

"It would be great!"

"If it works, remember, only if it works," warned the other, "I feel sure that the Bureau of Ethnology will be entirely ready to enlist your services and you can't work too hard or too fast. I think you have the artistic knack, I believe you have discovered an entirely new process. What is more, if you work under our direction, we can show you what is worth photographing and what is not; we can teach you the difference between the false modern imitation of Indian work and the real thing and we can explain to you the 'why' of every picture that you take. I think you may win fame for yourself as well as the satisfaction of knowing that you are giving your time and your

powers to telling the best that can be told about a race which has always been misinterpreted. I don't know how you feel about it, but I've never forgotten a remark Professor Hause once made to a young enthusiast starting on an expedition.

"'My boy,' he said, 'don't be afraid to note down the faults as well as the virtues of the Indian. When you first start out, you will see nothing but their faults; before you come back, you will be able to find nothing but their virtues. If you want to keep the middle course, remember always that Indians are very lovable children who lived as though all was young in a world that is growing old. Dip your pen in the glamour of childhood before you write, so shall you not blame severely nor praise unduly.' "

"I'll remember that, Mr. O'Gehd," Virgil answered, whose boyish chivalry was stirred by the remark, and the ethnologist, after a glance at him, nodded assuredly.

"Now about this council," he said more briskly. "I told you there were councils of all sorts. In this one, no women will sit, for it is a council in which many tribes are represented and only chiefs are invited. But I want you, toward evening, to take one of your color plates while the ceremonial

food is being passed. Especially I want the pictures of the women and the young girls. It is much harder to get a good idea of Indian woman life than of the warrior, because he has always been in the limelight, although a very large share of the policy of the Amerinds has been that of the women."

"But I always supposed an Indian woman wasn't much more than a slave," the boy exclaimed.

"Lots of people have that idea," was the reply. "It's utterly wrong, of course. As a matter of fact, I think the Indian women of a good many tribes could give suggestions to the suffragettes. What would you think of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army announcing that he could not lead the army to war unless he had his mother's permission? Or of the council in whose hands lay the decision whether or no there should be a war, being a council of chiefs elected by the women of the tribe, sometimes even with female chiefs present or a delegate bearing their decree? Yet the Iroquois did that!"

"I should think if the women had the deciding voice, there would be very little war!" Virgil answered.

"It did prevent a lot of useless bloodshed," the other agreed. "Then did you know that among all the Iroquois tribes, as well as the Pueblo tribes of the Southwest, the woman owned absolutely everything that was in the house, including the house itself, excepting the weapons?"

"She owned everything? The warrior owned nothing?"

"Nothing except his weapons. The children belonged to the mother always, and not to the father, and every inch of land the Iroquois possessed was owned by the women as a whole, and title to chiefship and all descent came through the mother's side."

"That's all right," Virgil said, "but didn't she have to do all the work?"

"All the work about the camp, yes!" the ethnologist said. "She planted and looked after the crops if the tribe did any agriculture; she cooked the meals, dressed the skins, made her own clothes and some of the husband's."

"I don't see that there was much left to do," the boy remarked.

"Food," said the other laconically. "It is one thing to hunt occasionally, it is a very different matter to be compelled to do so constantly, to

know that on your daily exertions the entire welfare of the family depends. The Amerind had no ice-chest to keep his food from day to day and food could not be purchased. If fish were needed, he must catch them; if meat were lacking, he must pursue and slay the game; if camas or wild hyacinth or other wild vegetable were required for the household he must search for it, though the woman usually dug the roots and carried them home. Over the Indian the shadow of hunger always hovered, a shadow he could only dispel by bravery, skill and hard work, using weapons of small efficiency. His bow and arrows he had to make himself, the strings of twisted sinew were wrought from deer he had killed himself, the feathers were plucked from birds he had captured himself and arrow heads of stone that he had chipped himself! And how many arrows would he make before achieving one that would fly straight!"

"One never stops to think of that!" ejaculated Virgil in surprise.

"If he needed horses he must steal them from the enemy, at the risk of his life, using war-weapons he had made himself. He must protect his own camp against enemies. The chiefs must

keep scouting parties continually on the lookout. The lazy men could never rise in the tribe. If lazy or a poor hunter, no warrior would give him his daughter to marry; with no wife, he would have no one to cook his food, he would have no one to dress his skins, to make him head of a family."

"But couldn't he buy anything?"

"Only by exchanging things he had made himself. I think in modern civilization we use money so much that we forget that it is only a link by which we can exchange one kind of work for another. The Indians did not have any such link, except that the hunter—with his wife's agreement—could exchange a dressed skin, for example, for a weapon. You remember that even Hiawatha bought with gifts the arrows from the ancient Arrow-Maker, in the land of the Dakotas, by the falls of Minnehaha."

"Is that Hiawatha story true, Mr. O'Gehd?"

"You mean Longfellow's poem?"

"Yes, sir."

"It does not tell anything at all about the real Hiawatha," the ethnologist answered, "though as a poetical picture it is graceful and not too incorrect."

"But who was the real Hiawatha?"

"He was the great law-giver of the Iroquois, who, before Jamestown was settled, had founded the League of the Iroquois and established a series of reforms to abolish war, feuds and invasion of tribal hunting territory. He was a Mohawk, but began his work with the Onondaga. He found a bitter enemy in Atotarho. By working with the Oneida, he caused them to follow him as a prophet, when his own people, the Mohawk, joined, and the Cayuga did also. Since Hiawatha would not allow his followers to fight, the contest became one of political skill. When Hiawatha at last got the better of Atotarho, the Indians believed that he had done so because his manito was more powerful than that of his rival, and so he passed into tradition as a great magician as well as statesman."

"But I thought Longfellow made Hiawatha an Ojibway!"

"So he did," was the prompt reply, "but the real Hiawatha was not a Chippewa, or Ojibway as the tribe has been called. I can tell you how that mistake was made. A very able writer, Schoolcraft, received from two different sources at the same time one cycle of legends about Hiawatha, the law-giver of the Iroquois, and another cycle of

stories about Manabozho, one of the gods of the Chippewa. He mixed the stories up. Then Longfellow came along and made the Mohawk statesman a Chippewa god of the winds, son of the West Wind, Mudjekeewis, and of the daughter of Nokomis, the daughter of the Moon. He made this combination of god and statesman, of Iroquois and Chippewa, marry a Dakota maiden and welcome to the shores of Lake Superior a Jesuit friar, though the first mission west of Lake Huron was not established until a century later. But, as I said before, that does not mar the interest of the work."

The two chatted together for a while, Virgil enjoying every minute, not only because of his new friend's expertness in Indian affairs, but also because of his broad knowledge in almost every other subject. After a while, however, Mr. O'Gehd left Virgil to his own resources while he went off to see what arrangements could be made about the boy's photography. He had not been gone long when Lost Wolf came up, even his impassive face not able to hide all his excitement.

"Found out yet, Wolf?" called Virgil, as soon as his friend came in sight.

"I have found something," he said. "There

Courtesy of the Am. Museum of Nat. Hist.

SALISH CANOE ON BELLACOOLA RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Courtesy of the Am. Museum of Nat. Hist.

TSIMSHIAN CANOES AND TOTEM POLES, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

are many warriors here of the Sioux. All say the beadwork on the moccasins is not Sioux. There are many Cheyenne warriors here. They say that the beadwork is very like Cheyenne, but a little different."

"Looks as if that might be your people, doesn't it?" said Virgil, with a feeling as though on the brink of a discovery. "Perhaps one of the tribes that had drifted away from the main body? You know, Wolf, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you were Cheyenne. They always did go around with a chip on their shoulder, didn't they? And, for all your quietness, I think you're a bit that way yourself."

"It is true," was the same recurring reply, to which Virgil had grown so accustomed. "I should like to be Cheyenne."

"Well," replied the boy, "you see that chap walking this way? I bet you anything you like that he can tell you all about it. I don't believe you can stump him with any question about Indians."

He smiled at his friend.

"I guess, Wolf," he continued, with a sham melodramatic air, "that your fate will be decided in a few minutes."

By this time the ethnologist had come within speaking distance.

"It's all right, Keen," he said, "I've arranged for you to take some photographs inside the council tent early this afternoon. But if I were you, I'd watch a chance to do some of this outside work first. You never can tell when delays might come."

"Thanks ever so much, sir," answered the boy, "I'll get at it right away."

Then turning towards his chum, the boy said to the ethnologist:

"This is Lost Wolf, Mr. O'Gehd. I was telling you about his search for his own tribe. He says that he has found out that he is not Sioux and thinks he is Cheyenne. I told him you would be able to tell right away."

"Very good of you, Keen," the other said dryly. "I'm not a wizard. But I think you told me that your friend had some beadwork and pictures. That's more in my line. Let me see the beadwork first."

Lost Wolf stepped forward and handed to the ethnologist a pair of tiny child's moccasins embroidered with great care in beadwork and with soft small porcupine quills. The expert glanced

at them a moment then turned a sharp look at the Indian lad, scanning the features closely. He nodded, as if satisfied, then returned to a closer scrutiny of the design upon the moccasin.

"Hm! That looks clear enough," he said, but he made no statement as to what discovery he had made that was so clear. Virgil was wild with expectancy and he knew that his chum must be so aglow with excitement that he would be finding it hard to hold himself in check, but not a restless movement betrayed itself in the Indian boy's quiet stand, and not a quiver of the nostril was permitted that would show emotion.

"A great many tribes do beadwork," the Government expert said, after a few minutes, "and while most of them have their own methods, sometimes one imitates the other. I want to be sure. Tell me, lad," he added, turning to Lost Wolf, "what you yourself can remember."

"I don't remember anything, sir," the boy replied. "I was very small. All that I know is that my father was killed in a fight and that my mother ran away, carrying me. She wandered a long time, then found a home in a western village. A little while before she died, when she was ill, she drew some pictures which no one has been able to

read. I think it is some kind of a story. I have supposed it would tell about herself and about me. That is all."

The ethnologist bent again over the tiny moccasins, so exquisitely wrought by the Indian mother who was never able to speak one word to those who had protected herself and her child, and before his eye rose the scene of that western village home, with its frame houses and its straggling streets, and upon an unaccustomed bed an Indian woman lying, struggling to tell in rude pictures the story of her husband and her child.

"Can you read this?" Lost Wolf asked suddenly, handing the ethnologist a much frayed cardboard roll.

Mr. O'Gehd carefully drew from the roll a large piece of coarse manila wrapping paper, on which were a number of signs, tipis, figures that looked like Indians and others that looked like white soldiers, some armed and others without weapons. The whole thing was confused with a number of signs and pictographs, and, so far as Virgil could see, it looked about the same right side up or upside down. But the ethnologist did not seem at least in doubt. He walked over to a rock, spread the chart upon it, laid a small stone

at each corner to keep the paper from being blown away by the strong prairie wind and commenced to study it.

Near by, a small creek that emptied into the Little Big Horn flowed with a gentle ripple, and the flickering shadows of the long red willow sapling that bordered the brook danced across the figures of the pictograph, lighting first this symbol or that, as though the spirits of sun and forest were striving to reveal the mystery of this lost child of the old nature-loving race.

"How old are you?" the ethnologist asked suddenly.

Lost Wolf replied, giving his age, and remarking that the figure was not exact, but as near as he could come.

The other looked thoughtfully at him, as though counting up the years, and returned to the study of the chart. Again the tense silence fell that Virgil remembered when White Buffalo halted at the sight of the far smoke signal in the sky, and as before, a prairie lark sent out its trilling call of sunshine and of cheer.

"That looks clear enough," the expert repeated, putting his hand on the chart and standing up straight to confront the Indian lad. "It

is possible that I may be wrong, but to me there seems little doubt."

He paused, and Virgil saw the muscles in Lost Wolf stiffen with the tension of his eagerness.

"Your father's name," continued the ethnologist, "was Twisted Coup Stick and he was killed in a battle with the whites. You and your mother were survivors of the Massacre of Wounded Knee. Your tribe is the Arapaho!"

CHAPTER V

THE MASSACRE OF WOUNDED KNEE

At this disclosure of Lost Wolf's tribe, both Virgil and the ethnologist watched to see its effect on the Indian lad. At first a look of pleasure flashed into his face, for the Arapaho stand high among the Indians not only as a brave, but also as an understanding tribe, but this look of satisfaction was but transient. The tragic note of the disclosure was too deep. Soon a sombre fire came to glow in Lost Wolf's eyes.

"The Massacre of Wounded Knee!" he repeated.

"Was that a battle, Mr. O'Gehd?" asked Virgil.

But, though the boy asked the question of the ethnologist, it was an Arapaho lad that answered, nameless no longer, but proud in his pride of race and in the knowledge of his birth from a warrior family of an honored tribe.

"The soldiers waited until the Arapaho had given up all their guns," he said, "and then they

fired cannon on that part of the camp where the women and children were."

The ethnologist held up his hand.

"Easy a bit, Lost Wolf," he commanded. "You have every reason to feel the sting of that affair. But I have given a great deal of time, it so happens, to the Cheyenne and Arapaho and I know a great deal more about the Battle of Wounded Knee than is possible for you. Let us always be fair. I will tell the story, Lost Wolf, not as you may have read it in misleading accounts, but as it really happened. Then, no matter how you look at it afterwards, your feeling will be because you know, and not because you only half know."

"It is true," Lost Wolf replied, "I will listen."

"I'm going to take you back a bit," the ethnologist began, "because it is always difficult to understand an Indian outbreak until you know the reasons that lie behind it. The great Sioux outbreak of 1890 began as one of the simplest and gentlest religious movements this country has ever seen. Though the Ghost-Dance ended by being a means of exciting the war spirit, it began in a very different way."

"I've often heard of the Ghost-Dance, Mr.

O'Gehd," said Virgil. "Just what was it?"

"The story of the Ghost-Dance," was the reply, "is one of the oldest and most haunting stories of the world. Everywhere, and in all ages, there has been an idea that the wrongs and the evils of life were nearly at an end, that a good time is coming. The millennium is always just ahead. If only the Ghost-Dance Religion had come a hundred years before, there would have been little bloodshed on the Plains, and Indians and white men would each have striven for the country's good. If it had come twenty years later it might have brought a great Amerind religion with happiness and wisdom to the Indians, and we might have learned a great deal ourselves from its teachings. It came, unfortunately, at the wrong time, when the Indians were resentful over their losses and eager for revenge, and when the whites had not yet ceased to fear them."

"Why was it called the Ghost-Dance, sir?" queried Virgil. "Had it anything to do with ghosts?"

"A very great deal," was the reply. "That was the main idea. The teaching of the great Paiute prophet, Wovoka, was that the time was

near for the return to freedom of the whole Indian race. He declared that a Deliverer was coming who would set all the tribes free, and that from the day of his coming there would be no more hunger, no more disease, and no more death. All the Indians who had died since the beginning of time would be raised again, and their ghosts or spirits would march behind this Deliverer. There will be 'new heavens and a new earth,' Wovoka often used to say, probably having caught the phrase from some Christian missionary, and in this new world the ghost of every Indian who had died would come back and find a place there."

"I knew that the Indians always had a belief in a future life," Virgil said thoughtfully, "because of the 'happy hunting ground' idea, but I never knew that they had anything besides that."

"All the tribes believed in a soul and their burial customs show that they considered this soul immortal," the ethnologist said, "but they never tried to think out the philosophy of it. Though one of the most thoughtful of all races, the Amerinds accepted the world as they saw it, and all their story and their song were mainly of a religious kind. My heart has always been with the Indians, Lost Wolf," he continued kindly,

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

THE GHOST DANCE IN PROGRESS.

The standing figure is rigid and motionless in a trance. In the foreground, one of the dancers has fallen, stiff and absolutely unconscious.

turning to the lad, "and when, years ago, I first heard of Wovoka, I went to Nevada to see this great teacher for myself."

"How did you like him, sir?" asked Virgil. "Was he a sure-enough prophet?"

"He was a sure-enough good man," was the simple reply. "He was earnest and sincere. He claimed no honor for himself and refused a good many tempting offers from neighboring tribes if he would go to them. I talked with him a long time and we became good friends. Before I left he gave me a cake of the sacred red paint and several of the sacred piñon nuts. I brought them back to where I was staying, a camp of the Arapaho—your tribe, my boy—and told the chiefs of my visit. It soon spread about that I had seen Wovoka and brought these sacred things with me. From miles away the Cheyenne and the Arapaho came to see me, to hear me tell over and over again the words that Wovoka had said, to look at the piñon nuts and to beg—at the sacrifice of all their prized possessions—that I would color with the red paint some tiny object that they might prize it as sacred."

"And did you, sir?"

"As I was the guest of the Arapaho," the eth-

nologist answered, "I gave the piñon nuts to the tribe. I used the cake of paint until nearly all of it was gone and the small remainder I sent to Washington. But of course I told them, as Wovoka, had said, that there should be no gifts for teaching the truth." He gave a short laugh, as though half ashamed of his weakness. "I almost felt," he said, "like doing a bit of preaching myself, then."

"Was Wovoka really great?"

"The Indians found him so," the other replied. "What he taught I can best tell you from a letter he sent to the Cheyenne the spring after I had seen him. I have had it by heart these many years:

" 'When your friends die you must not cry. You must not hurt anybody or do harm to any one. You must not fight. Be a good behave, always it will give a satisfaction in life. Do not tell the white people about this—Jesus is now on the earth again. He is just like a cloud. All the dead (Indians) are alive again. I do not know when they will be here, maybe will be this autumn or spring. Do not refuse to work for the white men and do not make any trouble with them until you leave them. When the earth shakes with the

new world, do not be afraid. It will not hurt you. I want you to make a dance of five days every six weeks. Make a feast at the dance. There must be food for everybody. Then wash clean. That is all. You will get good words again from me. Do not tell lies.' "

"Was that a cause for massacre?" interposed Lost Wolf, with scorn.

"No, my boy," the ethnologist answered quietly, "if that were all there would be no story to tell. But the warlike Sioux and the brave Cheyenne are very different from the peaceful and slow-moving Paiute. To Wovoka, even to the Navaho and other southwestern tribes, the ghosts waiting at the edge of the world were vague and nebulous. It was enough for them to know that deliverance was near.

"But to dashing horsemen of the northern plains the teaching took on altogether a different character. The warlike tribes saw this army of the dead, at the edge of the world, as a great war-party, avid for battle, led by a shadowy leader whose eagle feathers swept the sky. Before the onrush of this mighty host the white men were to be swept away as thistledown before a storm, and weekly, almost daily, they waited to hear the shak-

ing of the earth under the hoofs of a million spirit ponies ridden by the spirits of a million chiefs and warriors dead.

"It was the famous Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, who added to Wovoka's teaching the one element needed to turn it from a gospel of peace to a beacon of war. Sitting Bull, as mighty in his hatred of the white men as he was mighty in his love for his own race, declared that the presence of the White Man on the hunting grounds of the Indians had been a punishment sent by the Great Spirit because of the sins of the Indians, but that the time of punishment was nearly over. I have myself heard Sitting Bull tell his people at a Ghost Dance, how on the borders of the land beyond the sunset the great army of the ghosts was gathering. If any country ever knew an orator, Sitting Bull was one. I tell you, while he was speaking, familiar with Indian eloquence though I am, I found myself glancing uneasily at the western sky and shivering as though the Sword of Doom were suddenly to lie across the land. Almost I could hear the roar of immense herds of horses and of buffalo the Ghost Army would be driving, almost the clouds over my head seemed to bear strange symbolic meaning, almost I could

feel beneath my feet the beginning of the earthquake and land-slide in which all the white people not slain by the spirit army would be buried deep."

Virgil's voice sank to a hushed whisper, as he said:

"Think of that army of the ghosts waiting at the edge of the sky, think of the strain of living in the belief that any day might see the world one vast battlefield of Indian conquest! It makes your blood run quicker just to think of it!"

"Then a supposed miracle that happened on the Pine Ridge agency did a great deal to swell the tide. One of the lesser chiefs of the Hunkpapa Sioux died there and all the usual ceremonies were performed. But when he was being carried to the scaffold where the body was to be placed, his figure was seen to stir beneath the wrappings, and the medicine-man, more courageous than the others, ordered the bandages removed and the supposed dead man sat up.

" 'They have started!' he cried. 'The march of the ghosts has started! Give me my war-gear, that I may join them now!' They put the war-club in his hand and he fell back dead again, content."

"And that story was believed?" asked Virgil incredulously.

"It was never even questioned, not even by those who had come back from schools in the eastern States. An Indian is an Indian clear through."

"Heart and all," interjected Lost Wolf.

"Exactly. Indeed it was these half-educated Indians, who were able to write letters, that stirred up the Arapaho. Nakash, a medicine-man of the Arapaho, roused a number of the chiefs of his own and neighboring tribes to visit Wovoka. Among the members of this delegation was Porcupine, who became a northern leader of the Ghost Dance. After visiting Wovoka, they met on their return a number of warriors well known to them in their earlier years, who had been dead a long time, and they stayed in their tipis, ate their food—"

"Mr. O'Gehd!"

"I'm telling you the exact reports the delegates brought back, Keen," the ethnologist answered seriously, "and the Sioux, Cheyenne and Arapaho believed them, every word. You can account for it how you please, I'm simply stating to you the facts. Sitting Bull reproached his people for

their inaction and in that same year the crops failed and a series of epidemics mowed down the Indians by thousands. The Ghost Dance leaders did not fail to declare that this was due to the lack of hostility shown by the Indians. Sitting Bull declared that the army of the ghosts was waiting for the living to begin the fray.

"Then, suddenly, at the crucial moment, Congress had a violent and ill-considered spasm of economy, and cut down half the food for the famine-stricken people. The Bureau of Indian Affairs and its agents did everything possible to avert the disaster, but Congress would not hear. There are some heroic tales to tell about the agents and employees of the Bureau of Indian Affairs during the Ghost Dance panic. When, however, the Sioux learned that Congress had reduced the appropriation for food supplies within a month of the signing of a treaty in which the Government promised never to reduce supplies, the sullen resentment blazed into active hate."

"Do you blame them?" flashed back Lost Wolf.

"Wovoka would have blamed them," said the ethnologist softly. "But no one will deny that the difference between the mild and gentle teaching of the Paiute prophet and the bitter hostility

of Sitting Bull and Porcupine was due to four causes, for all of which we were to blame."

"And what were those, sir?" asked Virgil.

"Broken treaties, misappropriated funds, insufficient and unfit food, and disregard of the Indian character."

"It is true," Lost Wolf agreed promptly, and though Virgil longed to take up the cudgels on behalf of Uncle Sam, he saw that the ethnologist was too sure of his ground.

"It is true that it is impossible to attach any blame," the other continued. "The office of Indian Affairs has stood for a century between the white man and the Indian, and it has achieved wonders despite the fact that in early years its hands were tied with politics, and the ineptitude and ignorance of Congress. I'm going on to the Wounded Knee affair presently, but, as I may not have a chance of talking to your friend again, Keen, I am going to read a couple of sentences from a letter I received just the other day from the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

" 'The Government has tried to deal justly with the red men,' he said, 'and in the matter of schools and other equipment for learning civilization, it certainly has been generous with them. But it

has not been able in very many instances to stand between the Indians and its own citizens, to protect an ignorant red man, unfamiliar with our language and our customs, from an alert, rapacious and unscrupulous white man.

" 'It may safely be said that the purpose of the Government toward the Indians is and has been fair and even liberal; but it has had no ideal way of carrying out in detail its general policy.

" 'The conservative Indian—' "

"Like Sitting Bull," said Virgil under his breath.

" '—has always been an obstruction in the path of the dominant, restless, pushing race. Nearby white communities have always insisted that he move on and allow them to develop resources of which he made little or no use. Out of such conditions has accrued a long series of rank injustices and deplorable hardships in spite of a prevailing benevolent intention on the part of the Government.

" 'Were a new continent to be discovered today, inhabited by a primitive people, it is extremely doubtful if history would not immediately begin to repeat itself in a combination of philanthropic resolves and oppressive measures. Mil-

lions of dollars would probably be poured out to buy their possessions and to educate them in the language and customs and religious ideals of the invading race; yet the strength and selfishness and greed of members of that race would, to no small extent, thwart many an honest attempt to deal squarely with those undeveloped and weaker peoples.'"

"It is true," Virgil said, with a slight laugh, imitating the phrase of his friend, but the Arapaho lad would give no echoing agreement.

"Mr. Monk," the ethnologist continued, "is too prudent to touch much on the political side of the question, but to politics may be blamed the actual beginning of the outbreak, the partizanship appearing both in Congress and among the agencies. The agent at Pine Ridge, Dr. V. T. McGillycuddy, a man of unflinching courage and a leader who thoroughly understood Indians, was retired because of a change of political administration, and Red Cloud, observing the opportunity, connived at the brooding trouble, although he took no active part in it.

"Sitting Bull, at this juncture, sent for Kicking Bear, the head priest of the Ghost Dance among the Cheyenne, and asked him to start the dance at

Courtesy of Bureau of Am. Ethnology; Copyright by Barry, Bismarck, N.D.

SITTING BULL.

The "Grand Old Man" of the North American Indians. Hunkpapa Sioux chief, medicine man and Ghost-Dance leader, who was actively hostile to the whites until the day of his death.

the Standing Rock agency. The agent sent a force of Indian police, including two officers, to arrest Kicking Bear, but the party retired in confusion, the officers being dazed and partially tranced by what was reported to be the effects of the wonder-worker's 'medicine' or magic. Kicking Bear accordingly organized the dance, leaving it in such wise that Sitting Bull was able to continue it, and the dance leader of the Cheyenne returned to his own tribe, further inflaming them by his accounts of the enthusiasm of the Sioux.

"The agent at Standing Rock, who was a fine fellow and a man of great personal bravery, went promptly to Sitting Bull's camp, which was the very storm-center of the trouble and urged him to use his influence in keeping the peace, not in breaking it. Sitting Bull was angry beyond words. He respected the agent as a man almost as much as he hated him as a member of the white race. When the agent persisted, Sitting Bull rose, strode swiftly to the side of the tipi where hung the 'pipe of peace' that had been smoked on the occasion of his surrender nine years before, and broke it in two, flinging the pieces at the agent's feet.

" 'Hunkpapa to make friend with the paleface

thieves!' he cried, 'there are no Hunkpapa hearts left now but me!'

"The agent protested, seeing the gravity of the situation, but talked in vain to prevent the open break that the chief's action signalized. He begged Sitting Bull to remember all that had gone before and argued nearly all the afternoon. For two hours Sitting Bull kept silence. At last he spoke.

"'It will be death! Ha! Good! I am old! Lo—there lies the peace between us—broken!' And he wrapped himself in his blanket as a final sign that further conversation would be useless. The agent returned crestfallen and telegraphed to Washington.

"Knowing of old the dangerous power of Sitting Bull, and realizing that he would have to be arrested, since he had declared himself at war, the Department of War was informed of the situation. Orders were given a scout to arrest Sitting Bull, as he knew him personally very well, and he might be able to do it without such a display of force as would stir up all the Indians on the reservation. It was then the end of November. But, as the war-spirit of the Sioux was at its height, since a dance was actually going on, and

as the weather was fine and therefore favorable to the Indians, the agent counselled delay. Two weeks later a military order was received requiring that the arrest of Sitting Bull be made as soon as possible, and two days thereafter word was received by the agent at Standing Rock to the effect that Sitting Bull had been summoned to the Pine Ridge agency to act as the leader of the living Indian host in conjunction with the Spirit leader of the spirit host that was about to appear.

"It was late in the evening when this information was received, and all that night swift riding was the word, till by three o'clock on a cold December morning a force of forty-three Indian police had been secured. The military had been ordered up to support, but the police, to whom the order for arrest had been given, feared that the great leader might make an early start and reached the encampment before dawn.

"Entirely unsuspecting of what was before him, Sitting Bull was asleep in his log cabin. The news of the actual arrival of the spirit host had excited the Indians to such a degree that their wild dance had been continued nearly all night, and when the police arrived from the agency there

was not a sentry at his post, all were lying on the ground in the deep sleep of utter exhaustion both of mind and body. They entered the log cabin quietly and arrested Sitting Bull absolutely without resistance.

"The camp roused speedily, the women waking the warriors, and before the chief was dressed and ready for the start, a force of over one hundred enraged Sioux warriors surrounded the Indian police. Seeing that the odds were strongly in his favor, Sitting Bull called on his followers to rescue him, and one of the braves, named Catch The Bear, fired and shot the commanding officer of the police, Lieutenant Bull Head, in the side, wounding him fatally. At the instant he was wounded, Lieutenant Bull Head turned, and before falling from his saddle, fired his revolver at Sitting Bull, shooting him in the body. Seeing their chief fall, Sergeant Red Tomahawk and Sergeant Shave Head fired at Sitting Bull, who fell pierced with three bullets. The Sioux warrior, Catch The Bear, was killed a minute later by Lone Man, a policeman, who in turn was wounded, and there was a hand-to-hand fight about the place where Sitting Bull was lying. The police, having the advantage of training and modern weapons,

drove their assailants back a hundred yards, then returned and carried the dead and wounded into the house, holding it against the attacks of the hostile Indians until the arrival of the troops an hour later.

"Thus, shot in the first grey dawn of a winter morning by a member of his own race, a renegade to Indian ideals, wearing the policeman's uniform of the hated white man, died Sitting Bull. Wakened from sleep and arrested on the morning of the day whereon he believed he was to see in person the great Spirit Saviour of the Red Man, the last of the great war chiefs, patriots, and medicine-men of the North American Indian passed to his rest, his spirit unconquered to the last."

The ethnologist paused a moment and then added:

"He was wise, brave and very courteous. I never knew a man whose friendship I prized more."

Virgil began to understand how it was that the ethnologist had been able to secure such an insight into the life of the Indian, and the hard angry look had gone from the eyes of Lost Wolf, the young Arapaho.

"Prompt action and the support of 'friendly Indians,'" continued the speaker, "enabled the agent to persuade Kicking Bear to return to the Cheyennes, for Kicking Bear was a medicine-man only and not a war leader as well. Had the grand old hero of a hundred fights, Red Cloud, been ready to take the field, the condition would have been infinitely more grave. But Red Cloud was old and politic, the Ghost Dance had touched him personally but very little, and with the death of Sitting Bull the combined Sioux and Cheyenne had no great leader to whom they could turn.

"The Sioux were so deeply stricken by the death of Sitting Bull that they made no further trouble at the time, but a band of unruly Cheyenne, under Big Foot, fled to the Bad Lands, that refuge of the hostiles. There they were joined by several small groups of irreconcilables, principally Arapaho, though there were also some of the Oglala and Minneconjou Sioux. The Seventh Cavalry—the same that had been engaged in the Custer fight—pursued and overtook the Cheyenne and Arapaho near Wounded Knee Creek. The cavalry force was strong and threatening and Big Foot was compelled to obey the orders of the cavalry commander who bade him

pitch his tents at a certain spot. In the meantime troopers were sent, asking for reinforcements, with the result that the members of Big Foot's party, consisting of one hundred and seven warriors and about the same number of women and children, found themselves encamped in a small hollow, surrounded by four hundred and seventy cavalrymen and a small company of artillery with four Hotchkiss guns. Loaded and ready, these were kept trained upon the Indian camp.

"Four days after Christmas Day, 1890, orders were given to disarm the Indians before taking them back to the agency. Big Foot was ill, very ill, with pneumonia, in his tent. The tipis stood on the plain, right by the edge of the creek, and there were soldiers on every side. In reply to a message, the Cheyenne and Arapaho had hoisted a white flag as a guarantee of safety and a sign of peace.

"Shortly after eight o'clock in the morning, the warriors were ordered to come out from their tipis and deliver up their arms. The order was hesitatingly obeyed, and not more than one half of the braves left their tents. By the time that an hour had elapsed, only about twenty guns had been stacked. A second and more stringent order

brought out most of the Indians, but no more weapons were forthcoming.

"Annoyed by this delay, the cavalry commander ordered that the Indian warriors be marched fifty feet away from the tents and placed a detachment to guard them, not more than ten feet distant. Another detachment of soldiers was ordered to make a thorough search of the tipis and bring out every weapon found. This caused a great deal of confusion and excitement among the women and children, the soldiers overturning everything with an utter disregard for property and driving out the inmates in order to search the better. This angered the braves so that trouble would have begun immediately if the detachment of soldiers guarding them had not been sensible of the danger, with their fingers loose upon the trigger.

"In the meantime, during the searching of the tents, Yellow Bird, a medicine-man, had been walking about among the warriors, blowing on an eagle-bone whistle, muttering chants, and reminding the Arapaho and Cheyenne that they wore their Ghost shirts, and that as long as they had these they were invulnerable. He stirred them to believe that as soon as they began to fight they

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

ARAPAHO GHOST SHIRT.

Belief that such designs on deerskin would make a shirt bullet-proof caused much of the Sioux outbreak, and led directly to the Wounded Knee massacre.

would find the hands of their enemies made weak and nerveless by the Spirit army and bade that when he stooped and threw a handful of dust into the air, the Indians should charge the soldiery and the white men would be scattered as the dust blown out of his hand. He spoke in Cheyenne, of course, and none of the officers of the cavalry gathered the dangerous nature of his words. At last, one of the detachment of searchers, coming back from one of the tents, having found few weapons, saw the barrel of a rifle protruding from under the blanket of a warrior and he bent forward to seize it.

"As he did so, Yellow Bird stooped down, and with a motion that seemed as rapid as light, threw a handful of dust into the air, so that it floated away as a thin cloud.

"The dust had scarcely left his hands when a young Cheyenne, whose name is said to have been Black Fox, drew a rifle from under his blanket and fired at the soldiers, wounding the man at whom he aimed. Instantly, and without waiting for orders—remember that, Lost Wolf, there were no orders given for this act—the detachment that stood opposite the Indians fired a scattering volley, killing or wounding half of them in that

one discharge. The survivors sprang to the attack, throwing their blankets from their shoulders and appearing fully armed. Instantly there was a terrible hand to hand struggle.

"Then—and I will admit this was inexcusable—the Hotchkiss guns which were trained on the camp containing women and children, not a single warrior being left in the tents except the sick chief, Big Foot, opened fire and sent a storm of shells among the helpless women and children. The guns poured in two-pound explosive shells at the rate of nearly fifty a minute, mowing down everything alive. The sole objects of this artillery attack were unarmed women, many carrying infants in their arms and with tiny children about their feet. A few tried to escape, but the Hotchkiss guns raked the range of the creek.

"Within three minutes not a living Indian was on the camp ground. The tipi of Big Foot had been shot to ribbons, a stray shell had struck the poles and half overturned it, and there on his sick bed the Cheyenne leader lay, unable to move. Racked by pain, helplessly he watched the indiscriminate slaughter of all those who had followed him, and he saw his faithful wife struck by a splinter of a shell and fall across his feet, just

before a shot put a merciful release to his sufferings.

"Nor is this the full tale of the shame, for, excited by the battle-lust, perhaps remembering some comrades who had suffered in the Indian wars, the pursuing cavalrymen, acting again without orders, chased remorselessly every survivor of that withering Hotchkiss fire and butchered them as they fled. Many bodies of women and children were found as far as half a mile from the scene of action, the victims of brutal troopers who had given no quarter and had spared neither age nor sex. In spite of this pursuit, however, about a dozen escaped, of which, Lost Wolf, your mother must have been one."

The speaker paused for a reply, but for some moments the Arapaho lad stood silently. At last he spoke, in a strained dry voice.

"And in this battle, or rather, massacre, in which my father was killed, my mother wounded, and myself left homeless," he said, "how long a time was it before these white gentlemen soldiers sent out to help the wounded?"

The ethnologist winced, but faced the question.

"Not for three days," he answered.

"It is true. For three days," Lost Wolf re-

peated with a sternness which sat well upon him and made him look more Indian than ever, "for three days while a severe snowstorm was raging, the American soldiers made no effort to help the wounded. You cannot excuse the massacre. You cannot explain away why it was not till after a three-days' Dakota blizzard that the soldiers went out to find women and children still alive. You cannot deny that many were terribly frozen and suffering agonies from exposure."

"It is true, my friend," the ethnologist rejoined, laying his hand upon the lad's arm, "it is all too true. War is a thing most horrible. But," he continued, "there is another side to the story. For one party that we massacred you have ambushed a score, for one story of neglect upon a battlefield, there are a thousand tales of your tortured captives, and for one page of soldiers' treachery in the American army's otherwise almost stainless book, your every leaf is blotted. I do not say this to condemn your faults, nor to condone our own, but every State in this great Union holds the graves of frontiersmen, shot by their lurking Indian foes."

He held out his hand to Lost Wolf and, after

just a perceptible hesitation, the lad returned his grasp.

"It is a long way between the raid of Jamestown and the massacre of Wounded Knee," the ethnologist said, "but, we may praise our brighter age, the days of both are over!"

CHAPTER VI

ORDEALS OF AN ARAPAHO BOY

As the remembrance of Wounded Knee haunted Virgil, he was glad when, soon after the telling of the story, the ethnologist called him to the council tent. The chiefs sat in a circle three deep, and when the boy entered, Two Moons, one of the sub-chiefs of the Cheyenne who had been engaged in the Custer fight, was addressing the council in the sign language.

"Wait until Plenty Coup replies," whispered his comrade to Virgil; "he is very expert in the sign language and very graceful."

Two Moons' speech was short and as soon as the murmur of low grunts of approval had subsided, the courtly leader of the Crow tribe stepped forward, thanking the Cheyenne and introducing an old Comanche warrior. While he was gesturing, Virgil took advantage of the opportunity and, as he put back his third plate, settled again on his haunches in the approved (though uncomfortable)

fashion, with a sense of satisfaction that his pictures would turn out well.

The afternoon passed quickly, for the boy soon found the sign language easy to grasp, the attitudes were so graphic. With the ethnologist beside him to explain any gesture the boy did not recognize, Virgil learned so quickly that he was soon aching to get up before the council and show off how well he could talk by signs himself. Wisely, he restrained the impulse.

As it drew on toward evening, the speeches stopped and Plenty Coups' wife, Wolf Plume, followed by four Crow maidens, entered the council tent, bearing bowls of ceremonial food. Into these bowls every warrior present dipped his fingers and partook of the food provided. This was not part of the feast, but rather a council ceremony. After the Indian maidens had gone out, Plenty Coups took down the peace pipe, a gorgeous calumet which had been especially made for this occasion, and turning to the north, he took a whiff, blowing the smoke in that direction, then to the west, south, and east in turn he did the same. He then handed the pipe to the first of the sitting chiefs, who took two whiffs and passed it to his neighbor until every member of

the council had smoked the pipe of peace. Two chiefs, an Apache and a Blackfoot Sioux, by refusing the ceremonial smoke, declined to declare themselves entirely friendly to a council called by the white man, but Plenty Coups, with fine tact, ignored the hostility, and the peace pipe passed on.

This was the final ceremony, and when the Indians rose to leave the council lodge, Virgil had used no fewer than eleven plates. He took the last photograph outside the council lodge, a busy scene, for some of the chiefs departed straightway, though others remained until next day. Among the latter were the Shoshoni and Northern Arapaho, who had a long ride before them ere they reached again their reservation on the Wind River in Wyoming. Owing to his interest in Lost Wolf, the ethnologist had decided to join the party and invited Virgil to accompany him.

That evening the ethnologist, Virgil and one of the promoters of the council, a man who held the chair of anthropology in an eastern college, stood beyond the line of tents, watching the departure of a party of Sioux through the gathering darkness.

"There," said the professor, sadly, "goes the last of a vanishing race!"

The ethnologist turned on him quite sharply.

"You forget, Professor," he said, "that there are yet nearly half a million Indians in North America, though there were probably nearly two million at the time of the discovery of America. In certain directions the Amerind population has increased during the last two decades, and though the total shows a slight decrease, a great many of the forces which threatened for a time the extinction of the race have passed away."

"How is that, Mr. O'Gehd?" the other inquired. "Are not the Indians still as subject to the evil influences of civilization as ever?"

"No," the ethnologist replied, "they are not. Tuberculosis, trachoma and other diseases still make awful inroads, but preventive hygiene is accomplishing wonders. The Government year by year is abolishing the reservation life and is setting each Indian family at work on its own allotment; the cutting off of the flower of a tribe by the deaths of the young and strong warriors on the battlefield is at an end; no longer can epidemics ravage the tribes as formerly, for the braves are now United States citizens living with their fellow citizens in a community and under the sanitary requirements of civilized life, besides

all which," he added with a smile, "there is no race suicide among the Indians. In Mexico, too, ninety per cent. of its nineteen millions are of Indian blood. No, Professor, that the Indian is leaving behind his tomahawk and his war-paint is no more a sign of his vanishment than that the Briton disappeared when he stopped staining his body blue with woad and fighting the wild aurochs in English forests with a flint-headed axe."

For answer the old lover of the Indians pointed to the sky line, where against the dimming gold and orange of the sunset the distant figures of the Sioux moved in a dark pageantry of farewell.

"You mistake the augury," the ethnologist said, turning homeward, "it is only the childhood of the Indian race that is vanishing into the sunset, not the race itself!"

Early next morning, indeed before the sun had fully risen, the party started for the Wind River agency, the ethnologist, who was an excellent Arapaho scholar, having spent several seasons in research work in that tribe, teaching Lost Wolf his native language as they rode. The Indian lad had tried to learn some Sioux phrases, but he found these of little help, because the Arapaho, like the Cheyenne, is a branch of the great Algon-

quian family of languages, which stretched north to the limits of the Eskimo and which embraced a great part of Canada.

"You don't mean to say that Arapaho has a regular grammar!" exclaimed Virgil, as he heard the ethnologist discoursing on "regular and irregular verbs," "transitive and intransitive forms," and "inflection of the pronouns."

"Arapaho has a much more complex grammar than Latin," was the answer, "and it is a very highly developed speech, for there are numbers of ideas that the Arapaho can express by an inflection, which in European languages would require several long words. Don't run away with the idea that the Indian languages are simple! Each one of the Algonquian languages has a vocabulary of several thousand words, and I have found it more difficult to find English words into which to translate Arapaho, than I have had to find Arapaho forms of speech for English stories, except, of course, for such words as deal with things foreign to Indian thought."

"You mean that one of these Indian dialects is as fine a language as Greek, or German or English?" asked Virgil, thinking that the ethnologist's partiality was carrying him a little too far.

"I wouldn't quite say that," his friend answered thoughtfully, "because Greek—that is Attic Greek—Modern German, and English are all tongues compounded from several sources, that have had a wide commercial use, and which possess a large written literature. But I should unhesitatingly say that Arapaho was a finer language than Homeric Greek, than Meso-Gothic or than Anglo-Saxon, and that, if to any Indian tribe had come the opportunity presented in the Old World, there would have arisen an Amerind language as rich and sonorous as has ever been spoken by the lips of man."

Convinced as well as silenced, Virgil settled down to listen, learning rapidly the few phrases which Mr. O'Gehd repeated most frequently, but floundering hopelessly in the attempt to understand him on the question of grammar. Lost Wolf, however, who had really tried to learn Sioux by himself, and whose mind ran naturally into Indian forms, advanced rapidly. Throughout the entire first day's ride, during the evening around the camp-fire, and nearly all the second day, the ethnologist faithfully taught his pupil, though his throat was hoarse from the constant talking while riding through the dust of the dry

and sandy stretches of northern Wyoming. But he was rewarded for his persistence in finding that by the second evening Lost Wolf made shift to speak a little Arapaho, probably the impress of the language heard in babyhood helping to make the tongue familiar. It was late in the evening of the second day that the party reached the agency on the Wind River reservation, where the ethnologist and Virgil put up for the night, Lost Wolf going to the tipi of a young warrior who was his kinsman, the young brave's father, a cousin of Lost Wolf's father, also having been slain at the Battle of Wounded Knee.

The following morning, not long after breakfast, Virgil came back to the agency, full of news.

"Oh, Mr. O'Gehd," he cried, "Long Keep The Trail is going to be Lost Wolf's father!"

The ethnologist turned to the agent.

"Isn't that the old fellow with a pretty daughter?"

The agent looked at him with a quizzical smile.

"You know what I mean," Virgil's friend continued; "she worked with me last year over translations of the songs used in the Sun Dance. Let's see, her name was Singing Heron, if I remember."

"Yes," the agent replied, "it's her father. Conservative but open to reason. Held in a good deal of respect by the older men."

"He said, Mr. O'Gehd," Virgil volunteered, "that Long Keep The Trail was a warrior of the Crazy Dog lodge, and he seemed to think that was of great importance. Though," the boy added, "for the life of me I don't see why!"

"It means," the ethnologist explained, in answer to Virgil's admission of ignorance, "that your friend's adopted father has been admitted into a very high and honored order of warriors. They are called Crazy Dogs because of the reckless bravery they are expected to show. It is one of their rules that when they go to battle and their comrades are being defeated, they pin themselves to a certain spot by a trailing girdle that they wear, and are pledged never to retreat, but either to hold their ground until all their own party rallies around them, or else to die in their tracks."

"When do you suppose Lost Wolf will be taken in by the tribe, sir?" the boy asked. "You said we would have a chance to see all the goings-on. He told me that Long Keep The Trail had told him to come to his tipi to-night. Do you suppose the adoption will be done then?"

The other shook his head.

"I hardly think so," he said. "Probably only the family will be there, and as Long Keep The Trail is an old warrior and has a high standing, one of the medicine-men of the tribe may be there, also. Besides which, the agent tells me that there is a 'giving-away party' scheduled for to-morrow and that always means a big feast. Lost Wolf's adoption, probably, will also be made an occasion for a feast, and the Indians usually leave a week or so between."

"To recover from too much eating?" inquired Virgil, with a laugh, for he had thought of Indian gluttony before.

"To a certain extent, yes," the ethnologist replied. "It's an obligation, you know, to eat everything that is set before you. Sometimes a boastful young warrior is punished that way. A tray is put before him with about twice as much on it as he ought to cram himself with. He has got to eat it, of course, and when he asks others to help him, they can refuse. Since every one knows why this has been done, the women then come round and tease the boaster, urging him to feats of eating by fanciful tales of his bravery and daring, many of which they invent upon the

spot and relate to him as tales he has told of himself before."

"Do you suppose, sir, that there will be anything of that kind to-morrow?" the boy asked, thinking it might be great fun to watch.

"Not likely," was the reply; "a 'giving-away party' is always full of good-will, because every one that goes there comes away the richer for his visit, and though the donor may be made quite poor, still he has bought for himself a great reputation. But you'll see for yourself to-morrow just how a feast of this kind is carried on."

As the ethnologist had shrewdly surmised, the date arranged for the formal reception of Lost Wolf into the tribe was set for a week away, and the "giving-away" party of the next day held the centre of interest. The giver of the feast was an old brave called Split Lance, who was known in the tribe as a famous marksman and who had won several coups for his skill with a bow as well as for his bravery in battle. Although a hunter of great prowess, he had married but one wife, not wedding her younger sisters as well, as was a common Arapaho custom, and his wife had died a couple of months before Virgil came to the camp. Many of her treasures, of course, had been buried

with her, but they had been a thrifty couple—a rare characteristic among Indians—and there was a large supply of robes and various articles of value in the tipi. The warrior, also, had a large band of horses of his own, won by his bravery, his skill in contests, and his luck in gambling, for, like most Indians, he was an inveterate and reckless gambler.

It was with a distinct thrill of interest that Virgil rode out next day to the place appointed for the party, near which Split Lance had pitched his tipi. It was evident that the good news had gone far abroad, for, from every quarter of the compass, the Arapaho were flocking in to the gay occasion, a few, a very few of the Shoshoni, who also lived on the reservation, coming as spectators. The scene was lively and animated and full of color and merriment, not a little of the festive spirit of the guests being due to the fact that they knew themselves to be probable recipients of donations from the bounty of the host.

The proceedings were simple enough, though to Virgil, every detail was of interest, not only because of its strangeness, but because he was ever on the alert to try and catch some new combination of color, for, as the ethnologist had told

him, he was the only person in the world who could get just such photographs as those he was taking.

One thing, however, puzzled him greatly, and that was the merriment and laughter. He had heard Mr. O'Gehd speak of the Arapaho as more thoughtful and graver than many of the other tribes, yet there was a gay chatter around the cooking pots where all the women and girls who came gathered to help in the preparation of the feast.

"Mr. O'Gehd," the boy said, "I thought you said that the Arapaho were a solemn crowd!"

"So they are," was the reply, "at least, comparatively."

"But they are laughing and chatting together in the jolliest way!"

"Did you, too, have that silly idea that the Indian, like Henry I of England, 'never smiled again!' " his friend queried.

"Somehow I didn't expect to hear them laugh," the boy replied, "story books always make them seem secret and silent, too grave ever to crack a smile."

"Nothing could be further from the truth," the ethnologist said, "as you can hear for yourself. Even a real Irishman of the old sort cannot

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

SACRED TENT OF THE WHITE BUFFALO.

Last Indian abiding-place, and the last Indian keeper of the magic food-procuring White Hide.

make a more congenial host and companion. And the Indian has the sense of humor developed amazingly; no race in all the world pays greater heed to a funny story.

"Just to give you an idea, I'll tell you something that isn't generally known. When a particularly funny thing occurs some tribes put up a little cairn of stone upon the spot, to remind them of it, so that when they come by that place again they may remember the joke and renew their laugh over it. I was with the Ute once when a very boastful medicine-man who had declared that nothing could frighten him was scared out of his wits by a boy's trick. The tribe spent two hours marking the spot and drawing a pictograph that would tell to any passing traveler just what had happened. That's appreciating a joke to the full!"

"And do they tell funny stories?"

"Lots of them," the ethnologist answered; "at least they seem to find them funny. A few jokes have been made a part of the annual ceremonies. Some tribes, such as the Tigua of the pueblo of Taos, in New Mexico, appoint two clowns every year at an annual dance and they are supposed to act as well as tell the funny records of the

tribe during the past year and to retail the best jokes in the memory of the tribe. Several tribes, too, have 'Crazy Dancers' who are allowed entire liberty to do what they please and who are expected to carry absurdity to its extreme. And as for stories, you ought to know that the Indians spend half their time in winter telling and hearing stories."

"It looks rather as if that group over there were just getting ready to hear a story," said Virgil, watching half a dozen warriors who had settled themselves in a half circle around one of their number.

"Suppose we saunter over and listen," the ethnologist said. "I can tell you what it is about as it goes along. I shall give it to you fairly literally, and you may get some of the Indian flavor that way. You must remember," he added, as they drew near to the group, "that story telling for the Indians, even as drama was to the Greeks, is often religion and education. The stories and the dances of the Indians are very closely related. The dances are often religious rituals, and every detail of dress, every gesture has a meaning. This meaning they learn from the stories of the tribe. That is why they never tire of

the story or of the dance, because every time they hear the tale afresh they see in it some new beauty which they only appreciated at the last dance, and each time they see the dance they understand more of the symbolism than they did before the last repetition of the story. We're just in time," he added, "for the story is beginning.

"Ah, yes," he said, as the first words struck his ear, "it is a very familiar one, I have heard from tribes as far apart as the Pacific and the Atlantic coasts. Kipling would call it 'How the Mole Lost his Eyes.'

"Now he begins. I will translate it—

" 'Nih'an-can,' that's a tribal demigod," the ethnologist explained, " 'was traveling again.

" 'He came to the thick timber along a stream and heard something crying repeatedly,—'San-san-kan-tcei.' Having listened many times, he went towards the noise to see what it was. He looked, his eyes quick-sighting to behold secretly. He saw a man. Before an old elm tree at the front of the tree the old man was standing. His eyes were not in their sockets. In the holes where the eyes are there were no eyes. The eyes were sitting looking at him on the branch of the elm tree.

"'Again the man said, 'San-san-kan-tcei.' The eyes flew back into his head.

"'Thus he kept doing.

"'Nih'an-can wished this power very much. He pretended to be crying. Coming up to the old man, crying, he said—

"'I cannot be glad any more! Until I learn from you the medicine of making my eyes go away and come back again, I shall not be glad any more.'

"'The man said, 'That is not medicine, that is play!'

"'Nih'an-can said, 'I want the play!'

"'The man told him. Say 'San-san-kan-tcei,' he said.

"'Much pleased in his heart, Nih'an-can thanked him.

"'The man said, 'Do not do this too often here. After you have come to the top of that hill over there you may do it as often as you like. Until you reach the top of the hill you must do it only four times. Otherwise you will have trouble.' Then the man loosened the eyes of Nih'an-can for him, and Nih'an-can walked on his way.

"'Soon he came to an elm tree. Nih'an-can said at once, 'San-san-kan-tcei' and hyeh-hyey! his

eyes left him. He was quite blind. He put his fingers to his eyes and felt only the sockets. He said, 'I shall surprise the camp.' He said, 'This eyes-moving is great fun.'

" 'Then he said, 'San-san-kan-tcei' again, and the eyes came back. He could see as well as before. Nih'an-can was well pleased.

" 'It was such good fun that Nih'an-can did it four times, right after another. Each time the eyes came back faster. He wanted to do it a fifth time very much. He said, 'My eyes have learned the way back.' He went crooked from the warning of the old man. He said 'San-san-kan-tcei' the fifth time.

" 'His eyes flew into the old elm tree.

" 'He called them back. They would not come.

" 'He shouted 'San-san-kan-tcei' all day until he was as hoarse as Kaw-kaw, the Raven. He was so hoarse that he could only shout a little.

" 'The sunshine was bright. The orbits of his eyes began to dry and shrivel. They were getting small.

" 'The man who had taught him heard him shout. He came close. He said, 'So you would not do as I told you. That was bad. It is better that a bad one should not have them back. Well,

you have lost your eyes. You will never get them from me.' The man passed on.

"'When any animal came near, Nih'an-can called it to help him. But he had always been so full of tricks that none of the animals would come.

"'At last the mole came by, and because he always lives underground Nih'an-can had played no tricks on him. He came up through the earth and said to Nih'an-can,

"'My brother, what do you need?'

"'Nih'an-can said, 'Lend me your eyes!'

"'The mole gave them to him.

"'Nih'an-can put the tiny eyes into his sockets and, though he could hardly see much, he was just able to climb the tree and find his own eyes. He climbed up. He was in such a hurry that he put his eyes in wrong. He put the left eye on the right side. He put the right eye on the left side. It was because the mole's eyes were so small that he could not quite see.

"'Nih'an-can was very angry. He was afraid to say 'San-san-kan-tcei' again for fear the eyes would go away a long way and he could not take them out. That is why Nih'an-can has a squint.

"'But the small eyes of the mole he threw away in anger because they had been so small. He said,

'Your eyes have made me squint. I care nothing for your eyes. Get them yourself!'

" 'But no one has yet been able to find the mole's small eyes for him, and that is why moles are blind!' "

Virgil, who had been taking in every word, straightened up as the story teller stopped and said,

"That's a bully story. Are there many more, Mr. O'Gehd?"

"Hundreds, probably thousands," the ethnologist said, "and that is one of the commonest and shortest. The bit about the squint, though, I hadn't heard before; the tale is usually told as though Nih'an-can had thrown away the mole's eyes out of mischief."

"It was a mean thing to do, anyway," the boy rejoined, rising as the group broke up and following his friend to where the crowd was centering in the neighborhood of Split Lance's tipi.

Shortly after the sun reached the zenith, Split Lance came forward from his tent. He was vividly painted and wore an immense war-bonnet and spine of golden-eagle feathers, showing both his claim to deeds of courage and prowess and also emphasizing his wealth. A ceremonial crier was

beside him. At the appearance of these two the gaming and the telling of stories ceased and the rough circle became a solid mass.

"I am Split Lance!" he cried. "With a quiver full of ten arrows I split a war lance. Every arrow pierced the lance, the last arrow flying before the first one falls and at the tenth arrow the lance fell in two pieces!"

There followed immediately a loud shout of applause, for the Indians know good shooting and this was one of Split Lance's most famous feats. The vain marksman and host of the "giving-away" feast rejoiced at the applause.

"Black Turtle," he cried, "who praise so loudly, and who shoot so well, the spotted horse I give you!"

Again rose the shouts, this time in favor of his generosity and Split Lance strutted round the circle drinking in the praise.

"I am Split Lance," he cried again. "Hyeh—hyeh! Alone, with only my bow and a coup-stick I rode at a Cree brave and when he fired a pistol I stooped and hit him with my coup-stick. Afterwards I killed him with my arrows."

The shouts of acclamation resounded as before, and as the burst of approving cries fell on his ears,

Split Lance showed the joy of being, for the time, a popular idol. He noticed a very old warrior, who had made no movement at the first announcement of his skill, uttering a sharp "Ugh! Ugh!" at the recital of the brave deed.

"Lame Beaver," he called, "my beaded quiver I give you. It is made of the skin of the neck of the Never Dies Turtle and will bring you youth again."

The value of the gift and the popularity of the old warrior to whom the quiver was given were shown in the enthusiastic approval shown to the short speech of bestowal. And so the afternoon passed, sometimes, after the recounting of a most important deed, the gift being small, sometimes large, so that the audience and the recipients had their interest keyed up to the last. In spite of the fact that Mr. O'Gehd was interpreting for him many of the speeches, Virgil found the repetition of the feats monotonous toward the last.

Near the end, however, one incident occurred which brought him forward into public notice. Split Lance, who was of an erratic turn of mind, suddenly recounted one of his numerous adventures, one moreover in which his wife had figured, and—in a manner quite unusual—gave her a fair

share of the honor involved. Virgil, with the chivalrous spirit of the American boy, clapped his hands at this, and Split Lance turned quickly.

"I give," he said, "my Thunder-Bird pouch to the paleface boy."

The announcement was greeted with shouts and with laughter. The crowd was in too good-humored a mood to resent the favor shown to Virgil, the gift was not so important as to cause any one to feel that he had been wronged, and the boy was relieved from the necessity of answering by the babble that followed the pronouncement of the gift.

"It seems to me," said Virgil aside to his friend, "that nothing could be much more silly than this giving-away business. Split Lance is ruining himself, surely! I can see that it might have been all right in the days when there were lots of game and a good hunter had confidence that he could, in time, make up for what he had lost, but now, on the reservation, I should think Split Lance would leave himself practically without any means at all!"

"That's exactly what he intends to do," the ethnologist answered, "and indeed, once he starts, he has to carry it through all the way. The Indians

have no regard for a 'piker.' There is no sham nor make-believe in an Arapaho camp. The Amerinds are primitive in some ways still, remember, and they know no half-way measures. Generosity means giving everything away, even to absolute want, just as bravery means a reckless disregard of life."

"Did all the tribes have this custom, sir?" Virgil asked, "or is it just the Arapaho?"

"Most tribes had the 'potlatch,' as it is called," the other replied, "but it flourished mainly among the Indians of the Pacific coast, in Washington and Oregon and further north. There the great annual ceremonial dances were arranged about some 'potlatch.' As all the tribe gathered for it, that time was chosen to build the larger house and to raise the carved totem poles, to initiate warriors into the secret societies and to conduct sales or barter of the hammered coppered plates with raised designs, in which the wealth of Tlingit, Haida, and even the Salish groups of Indians largely consisted."

The "giving-away party" closed with a long speech made by Split Lance, in which he recorded boastfully and with every appearance of truth an absolutely impossible feat, one which by its very

extravagance was confessed to be a joke, and this Munchausen exploit was greeted with shrieks of laughter from the women and deep laughs of half-approval from the warriors. The gift announced for this was "a war-club made of thistle-down" and was presented to the donor's brother-in-law.

No sooner was the speech ended than the feast was served. Most of the visitors had brought their own utensils, as is a frequent custom with the Plains tribes. Others, including Virgil and the ethnologist, had not, and to them the mother-in-law of Split Lance, a very old woman, brought two bowls. A drummer beat on the stretched deer-skin for silence and the feast began with a regular 'Grace Before Meals' said by Split Lance's (ceremonial) grandfather:

"Our Father, hear us, and our grandfather.

"I mention also those that shine (the stars), the yellow day, the good for burning (timber), and the good earth.

"All the animals listen to me under the ground. Animals above ground and water-animals listen to me.

"We shall eat the remnants of your food.

"Let them be good. Let there be long breath and long life. Let the people increase, the chil-

dren of all ages, the girls and the boys, the men of all ages and the women, the old men of all ages and the old women.

"Let the food give us strength wherever the sun runs.

"Listen to us, Father, Grandfather. We ask thought, heart, love, happiness.

"We are going to eat!"

It was a plentiful feast, with green corn, with venison, with large joints and stews of beef, with white apple or wild hyacinth, with wild turnip and water-lily bulbs, ground nuts and milk-weed tubers, while kouse-root bread, arrowhead and wild-potato cakes were added to the bill of fare. The food, though queer and new to the taste, was well cooked, and some of the dishes were as delicious as, to the boy's taste, others were impossible. It was the camas or wild hyacinth, however, which tasted to him as good as any vegetable that he had ever eaten, while the kouse-root bread, he remembered, was a favorite dish of the Canadian voyageurs.

"This grub is fine, Mr. O'Gehd," said the boy to him, "but these spoons are hard to use. This one is half the size of my head!"

The ethnologist laughed.

"When I said something like that once," he replied, "the old Cheyenne warrior who was sitting beside me, laughed.

" 'Paleface is not wise,' he said, 'small spoon make the arm tired before the stomach tired. Indian have hunger go away before the arm get heavy.'

"By the way, Keen," he continued, "I'm going to leave soon, because I've some letters to write. I ought to be back in Washington the end of this week, but I want to see Lost Wolf put through his paces; the Arapaho may have some special ceremonies that we have not yet seen or recorded, so I shall stay on the reservation a few days longer."

"Yes, sir," said Virgil, wondering what was coming next.

"I have written to Washington," the other went on, "about your pictures, and I expect an answer to-morrow. If the answer is favorable to a consideration of your work, would you like to go with me to Washington, and do you think your father would approve?"

"Yes, sir," the boy answered at once, "I'd like to go, tremendously. And I'm sure Father would consent, because he has always said that if I got an opportunity which would put me for a while on

my own feet I ought to take it, though he never seems to want to suggest anything that way himself. I've been kept at home a lot, sir, and this would be just what I'd like best to do."

"Very well, then, Keen, my boy," the older man said, rising, "we'll see what we can arrange."

The two went forward to Split Lance and Virgil was compelled to leave the expressions of good will to his friend, although he stammered out what was intended to be an Arapaho "Thank-you," and tendered to the warrior, as a gift, one of his colored plates over which he had attached a thin glass slide. Split Lance, rubbing both sides of the glass and finding that the picture would not rub off, declared it "heap big medicine" and seemed highly pleased. Virgil, equally delighted, took with him the Thunder-Bird pouch, and his delight was intensified when the ethnologist explained to him that the Plains Indians believed a thunderstorm to be the noise of a battle between a huge Thunder-Bird and an equally huge Big Rattlesnake, and that this pouch would preserve him from ever being struck by lightning. He spent the evening in writing home a glowing account of his adventures.

The next day a crier went through the camp

announcing the giving of a feast by Long Keep The Trail to celebrate the adoption into the tribe of a new son, who would then be given a name. Virgil, who was busy working over the color photographs he had taken the day before of the "giving-away party," heard the crier in the distance and found out from the ethnologist the meaning of the call.

That evening Lost Wolf came to the agency. He chatted with them both for some little time and then announced that he intended to go into the Wind River mountains and fast.

"Do you?" queried the ethnologist, staring at him. "Did Long Keep The Trail suggest that you should go or did any of the medicine-men say anything to you about it? I did not think they would require that!"

"It is true," came Lost Wolf's invariable reply. "They did not ask it. I said it, the night before last in the tipi of Long Keep The Trail. Hairy Foot was there. They did not say anything, but I felt that they liked my saying it."

"Why did you suggest doing so, Long Wolf?" the ethnologist asked.

"I have learned much of the white man's knowledge," the Arapaho lad answered, "and I can teach my people many things. But I must win

their hearts. I must live in the ways of my people. I must make their hearts follow me."

"You think a fast will do that?"

"The elder brothers of the Stars say so!"

The ethnologist leaned back in his chair and looked at the lad.

"There's one thing I'll say for you," he said, "if you get a lead, Wolf, you certainly can follow it up. What do you know about the Star society?"

"They dance to-night, Mr. O'Gehd," the Arapaho lad answered. "I shall be one of them then."

"But the Kit-fox society is the first," the other rejoined, "I have always been told that among the Arapaho, a boy had to go through that order first! Unlike the Sioux and some other of the Plains tribes, Virgil," the ethnologist explained, turning to the boy, "the Arapaho arrange their warrior societies by ages and not by similarity of visions or dreams. That is why I expected Wolf would have to go through the Kit-fox order first."

"I am a swift runner," interjected the young Indian.

"You bet you are!" agreed Virgil, "I've seen

you just swallow up the base line on our home diamond!"

"You have been racing?" the older man queried.

"It is true," agreed Lost Wolf. "It was last night. A brother (friend) spoke to me. He said he was a Star. I told him I wanted to join. He said, 'Be a Kit-fox.' I said, 'I am a man, the Kit-fox is for boys.' He said I was like a pale-face spider (the Arapaho word for clever) and had no coups."

"That was just where I thought you would find trouble," the ethnologist said, "but go on. What did you answer?"

"I asked what coups were wanted. There was no fighting now and no one could have war coups. He said that there were Kit-fox coups in shooting with a bow and arrow, running quickly, or 'giving-away.' He said, too, that these were not always used. But I said that I would run. So we did."

"Who did you race, Wolf?" asked Virgil.

"Coyote Trot," the Arapaho lad replied, "he is the fastest of the Kit-fox. But, of course, he is younger."

"And you beat him!" Virgil exclaimed exultantly. "Bully for us!"

"I learned how to make a flying start," the lad explained. "You remember, Virgil, how our high-school coach used to make us start? Coyote Trot could run just as fast as I could. But it was not a long race, and I beat him because of the quick start."

"So the Stars decided to let you in?"

"Yes, sir," the lad replied, "and I may be a full warrior in the autumn and join the Tomahawk. It is said that Long Keep The Trail has much influence."

"I had a talk with him this morning," the ethnologist said, "I knew him before when I was studying Arapaho music. Singing Heron, his daughter, was there, just as bright and pretty as ever, and with a great many more songs for my collection. I think you have a good foster-father, Lost Wolf, and I shouldn't be surprised if you did get into the Tomahawk soon."

"What's the Tomahawk, Mr. O'Gehd," asked Virgil, "is that like another degree?"

"It is the first of the Warrior orders among the Arapaho," the ethnologist replied. "The Kit-fox and the Stars are the two boys' orders. The Kit-fox really is only a junior affair, but the Stars are like a 'prep school' for the first of the

Warrior Orders. The members of the Tomahawk lodge carry wooden clubs shaped like tomahawks in their dance. That meant that when the tribe went to war, it was the duty of these youngest warriors to dash on ahead and strike the enemy with their clubs, no matter what the odds might be, so as to show that even the youngest had no fear of the enemy."

"I don't see what is left for the others, then!" said Virgil, "that's about as high a kind of bravery as you could expect."

"Not at all," was the reply, as the older man shook his head. "There was no leadership there, it was merely a dash. In the next order, however, most of the leaders are found. This is the Spear Lodge. From its members were chosen the judges of the camp to decide small questions and they selected some of the Tomahawk Order to act as the police of the camp. The head of the police was a Spear Warrior. From their decision there was no appeal, in times of peace, except to the head chief of the tribe. They also took entire charge of the tribe on the annual buffalo hunt.

"In war, the chief of the Spear Lodge was required to take command if the enemy took refuge behind defenses, subject of course, to the war-

chief. He was expected himself to ride to the very middle of the most dangerous part of the defense, throw over the earthwork or into the line of tents a sacred rattle belonging to the order and then follow it himself single-handed to wrest this treasure from the enemy, thus ensuring that every member of the order would follow him. Next in the order of importance comes the Crazy Lodge."

"I suppose, sir," interrupted Virgil, "that is so called because they are so crazy reckless?"

"Partly, I think," was the reply, "but the real Crazy Lodge is now rather mixed up. It was one of the magic orders, and they had charge of what would nowadays be called the psychic part. The head of the order, known as the White Fool, was supposed to be able to paralyze the enemy by riding in a circle round them. But he must do this unarmed, he must not have with him more than four unarmed members of his lodge, and he must ride his entire circle within arrow-shot of the foe."

"How in the wide world could he do that?" asked Virgil, "I should think he would be shot in the first hundred yards."

"He could do it at night, or he could creep from cover to cover, or he could ride swiftly, his four

men leading horses, leaning over the side of his horse away from the enemy and jumping on horse after horse, as rapidly as each was shot beneath him. But the White Fool rarely succeeded, and after the Indians learned to use guns, the office began to change character. It became more or less a part of the next order, the Dog Lodge, so that sometimes—like your friend Long Keep The Trail, a member is called a Crazy Dog."

"And you said they pinned themselves down on the battlefield?"

"Yes. The four leaders of the Dog Lodge are the generals of the army. Generally the war chief is one of them. But even if not, they have a certain liberty of judgment. They sit moveless during the first charge of the Tomahawk, and when the younger warriors circle back, the four Crazy Dog leaders move forward slowly, straight for the enemy, singing the war-song and shaking their rattles. They may not draw their weapons until some of their own warriors, actually making the charge, snatch away the rattles from them.

"At that point they stop, drive their lances into the ground, so as to impale a long strip of deerskin that dangles from their waists, and thus anchor themselves in the front of the battle. They

are in honor bound not to pull up these lances, except to advance. If it is evident that the battle is lost, or that the opposing force is too great to make battle possible, other members of the Dog Lodge may pull up the lances. But, even then, the leaders are forbidden to retreat until their fellows drive them away with pretended blows from small quirts or ceremonial whips which are carried by members of that lodge alone. A hard fought field, therefore, always concentrates around those points where the four chiefs have pinned themselves down to make an unflinching stand."

"And yet you say there is a lodge higher than that!" cried Virgil.

"Yes, but it has only seven members, all very old men. The members of this lodge seldom went on war parties unless the tribe was moving in a body. All the treasures of the tribe were in the hands of this lodge. All the teachings of the tribe and all the songs, the laws, and the customs which are not religious were in their keeping. When a very important battle was impending, one of the seven old men might go out, bearing with him that share of the tribal treasure which was under his charge."

"What was that for?" asked the boy.

"Because the Indians believe that it is finer to defend than to attack, and because an Arapaho would fight harder to defend the treasures which he holds so sacred than he would if the fray were merely an attack upon another tribe. In all their troubles with the whites the Indians have declared that their outbreaks were defensive, that they were trying to protect the lands and homes which the white men were taking from them."

"Guess it will be a long time, yet, before you strike that top lodge, Wolf!"

"It is true," the Arapaho lad answered, "but I will try. I have learned from the white man. Now I will learn from the Indian. Mr. O'Gehd has showed me that I can help both my tribe and the white man by finding out everything about the old customs from the aged men and women of the tribe. To-night I begin, and soon I will be a warrior."

"It strikes me, Wolf," the ethnologist said, "that if you are going to the dance of the Stars to-night, you'd better hurry and see your Elder Brothers in the Society and get painted up."

"I am going," the Arapaho lad replied. "And I will say 'Good-bye.' You will not see me for three days. I am going to the hills."

The ethnologist put out his hand.

"I wish you a good vision," he said. "You will follow your own trail. But I want you to remember, Wolf, that thinking in the way of your fathers will not make the world go back to those days. There is no weapon that can win back from the Setting Sun the days that have gone by. The eyes of the Indian, as surely as the eyes of the white man, were set in the front, not in the back of his head, that he should look forward and not behind him."

Virgil also shook hands heartily with his chum.

"See you when you come back, Wolf," he said, "and I'd like to go with you. Oh, I know that's not allowed and that you've got to be alone. I don't even know what it is that you want to see, but I'm dead sure that whatever dream comes, it'll be all right."

The Arapaho lad looked at his schoolboy friend and at the ethnologist, who had been so kind to him ever since they met at the council.

"It is good," he said abruptly, "when the white man and the Indian are friends. I shall think of you much, upon the hills."

Early next morning, before Virgil was awake, Lost Wolf, carrying nothing except the beaded

baby moccasins that his mother had made, and wearing only his breech-cloth and moccasins, left for his four days' fast. Hairy Foot, the old medicine-man, had told him where he might find a place free from interruption. The camp was scarcely stirring when the lad struck off to the high country.

Indian though he was, and strongly influenced by a lifetime's brooding over his origin, all Lost Wolf's white training cried out against the action he was taking. Over and over again he told himself that this fasting and prayer was absurd and old-fashioned, that it was out-of-date and barbaric, that it belonged to conditions that were impossible to-day. And he would answer himself with the tales that Mr. Keen, his chum's old poet father had told him, of the knights in their vigil before they received the spurs of knighthood and of the hardships eagerly endured by Francis of Assisi and other men of holiness. But though his mind within him argued this way or the other, the pulse of the Indian race beat through his veins and carried him unfalteringly along his journey in those long sweeping supple strides which had made him the envy of his schoolmates.

By evening he reached the place that Hairy

Foot had suggested to him as a likely place to stay. A point of land, slightly wooded, jutted out over a small winding stream. The region seemed as desolate of game as it was of human habitation. He found the sun-bleached skull of a deer and lay beside it when he slept. The walk and the excitements of the day had tired him and his rest was unbroken by any dream.

The second day of his fast, Lost Wolf set himself to deep thoughts of the plants and trees in this place of his vision-seeking. Surely never was a lad placed in so strange a battle with himself. The botany learned at school flung its swift javelins of facts into the Indian myth of the tall pine, once a great warrior, but now chained to earth by grim enchantment. The knowledge of the forces of soil and wind grappled within him the feeling of a forest where every tree and shrub had a living soul and every one of them had power over the lives and happiness of men. The evening found him overwrought and tranced, in his tired and excited state seeing new meanings in every tree under whose branches he passed, in every plant that brushed against his moccasins.

The third day of his fast, Lost Wolf gave watch to the animals and insects of his place of silence.

The absorbing wonder of evolution threaded itself through fantasies of mythic lore, and Wubasso, the White Rabbit, leaped his daily course across the sky above a point of wooded land where an overstrained and weary Indian lad asked of each bird or beast or insect that he met, the world's old never-answered question, "Why?" As the afternoon wore on and exhaustion clutched him the more keenly, visions of true and false flared confusedly through his head. The cloud-forms seemed once true monsters from the fossil beds, and again loomed forth as dragons of an implacable manito or power of witchcraft. White training made him wonder whether he were not delirious from hunger and the strain of long emotion, the redskin blood within him bade him remember that this was the purpose for which he had come hither.

That night, a windy night, he could not sleep. The moon was near the full and in her light the wind-spun shadows seemed to dance disturbedly. Strange noises came to him, beyond the power of earthly woodcraft to define, ever and anon the wind hushed slightly and the air filled with a strange expectancy. Slowly the night dragged its dark length along and the grey mists wreathed

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THE VISION SEEN BY THE FASTER.

Dark shadows of animals arising from the dream-lake seen by young Arapaho brave in his first ordeal of manhood.

(From a picture by the great painter of Indian life, Mr. E. W. Deming.)

themselves into nebulous shapes over the stream below.

The moon's rim touched the horizon, and as the silver shield dipped the lowest section of its arc below the distant hills, the grey mist over the stream began to rise. Nearer and nearer, billowing in waves of shining grey, the mist swirled up and up until it almost reached the level of the bluff on which lay Lost Wolf, his head resting on his hands, gazing at the slowly sinking moon. Up the mist billowed, till with a long shiver it settled to stillness, a dream-lake of grey, spanning the way from earth to the outermost rim of seeing and of thought.

Slowly the moon sank until only half her disc was above the seeming water of the grey dream lake. Then came a deeper ripple and a moving of the waters, as though strange forms lurked underneath. Lost Wolf sat up to face whatever might be near. Then, from the waters, close beside the shore, rose the gleaming curled horns, the shaggy mane and the majestic hump of an old bull buffalo. And as the grey mist-water fell about him in soundless foam, on either side appeared the beaver and the wolf. Last of all, rising on hind feet and towering above them, rose in

his might the Grizzly Bear of the Mountains, the master of them all. For some minutes they stood there, motionless, and Lost Wolf sat and gazed at them. Then, as with one consent, they turned and swam steadily across the grey dream lake, straight in the path of the sinking moon. On and on they swam, growing ever smaller as the light grew dim and fading from view as the last gleam of silver sank beneath the margin of the grey dream sea. Then over the slowly darkening grey of the dream lake the Indian watcher saw a figure coming nearer until at last it stepped upon the shore as the grey water, now only lit by stars, began again to disappear as mist. And by the soft faint starshine, Lost Wolf looked into the eyes of the figure, and saw it was himself, with a feather wand of peace in either hand.

Brightly next morning's sun rose over the valley and shone upon the form of a young Indian, prone upon the ground, his hands outstretched still and drawn from hunger and exhaustion. But, before the camp had settled itself to the evening meal, two figures were seen coming down from the hills, Hairy Foot, the aged medicine-man, who had gone to meet the fasting youth, and Lost Wolf.

Virgil rushed forward to greet his friend, but the medicine-man raised his hand to hold him back, for Lost Wolf walked as in a daze. Never once they paused but passed in silence through the camp, and Lost Wolf, afterward to be known as Wise Feather to the Arapaho, passed on to the beginning of his greatness under the medicine tipi.

CHAPTER VII

A PONCA CHIEF'S DEFIANCE

The day before the feast made by Long Keep The Trail for the adoption of Lost Wolf, Virgil received from his father a letter of permission for his trip to Washington, and the ethnologist received a favorable reply to his query about the boy's photography. The sample plates that had been forwarded had excited great admiration and interest at the capital. Accordingly, no sooner were the simple announcements of the adoption made and the feast fairly begun, than Virgil and the agent made a hasty departure from the agency, hoping, by speedy riding, to meet the east-bound train at the nearest railroad point, and thus save a day.

"Mr. O'Gehd said that if I am put on regular appointment by the Bureau at Washington we may be out in the Southwest after a while, Wolf," Virgil announced to his chum as the two shook

hands in a farewell, "and if I get anywhere within reach, you ride down to me or I'll go to you, whichever suits best."

"It is true," agreed the Arapaho lad, "I am grateful. I shall never forget that, though I am of this tribe, I have known a white childhood and white friends."

Virgil, in turn, in spite of his lively expectation of success in Washington was sorry to part from the chum with whom, he felt, he had started out on what promised to be his life work, and he was firmly convinced that no other Indian tribe could ever mean as much to him as would the Arapaho. He little knew that experiences were not far distant when a tribe would hail him as a maker of magic and almost a savior of the community.

It was late in the evening when they boarded the train, so that Virgil had to bottle up the score of questions in his mind until next morning, though he promised himself that the journey was not likely to prove slow with such a horde of things to find out, and with so genial an expert to explain them. He tried to begin at breakfast, but the ethnologist held up his hand in mock protest:

"Breakfast is my best meal in the day," he said, "and we don't talk 'shop.' Afterwards, when we

have settled back in our own car, I'll answer anything I can. It isn't hard to see that you're fairly bursting with questions."

Accordingly, Virgil made no request until an hour later, when the ethnologist, having finished his breakfast and his cigar, returned from the smoking car.

"Did you notice, Keen," his friend said, as he settled in his seat, "that account of the lacrosse game between Columbia and Cornell?"

"Yes, Mr. O'Gehd," Virgil answered, "I read it all through. I thought perhaps you wanted me to read it when you tossed the paper across."

"I did," was the reply, "because I don't know anything that more clearly shows the difference between our point of view and the Indian's than that same lacrosse. To the Canadian teams and to the fellows who are interested in it at college, lacrosse is merely a game. To the Indian it is almost a religious ceremony. Even from your short stay among the Arapaho you have seen what importance attaches to every detail of life. Now the lacrosse game of the Cherokee, which they call anetsa, is well known, Mr. Luner having made a special study of it. I saw one of these games and I think I can answer best your question about

Indian sports by describing this game to you. Do you want to hear it?"

"Indeed I do, sir," Virgil replied, "we had a couple of Canadian chaps in high school and they tried to get up a lacrosse team. I played a little, but it wasn't very successful, because we had a crack baseball nine and most of the interest hung around that. But I would like to know how lacrosse was really played by the Indians."

"All right, then," the ethnologist began, "I'll tell you about a game I saw played between two East Cherokee villages, Yellow Hill and Raven Town, both on the reservation. The players had been in training for about three weeks and during that time they had been forbidden to eat the flesh of a rabbit—because a rabbit is easily frightened, or of a frog—because a frog's bones are brittle and easily broken, or of any young animal —because it has not the endurance of maturity, or of certain plants which are shallow-rooted or whose stems snap easily. A woman must not touch a player nor one of the ball-sticks, and in the old days, if she did so deliberately, the penalty was death. The night before the game a dance was held, but the place was kept a strict secret in advance lest spies from the other village should

sprinkle on the trail to the dance a special soup made of the hamstrings of rabbits, which would make the steps of their opponents nervous and frightened.

"The dance was a considerable strain upon the players. They ate no food at all from the time before the dance began until next day when the game was over; the dance was kept up nearly all night, and the players were not permitted to rest. They were allowed to sit on the ground, but they might not lean back against a stone or a tree, nor lie down. The players bathed themselves in decoctions of certain plants, of the herb catgut, that their muscles might be tough like the roots of that plant, or of the small rush, because no matter how many times it is trodden upon, it will rise again. Some rubbed themselves with the skin of an eel because of its slippery character, or with the leg of a turtle because the legs of that animal support an immense weight.

"When morning came, each ball-player had to be put through a still severer ordeal, called scratching. One of the medicine-men took a sharp comb made of seven sharpened splinters from the leg-bone of a turkey. This comb he pressed in at the shoulder of each player until it just pierced

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

READY FOR THE BALL DANCE.

Cherokee champion ball-player, trained to the last notch, ready for the weird "dance" that precedes the game.

the skin, then drew it four times straight down to the elbow and again from below the elbow to near the wrist. The other arm was treated in the same way and the legs as well, on thigh and calf. Then an X was scratched on the breast of the sufferer, the upper ends joined by a stroke from shoulder to shoulder and the same design made on the back. Each arm thus had fifty-six deep scratches and each leg the same number, with twenty-eight (usually) on the chest and the same number on the back. They bled freely and seemed to be very painful, though not deep.

"Then, for the last time, the medicine-man took his votaries down to the river one by one and prayed for them. This was the prayer I heard over one of the players.

" 'O Long Man (River) I come to the edge of your body.

" 'You are mighty and most powerful. You bear up great logs and toss them about where the foam is white.

" 'Nothing can resist you.

" 'Grant me such strength in the contest that my enemy may be of no weight in my hands—that I may be able to toss him in the air, or dash him to the earth.'

"In a similar way, the medicine-man prayed to the Red Bat from the Land of the Sun to make his client expert in dodging, to the Red Deer to make him fleet of foot, to the great Red Hawk to make him keen of sight, and to the great Red Rattlesnake to make him terrible to his enemies. Then the medicine-man asked the name of the player most dreaded on the other side, and the fellow for whom all this ceremony was being made whispered his opponent's name. Then the shaman prayed again, he prayed to the Black Fog to cover the enemy so that he might not be able to see his way, to the Black Rattlesnake to envelop him in his slimy folds, and at last to the Black Spider to let down his black thread from above, wrap it about the soul of the enemy, and drag it from his body along the Black Trail to the Darkening Land of the West, there to bury it in the Black Coffin under the Black Clay, never to reappear. When all the players had been scratched and prayed over, when every possible enchantment had been launched against the foe, the ball-players were ready to start for the field of contest, knowing that the other side had been protecting itself as carefully and launching its forces of magic against them.

"As far as possible, both sides endeavored to reach the field at the same time, and the scene looked like an auction, almost every conceivable object being offered as a wager. At last the stakes were settled and the players faced each other. The usual number engaged is nine to twelve, though in the old days, there were more. In the game I saw, there were ten players on each side.

"An old man then advanced with the ball and made a ceremonial speech, urging them to their best, reminding them that the sun was watching them to see that they did nothing unfair, and above all to keep their tempers so that it may never be said that any have got angry or quarreled, that after the game had ended each one might return in peace along the white trail to rest in his white house. This prayer was needed," the ethnologist remarked dryly, "as almost everything short of murder seemed to be permitted in the game, both parties often going into the field with the deliberate purpose of crippling and disabling the best players of the opposing side.

"As in modern lacrosse, the ball must pass between the enemy's goal posts, but there was little regard paid to foul lines and when the ball fell

among the spectators, as it did once or twice, they had to get out of the way, for the players had no compunction about tossing them about. So far as I could see, nothing but the fact that the players had two rackets and thus were able to use one for defence, prevented half of them from being put out of the game by injuries during the first few minutes' playing."

"How would a white team compare?"

"Provided that any white team would tackle so rough a game," the ethnologist answered, "it would win, because the Indian plays in spurts, and would soon be worn down by the steady grinding of our best football teams. But then, on the other hand, I doubt if any white men could be found able to stand on their feet at all after the fasting, the lack of sleep, and the loss of blood in the tortures which the Indian has had to endure. A skilful ball-player is held in great esteem, just as a baseball hero is applauded by fans, and the success of a team is a matter of financial importance, for the stakes often are made as large as the respective villages can afford."

"I didn't quite understand about the two rackets for each player, Mr. O'Gehd," the boy said; "in our lacrosse game we use only one."

"That is because lacrosse was introduced into the United States by French Canadians, and they took the game from the Iroquois, adopting the shape of the lacrosse stick common to those tribes. There is a wide variance of shapes, though, for example the Chippewa racket looks like an alarm clock fastened to the end of a stick. They play a swift game, too, the Chippewa."

"Lacrosse is about the only ball game the Indians play, isn't it; we didn't take baseball from them as well, did we?"

"No, nor yet football. But the Indians of the far north have played football from time immemorial, though it, like shinny, is a woman's game. The only true Indian football is the kicking ball race, for which the whole Piman group of tribes is famous. Contests are frequent between the Pima and the Papago, the Tarahumare being probably the finest runners in the world. They have been known many times to cover a hundred miles a day, while their regular kicking ball game, in which the men toss the ball ahead of them with their toes, usually has a forty mile circuit and sometimes much more."

"We ought to enter some of those chaps in the Olympian games," suggested Virgil, "the twenty-

five mile Marathon would be nothing to them. They could give points to Tom Longboat!"

"There was a runner among the Papago, named Filipe," the ethnologist answered, "who for long distance work could beat anything, I believe, except a wolf. He ran slowly, never over seven miles an hour, but on one occasion he kept that up for eighteen consecutive hours, from noon until the following sunrise, and then, he said, he stopped because he was sleepy, not because he was tired. He covered about a hundred and twenty-five miles in the afternoon and night and never once broke into a walk!"

"That certainly is running!" ejaculated Virgil in admiration. "It would be fun to start a hungry wolf on the trail after Filipe, the Indian dragging something that would leave a straight scent for the wolf to follow!"

"Perhaps Filipe would rather have it the other way round," the ethnologist said smiling. "It's much more fun chasing a wolf than being chased by one."

"I guess so," agreed the boy. "But, Mr. O'Gehd, you speak of lacrosse as being chiefly a game of the north, and the kicking ball race as a game of the south. Wasn't there anything that

all the Indians did, so that they could have a sort of championship?"

"There could not be a championship," was the reply, given with a tone of rebuke. "You are forgetting again that Indian tribes were widely scattered, having different languages, and that only a few customs were common to all. The hoop and pole was about the only universal game; do you know that at all, Keen?"

"No, sir."

"Its principle is simple. A wheel or hoop of netting about a foot in diameter, is woven to look like a coarse spider's web, a symbol of the protection the Great Spider Woman gives her children. Poles are prepared also. Sometimes these are long, like spears, or short, like darts, but in either form they represent the Twin Gods of War. The game is simple. One player rolls the hoop as swiftly as he can past the place where the other player is standing. The latter throws his pole or dart at the rapidly revolving disc and the number of points counted depends upon the distance of the dart from the centre. If the wheel is sent with great rapidity, it will brush aside the dart unless the latter also be thrown with great force."

"How far do they send the hoops?"

"Never less than a hundred feet. The Mandan built floors of timber a hundred and fifty feet long, carefully smoothed down and with the chinks all filled with a mixture of pine tar and vegetable fibres. The Creeks, who were very expert at the game, built large permanent inclosed courts with sloping sides for 'bleachers.' The Apache had certain level pieces of ground chosen, with a flat rock in the center from which the poles were hurled. Many of the hoops are beautifully made and decorated, and it is common among the Indians of the Southwest to make a special set of one hoop and two poles to lay on the altar at the annual ceremonial dance."

"Isn't any of the Indian decoration done for the sake of its picturesqueness?" queried the boy. "Every time you hear of something beautiful that the Indian has done, it seems to be only to say something about the gods."

"The Indians haven't ever fallen into the 'Art for art's sake' foolishness," was the reply, "but you would make a great mistake, Keen, if you supposed that the Indian doesn't care for art. He does, a very great deal. A beautiful sunrise

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

ENDURING TORTURE FOR A SPORT'S SAKE.

Cherokee ball-player suffering deep "scratching" with a seven-pronged sharpened gouge of splintered bone, in order to win the favor of the gods to give victory to his team.

or sunset visible from a camp will bring every Indian out of his tent to watch it, and they try to make everything beautiful, because, they say, the gods must like beauty or they would not have put so much of it into the world."

"Some of their work is rather hideous, though," the boy objected. "I'm sure I've seen pictures of masks and of totem poles which were anything but beautiful!"

"That is very largely," the ethnologist replied, "because the masks were supposed to be the very gods themselves, and the Indians tried to make them look as unlike human beings as possible."

"Judging by the few I've seen, they certainly have succeeded. In my worst nightmare I never saw anything so bad as some of those masks!"

"They are a little terrifying," the other agreed, "but then, you see, that's exactly why they are made that way."

"But that wouldn't explain the totem poles!"

"The totem pole is easy enough to understand," the other answered. "If you're going to try and tell a story on the trunk of a tree, the top part of which is going to be fifty feet above the spectator, the figures have to be large. As a totem pole is

expected to stand for a long time, the shaft cannot be weakened by too deep cutting. Suppose, for instance, a chief erects a totem pole at the front of his house, it is likely that he will have the bottom part of it represent his totem, or his manito, perhaps a bear. So the bear's face, made partly human, will come next higher up. The owner may be a chief of the raven clan, so next higher up will come a raven, and since the tree trunk is round and only a certain size, the claws, wings, body and beak have all got to be represented somehow. Thus the head of the raven will be as big as the head of the bear, while the spread of the two wings will not be any wider, and you can see how this forces the design out of proportion. Then above that may be half a dozen designs, telling of some especially brave feat done by this chief, and on the top, his crest. Nearly all totem poles tell a story, though, owing to the figures being crowded one on top of another, they are sometimes hard to read."

"I had the idea that they were like idols," Virgil said, "didn't the Pacific Coast Indians make prayers and sacrifices to them?"

"Nothing of the kind," the other said. "The totem pole was used only as a crest outside the

house, to mark the place of honor inside the dwelling, or as a grave post. The Haida have the most complete system of totem poles, the Tlingit using grave posts alone. The Tsimshian and Kwakiutl posts are quite different, slender and little carved, the latter being almost like a flag pole with the heraldic crest of the owner at the truck."

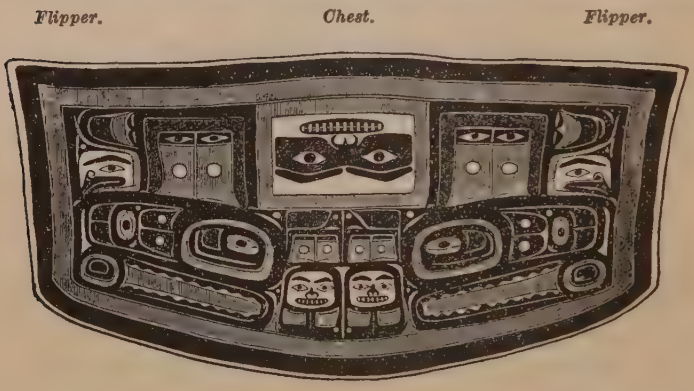
"It seems funny," the boy remarked, "to mix up all sorts of animals and birds on a pole and make them the same size."

"How about making a whale and a raven the same size?" the ethnologist said. "The Haida always wanted their designs of a certain size, usually an irregular oblong, with the top smaller than the bottom. No matter what the shape of the animal, he had to fill every bit of this oblong. So the whale and the raven were made exactly the same shape in outline, and it was only by examining the queer sort of anatomy inside that you could tell what it was that was intended."

The ethnologist took a pencil from his pocket and on the back of an envelope commenced a rough drawing.

"I'm not much of an artist, Keen," he said, "but perhaps I can give you an idea of it. This is supposed to be a whale," he continued. "Each

of the eyes is as large as the tail, but that doesn't matter to the Haida. In real life, of course, if you looked head-on at a whale, the rest of the body would be foreshortened so that you couldn't see it, but the Indian gets over this by making all



TLINGIT BLANKET REPRESENTING A KILLER WHALE.

The Whale is viewed from the front, head downward; the head being represented as cut off, split in half and twisted so that the two halves of the mouth are turned outward. The two halves of the head are moved to the lower corners to make place for the tail, above which and below the chest is the dorsal fin. The chest, including the backbone, is the central note of the figure, and the flippers are enlarged to fill the required upper corners. The true eyes are in the extreme lower corners, other eye-like markings are joints, thus drawn to show the ball-and-socket movements of free joints.

the body come up over the head, so as to fill up the top of the oblong and then arranging the tail in the lower part and finishing off each corner with fins. When we get to Washington, I'll show you a large design of a raven, which really shows

a wonderful ingenuity in presenting the front, the back, and both sides of the bird, with a considerable regard for its skeleton arrangements all on one plane. The beak was the door of a house."

KWAKIUTL PAINTING OF A RAVEN.

The Raven is viewed from the front, the central portion being the head split from its lower side upwards, so that the two halves come together along the upper edge of the beak. The halves of the head are folded upward showing the lower jaws and tongues (horizontal lines). The chest (scalloped lines) reaches from the lower jaw to the tail. The legs appear bent at right angles, pointing to but not touching the claws. The eye-like markings are joints.

"It sounds like a Chinese puzzle, sir!" exclaimed Virgil.

"It looks a little like one," the other agreed, "but as a piece of decoration it is quite effective. But so far as that goes, a good deal of Amerind art is like Amerind music. You've got to look at it, or to listen to it the way an Indian does. If you try to judge from the white man's standards only, they seem childish and absurd, whereas they are really quite well developed and full of meaning."

"I didn't like to say anything to you about it before, Mr. O'Gehd," said Virgil, "because you had told me you were interested in Indian music. I suppose it's because I don't know anything about it, but the chants the Arapaho had at those dances didn't sound to me like anything but yowling. They certainly weren't in tune!"

"In tune with what?" asked the ethnologist sharply, for this was a tender point with him. "In tune with the eight-tone octave of the European scale? Of course not, the melodies are not sung in that scale. In tune with our ideas of harmony? Of course not; their rules are entirely different from ours. In accord with our ideas of time? Certainly not, they have a much greater ease in variations than any of our composers and complain that all our music is too plain

and jiggy. I remember after I had written down all the Indian tunes I knew, I played them on the agency piano to Singing Heron and she couldn't even recognize them! The notes were too clear. But when I got the agent to play them on his violin and come down to the notes by slurring the fingers along the strings, she knew the tunes at once, and was able to correct any mistakes I had made in writing down the score."

"There are hardly any words to the songs, sir, are there?"

"Only in a few, but that is no barrier to their definiteness. The Indians take great pride in their songs. Sometimes they are regarded as the property of a tribe or of a clan; sometimes of an individual and no one else can sing them. In a great many songs the religious idea comes out strongly, and the desire for exactness is so great that a singer who makes a mistake is fined or punished. But generally the words are like some of our anthems, a phrase is repeated over and over again: 'At the beginning of human existence, —I'yehe'eye'! At the beginning of human existence—I'yehe'eye'! It was the Turtle who gave this grateful gift to me—The Earth—I'yehe'eye'! It was the Turtle who gave this grateful gift to

me—The Earth—I'yehe'eye'! My father told me —Ahe'eye'—he'eye'! My father told me—Ahe'-eye'—he'eye'!"

"Why do they sing that way?" asked the boy, puzzled.

"Because they think the music the all-important thing. The words are only used to carry the melody, and they have all sorts of sounds which don't make sense at all, which they put in because they go well with a rising or a descending strain, like the I'yehe'eye'. They are vocables, like our 'Tra-la-la.' You know, that doesn't mean anything!"

"N-No," said Virgil dubiously, "but then we have sure-enough melodies, with a regular time and tune."

"So do the Indians," replied the other promptly. "I told you that the attention they pay to tune is so exact that a singer is punished if he sings a wrong note! And as for time, it is not because the Amerind has no sense of time that we don't always follow his music, it is because he has more sense of time. Quite often a drum, accompanying a chant, will be beaten with a rhythm entirely different from the beat of the chant. Sometimes, also, the rhythm of the dance, to which the chant is being sung, and for which

the drum is being beaten, will be in a different measure from either. At first it sounds like horrible confusion, but as the ear becomes accustomed to it, one finds that there is a very complicated and subtle harmony of rhythms. You've got to get used to the complexity of measures, just as one has to be educated up to the harmonies of Wagner's latest works."

"They sing so loudly, too!"

"There," the ethnologist answered, "you have put your finger on the principal weakness of Indian music. The singers have never learnt voice control, and often they sing as loudly as possible. This, of course, is fatal to good singing, the straining of the voice injures the tone, excitement sharpens a note, sentiment flattens it, and the continual slurring and overdone voice 'tremolo' make a song difficult to follow. I think the first character of Indian music that one notices is its mournfulness, next is the 'rag-time' effect of the various rhythms, while the beat of the drum and the pulse of the music possess a curious power of exhilaration and excitement."

"And the dance doesn't keep time to the music?"

"Sometimes not at all. Generally it follows the

drum, but never quite regularly. The Indians look on our waltz time, with its regular step one-two-three and the beat of the music, one-two-three, as being babyish because it is so easy to follow. Indian dancing is a highly developed art, not graceful, but vigorous and expressive. Every dance has its special steps, attitudes, rhythms, and figures, and a great many of them have special chants and costumes. A dance at a fasting ceremony, a dance to accompany prayer, a dance before hunting, or after a successful trapping season, are all entirely different from each other. Dances that illustrate courtship and marriage, or such great ceremonials as the Sun Dance, the Corn Dance, or the Katcinas for rain in the dry regions, are really long pantomimes, the story being told by the rhythm of the music and the attitudes of the dancers rather than the words of the songs. And as every tribe had from twenty to forty dances and there are hundreds of different tribes, you can see that a complete knowledge of Indian dancing would be an immense study!"

"It's always hard to realize about the Indians," Virgil said, "that such a lot of things are original and all their own. I suppose it is because the early settlers had to think of them first as enemies,

that they never had the chance to give them any study."

"The early settlers regarded them as fiends, rather than enemies," the other answered. "Did you know," he continued, "that the Pope had to issue a bull declaring that the Indians were human beings, in order to try to restrain the Spaniards in their cruelties?"

"Mr. O'Gehd!"

"It's a fact. And what's more, in the year 1879—that's not so long ago,—the United States Federal Courts ruled that Indians were not persons and had no rights."

"You mean that we said that Indians weren't human beings?"

"Just about that. Indians are 'not persons within the meaning of the law,' was the phrase. But," the ethnologist added, "one old Indian chief defied the entire United States, and by his pluck and eloquence made the courts reverse their decision, so that for the last thirty years Indians have been real persons in the eyes of the law. Do you want to hear the story?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Virgil eagerly.

"I think I've time, before we run into Washington," the other answered, "and it's quite worth

telling. This is the story of Standing Bear, chief of the Ponca, which, as you ought to know, forms with the Omaha, Osage, and Kansa, a branch of the Siouan family. The Ponca and Omaha were allies for a number of generations and lived more or less at peace with most of the tribes. They built earth lodges and made permanent villages, doing a good deal of agriculture and only hunting the buffalo annually. Their westward migration was slow, but the Ponca separated from the Omaha about two hundred years ago, settling then on the land by the junction of the Niobrara and Missouri Rivers.

"The Ponca, though brave enough, were not a warlike tribe, and were ever successful in avoiding trouble with the fractious Dakota Sioux, especially the Teton,—Hunkpapa, Oglala, and the rest of them,—until 1871. Then the Dakota Sioux, who had been forced westward in the early part of the century by the Chippewa, since the latter had been supplied with guns by the French, and who had been thrust still further westward by the United States Government, took revenge by raids on the Ponca. The warlike Sioux had so impressed the Government with their threats that —although the land occupied by the Ponca had

already been confirmed to them by a solemn treaty,—the Government went back on its promises and gave the Ponca land to the Sioux as a means of keeping the latter quiet."

"What a shame!" cried Virgil. "And the Ponca had given no trouble?"

"Not a bit. That was why they were treated so shabbily. Not only was the land given to the Sioux, but in the council which the Government held with the Sioux chiefs, opportunity was not given for any Ponca chief to appear before the council. Even the Sioux, with all their enmity to the Ponca, would not have permitted this injustice, but there were a large number of 'paper chiefs' among the Sioux, and these helped to put the scheme through."

"What's a paper chief, sir?" asked the boy.

"A paper chief, Keen," was the reply, "was a chief whose title had been secured partly by purchase and partly by influence. They were the tools of the white traders. Often a trader would allow several of the chiefs to get heavily in his debt, and then, when he wanted a personal favorite elected to a chiefship, he would advance the necessary skins or money, or whatever was needed, and 'squeeze' his debtors to approve his nominee.

It was worth the trader's while to do this, because then no other trader would be accepted by the tribe and he would have a monopoly. There were no paper chiefs among the Ponca."

"But that wasn't a bit fair. Did the Government know about it?"

"The office of Indian Affairs did, and tried all it could to stop the injustice. But the Government as a whole didn't, and politics was brought into the question. At all events, the Government took away from the Ponca the land it had given them by treaty and ordered the entire tribe to be moved to what is now Oklahoma, but then was called Indian Territory."

"Without finding out whether they wanted to go, or not?"

"Knowing that they did not want to go," the ethnologist answered. "Then, in order to make sure that the Ponca would submit, because they would be compelled to do so, the Government ordered the move in the very middle of the winter (January 15, 1877), when the snow was heavy on the ground and the Ponca were known to be short of food. No respite was accorded, but the tribe was ordered to break camp and march without delay. It was then that Standing Bear, a peaceful

chief, whose name was hardly known up to that time outside his tribe, but who was a man of high honor and of unflinching courage, barred the way. He faced the federal soldiers who brought the order.

" 'Ever since the wild geese began to fly in the sky when the leaves fall,' he declared to the emissaries of the Government, 'the Ponca have lived on lands of the Ponca. For as many winters as you have soldiers the Ponca have built their lodges here by the side of the Big River. When the world is so old that the wild geese no longer fly to the land of the South Wind and that the Big River no longer flows to the Land of the East Wind, then the Ponca will leave their homes. We will not go before.' "

"Bully for Standing Bear!"

"The officers made promises without number, but Standing Bear, without being quarrelsome in any way, waved them aside and bade his people pay no heed. 'The white men always lie,' he said; 'their words are as crooked as the trail of a frightened snake, and what they promise is written in the shadows that a cloud writes on the grass.'

"It was utterly in vain for the officers to make

protestations and to invent on the spur of the moment attractive offers and promises, every assurance they made was treated with contempt, every repetition of the order to move was ignored as though the commands of the army were merely the babbling of children. Then the officers tried threats, trusting to the peaceful nature of the Ponca. But Standing Bear, who had taken the lead in the council, was as little disturbed by threats as he was beguiled by promises.

" 'You say that you can make us move,' he said, 'that the white man has many soldiers. But you cannot make us move. You can kill us, here in the snow. But if you do, we will not move; our bodies will lie in the snow and even a white man cannot move a grave! You may kill us, but the coyotes will howl over white soldiers as well as over our young men. It is expected that you wish to kill us. You come to rob us of our homes. While we live we remain to remind you of your own dishonor. We do not go.'

"Argument was useless and it was evident that nothing would be gained by suggesting bribes. Under the leadership of Standing Bear the Ponca were a unit and the whole mission of the soldiers failed. It was only a few months since the Custer

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

STANDING BEAR.

The "Guardian of the Indians' Liberties." Ponca chief whose defiance of United States injustice led to a storm of public indignation, and a consequent guarantee of the rights of the Indians.

massacre, and the Government was chary of deliberately arousing another tribe to war, so the soldiers returned with the statement that they could accomplish nothing without using force, and that the Indians were prepared to resist.

"In return, the Government decided that an offer should be made to the chiefs of the Ponca. This was that they should go down to Indian Territory to see how excellent was the land that the Government was offering them in place of their own domain which had been given to the Sioux. The sections of the reservation were marked out and especially favorable tracts were set aside for the ten chiefs and sub-chiefs who were taken down to look over the land. It was believed that if the chiefs saw that their own allotments were good, they would judge the whole favorably, and thus the Government would accomplish its purpose without bloodshed.

"Standing Bear was resentful and suspicious, but he could not refuse to consider the proposal, and the Government gave him assurances that nothing would be done until the chiefs were satisfied. Standing Bear himself gave stringent orders to the tribe that on no account were they to move until his return. He left in charge during

his absence a very aged chief, who was particularly hostile to the whites.

"After a long and wearisome journey the party came to the reservation in Indian Territory. The Government officials showed the lands in their best light, and explained how rich and fertile the allotments of the chiefs could be. Some of the Indians were partly beguiled by the fluency of the officials, but Standing Bear was too wise to be content with their descriptive powers. He insisted on seeing all the sections of the reservation, going over them carefully, visiting every stream and well, judging the fertility of the ground and the amount of game. At least one-half of the land was unreclaimable desert, and the Government officials were powerless to prevent his seeing it.

"'If the Ponca were jack-rabbits,' he said at last in contempt, 'there would not be food for them here. It is a land cursed by the Spirits. It is not yet the time for the corn ear, yet the White Rabbit (the sun) has taken the green sweetness from the grass. The water is all bad-tasting and there is neither deer nor buffalo. We will not come to this sad place.'

"The ten Ponca chiefs, dispirited but still defiant, followed the Government agent as far as

Arkansis City, Kans., where, for the last time the offer of the reservation land was made, and again refused. Then the official, finding that he had failed, shipped the horses of the party on the train, leaving the ten chiefs, three of them old men, stranded five hundred miles from their own people. They asked to be taken back to their homes, but the agent refused, abandoning them in a land unknown, with a few dollars between them and a blanket each."

"But weren't they the guests of the Government?" said Virgil, with a feeling of shame. "Surely it was a pledge to bring them back."

"You forget," said the ethnologist, with fine sarcasm, "that before 1879 the Indians were not persons, and this was in 1877. Pledges didn't seem to count in those days.

"Although three of the chiefs were old, although the party had no money, although they had no weapons to kill game for food, although they had no horses to ride and no tents wherein to sleep, in forty days the ten chiefs walked the five hundred miles to their tribe. They reached their homes in the spring (April 2, 1877). The official had arrived at the camp before them and had tried to force the move before Standing Bear could re-

turn, but the Indians only answered that they, at least, kept their word and that they were pledged not to go until their chief returned. If he never came back to them then they would never go.

"But even with the presence of Standing Bear, the tribe was unable to regain heart. The Ponca remained defiant, but it was a lifeless defiance, and the chief realized that there was little value in resistance. The Government, remembering the danger of sending inadequate troops to enforce its Indian policy, ordered out a large detachment of soldiers. Standing Bear called a war-party together, and the two forces, disciplined numbers on the one hand, and a weakly desperate handful of braves on the other, were brought face to face. The officers suggested a council.

" 'The wolf took the rabbit in his teeth,' the old Ponca chief replied, 'and then asked for fair words.' He looked at the artillery. 'This one time your words are straight,' he said; 'you are too many. We will go!' So, with calmness and stoicism, the Ponca set their faces away from home and toward despair.

"As Standing Bear had foreseen, the new reservation was utterly unfit to sustain life. The evil climate, the absence of food, the bad drinking

water, and the entire change of habits brought great suffering to the tribe. Under the conditions of life provided for them by the Government, within one year one-third of the entire Ponca tribe had died, and half the survivors were sick, weak, and disabled. During the winter Standing Bear's son died. Craving to bury his child in his old home, where his forefathers slept, the chief gathered around him a small band of followers, not more than twenty in all, and started north. The agent, acting under orders, commanded him to return, but Standing Bear did not trouble to listen nor deign to reply. He set his face stonily to the north and rode on in advance of the body of his son.

"By the following March, their small store of supplies exhausted, the Ponca party reached the reservation of their old allies, the Omaha. Standing Bear asked the Omaha chief for land enough to put in a crop and for seed corn, that the party might have food, promising as soon as the corn was reaped to continue his journey to the old Ponca home. The Omaha held a council and every vote said that the land right should be given, while many members of the tribe sent gifts to the Ponca. Standing Bear and his braves settled

down, as contentedly as exiles might, on the reservation of their allies.

"The ground had been made ready and the next day had been appointed for the ceremony of putting in the seed, when soldiers appeared. They carried with them an order to arrest Standing Bear for daring to leave the reservation with the body of his son when forbidden by the agent. The soldiers were under command to seize Standing Bear and his small group of followers and return them to Indian Territory.

"Though disheartened, Standing Bear had not lost his sturdy spirit, and the twenty braves that were with him were picked men. He ordered his warriors,—for the last time, he said—to get ready for the war-path. There were a hundred soldiers, there were but twenty Indians. The Ponca were engaged in the last preparations, and a battle —which would have been merely a massacre— was imminent, when some of the Omaha chiefs came to the Ponca camp.

"Standing Bear urged the Omaha to join in the attack and drive the soldiers from the reservation, but the Omaha replied that they had a treaty with the white men which they could not break, and they pointed out to Standing Bear that by the

laws of hospitality he could not embroil a friendly tribe in war because of their help. The argument was unanswerable, the soldiers were under orders and could not allow Standing Bear to continue his journey, so, after the long and weary ride northwards, Standing Bear was compelled to turn his horse's head to the hated southland, carrying with him still the unburied body of his son.

"On their way they encamped near the city of Omaha, and a newspaper correspondent, who was sent out to investigate the truth of the reports about the Omaha and Ponca going on the war-path, found out the basis of the story. He had a quick and chivalrous sense, as well as a 'nose for news,' two great characteristics of the American newspaper man, and he wrote a story of the shameful proceeding which, the following morning, sent the sympathies of the city of Omaha to fever heat.

"The correspondent—who, by the way, afterwards married Bright Eyes, daughter of Standing Bear—presented the truth of the case with so much detail and evidence that the citizens of Omaha felt something must be done to wipe out the stain laid on the United States. The minister of the largest church in the city threw open its doors and the building was filled several times

over to hear Standing Bear tell his story. The military officers, content with retaining the chief under arrest, gave him liberty to come and go in the city as he pleased.

"At one of these crowded meetings, a question of the legal rights of the case was raised, and the two partners of the largest law firm in the city rose to their feet and offered to give their time and services to these Indian prisoners, whose arrest had been caused because a father wanted to bury his son in his old home. In their behalf they sued out a writ of habeas corpus, or the rights of the person. The United States tried to defend itself with the statement that the Indians were not persons within the meaning of the law."

"What happened then?" cried Virgil, alive with interest.

"It caused a perfect storm," the ethnologist replied. "I had friends in Omaha and remember it all quite well. The city became quite worked up about it, and after a heated argument in the courts, Judge Dundy decided that 'an Indian is a person within the meaning of the law of the United States,' that the military had no right whatever to make arrests, since martial law did not prevail in Omaha, that 'no rightful authority

existed for removing by force any of the prisoners to the Indian Territory,' and that 'the prisoners must be discharged from custody.' The news was received with prolonged cheering in the court-room, Standing Bear and his band were declared free men, and the treatment of the Ponca was shown to be as illegal and unjust as it had been cruel and bullying.

"The people of Omaha at once took up a popular subscription to help Standing Bear, and with his small band he continued his journey to his former home in northern Nebraska, now occupied by his late enemies, the Dakota Sioux. The Indian foe was kinder than the white patron, although there was a gage of war with the former and a treaty of peace with the latter. The Sioux, setting aside ancient grudges, showed every courtesy to the chief of the tribe who had been so shamefully used. In the meantime, the newspaper correspondent who had been instrumental in freeing Standing Bear had arranged a lecture tour, and the old chief, with his daughter, Bright Eyes, and his son as interpreters, visited several eastern cities.

"The people of the eastern States, who had known very little of the real condition of affairs west of the Mississippi, were greatly exercised

over Standing Bear's story, and from all over the country letters of protest poured in to the President and to members of Congress, declaiming against the unjust treatment of the Indians. In the spring of 1880 the Senate appointed a committee to investigate the Ponca removal.

"The report of the Senate committee confirmed the story of Standing Bear in every detail, and the Government ordered an immediate readjustment. The committee declared that the removal of the Ponca had been unwise, that it had entailed great hardship, and that as a result one-half of the tribe had died. The Government, thus aroused, was compelled to give suitable land to those of the Ponca who remained in Indian Territory, payment was made to those who had lost their property, and a place was provided in the old home for those who wished to return. Neither land nor money, however, could atone for the half of the tribe whose bones were bleaching in an unfamiliar land.

"Only a few years ago, Standing Bear died, and was buried on the brow of a hill, overlooking the old village of his fathers, once more ringing to the sound of the voices of little Ponca children playing where their ancestors had played before them. It was the last tribal removal of Indians

from their homes by the United States Government, and the defiance of a single Ponca chief has become the pledge of the Indian's liberties. At one time more desolate than the 'man without a country' the 'Indian without a personality' has been enabled to come through the storm and stress of these later days into the full citizenship of the United States by the single-hearted courage and love of just dealing shown by Standing Bear."

CHAPTER VIII

ACROSS THE DESERT TO THE ZUNI

"Is the Bureau of Ethnology in the Smithsonian, sir?" asked Virgil, as Mr. O'Gehd took him to the old red castellated building beyond the National Museum.

"It is a part of the Smithsonian Institution, Keen," was the reply, "and I am hoping soon to be able to promise you definitely a position on the staff. I want you, though, to get in touch with the Office of Indian Affairs, because the more thoroughly you understand how the relation of the Government to the Indians is carried out, the more useful you will be to us. I'm going to leave you here a few moments; you will find that case of masks from the Southwest worth careful study."

He returned in less than half an hour.

"It's all arranged for you, Keen," the ethnologist said; "the Director will see you to-morrow morning. Unless something unforeseen comes up, you should get your appointment then. If you're

ready, I'll take you over to the Bureau of Indian Affairs this afternoon. The two bureaus don't work together a great deal, because the nature of the work of each is entirely different, but of course, there is a certain amount of necessary interchange, and it's as well for you to know the ropes."

"Why is the Indian work under two departments, sir?" asked the boy.

"It isn't," was the reply; "the Government's actual work is handled by the office of Indian Affairs. That bureau supervises education, the handling of the funds—a very difficult problem—irrigation and improvement problems, settlement of labor questions, leases and sales of lands, administration of estates and an indescribable amount of law business. The whole agency system, such of it as remains, is under the control of the Office of Indian Affairs. Practically every kind of business that can possibly come to a race just entering civilized life from a barbaric stage, is guided paternally by that bureau. It is not a very picturesque sort of work, Keen, but it is one great force by which civilization is being wrought. The Government, you see, is every Indian's lawyer, and has to deal with conditions which vary

with every tribe and every treaty. It is a difficult and a responsible task, and—for the last thirty years at least—since the passage of the Dawes act, the Office of Indian Affairs has had the opportunity to do well, what before it was only able to strive to do well."

The ethnologist, as the two walked together across the greensward in front of the Smithsonian, took occasion to tell the boy a number of stories of the faithfulness of the employees of the Indian service, and Virgil began to perceive the delicate mechanism of the work. He saw its difficult and careful dealings with a shifting array of tribes and white communities, requiring the administration of the Indians' affairs for them so that they might secure full value for their holdings without withholding opportunity for the development of the resources of their lands. Mr. O'Gehd was still expatiating on the importance of that work when they went up the steps of the building of the Office of Indian Affairs.

"I want to introduce to you a young expert in photography, Mr. Monk," the ethnologist said, "Virgil Keen, who has discovered a new process, of which he hopes to make use in the Bureau of Ethnology. I have been explaining to him about

Courtesy of the Office of Indian Affairs.

FROM WAR-CLUB TO PLOWSHARE.

Noted warrior and chief of the Mohave on his first day's work in peaceful agriculture on his own allotment.

your work, showing how many-sided it is and how great a variety of problems it embraces."

"The difficulties grow less every year, I am glad to say," the Assistant Commissioner replied. "I think in some ways a great deal more business is being transacted, but every year the names of hundreds of Indians are taken from our rolls as direct beneficiaries of the Government, lands have been allotted to them and they have been admitted to citizenship."

"Does the Indian office keep track of them, after they have been made citizens, Mr. Monk?" Virgil queried, "or do they manage their own affairs entirely then?"

"To a great extent," was the reply, "our policy is 'hands off,' but there is a much closer watch kept than most people know. Even after an agency has been abolished, the superintendent of the reservation school carries on a good deal of the business, trying to see that the rights of the Indians are not interfered with by their white neighbors, and that every chance is given to the Indian to make him a useful citizen."

"Do you think the Indian generally makes good, Mr. Monk?" Virgil asked, desiring to contrast the view-point of the two bureau chiefs.

"When he understands," was the reply. "I've dealt with Indians a good deal, both full-bloods and half-breeds, and I have seldom seen them fail in anything that they had fully grasped. The Indian's main trouble is that he is handicapped by his racial point of view. He doesn't understand thrift at all. As long as he has food for a few days, he is quite well satisfied. His ambition is not stirred to work hard to get the things that we prize. He doesn't prize them. For example, several tribes in the Southwest that are quite prosperous have a good deal of money both in the United States treasury and in their local banks. But their funds are of little value to them; they prefer to live in the same style as their ancestors, and that, as you can readily see, does not entail much spending. Of course, eastern tribes have become largely civilized and our relations with them now are on as businesslike a basis as theirs have become with the white men with whom they deal."

"You don't hear the complaints of injustice now that we used to hear thirty years ago," said the ethnologist with a smile.

"No," the Assistant Commissioner replied, "the Government does not hamper the Indian

office now as then. The Dawes Act of 1883 was really the Magna Charta of the Indians, and the Dawes commission, which dissolved in 1905, achieved the wonderful result of bringing the Five Civilized Tribes, as they were known, to be a constituent part of the United States."

"What were those, the Iroquois?" asked Virgil.

"No," was the reply, "that confederacy was known as the Five Nations. The Five Civilized Tribes were the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek, and Seminole Tribes in Indian Territory. They held land equal in extent to the State of South Carolina, but although the territory was theirs by treaty, we had to step in and change the basis on which the treaty had been drawn, because the Indians had not been able to protect themselves against traders and half-breeds who had gobbled up the richest part of the land. In 1893, there were thirty thousand white children without schools in the territory of the Civilized Tribes. But a fair settlement was made, one that redounds as much to the credit of the government as some of the earlier arrangements failed to do."

"I understand the Indians generally keep to their side of the agreements, don't they?" asked Virgil.

"An Indian tribe always does," the Assistant Commissioner answered, "not so the individual Indian. The reason of that, I think, is that from the racial point of view an Indian owns no property, and any agreement he makes does not bind his tribe. Every inch of land held by an Indian tribe is held by the tribe as a whole, often by the women of the tribe. No Indian, not even a chief, can sell that land. In the first part of the century the Indians were blamed for making reprisals on the whites, when the latter believed they were justly occupying land they thought they had bought for a handful of beads from an Indian warrior. He, perhaps, had never mentioned the matter to a council, and could not have intended the transaction as a sale, since the very idea of selling the land would have been as impossible a conception to him as the idea of selling the sky would be to us."

"But as a tribe, you said they always played fair."

"Always, my boy," the Assistant Commissioner answered, smiling at the boyish phrase. "I can tell you a story about that. It happened in this office, here, not so very long ago. A delegation of Osage came to discuss with us some

changes that had been made in the system of paying out the finances of the tribe. The meeting was entirely friendly and the settlement quite satisfactory to the chiefs, as soon as they thoroughly understood the cause of the government's action. Just before they left, White Hair, one of the older men, drew from under his blanket a scroll of parchment and handed it to us, saying:

"'I want my father to read this, and tell us whether what we have said here to-day is the same as the writing on the paper.'

"The Commissioner, who was present, took the roll and opened it with great care. He found it to be a letter written partly in official and partly in personal style, dated in 1804 and signed by President Jefferson's Secretary of War. The letter spoke of the satisfaction of President Jefferson and the Government with the friendly relations existing at the time between the whites and the Osage nation and ended with a paragraph, which, if my memory serves me, read somewhat as follows:

"'The President sends you a chain. It is made of pure gold, which will never rust. And may the Great Spirit assist us in keeping the chain of

friendship, of which this golden chain is an emblem, bright for a succession of ages.'

"And there, my boy, hanging to the upper left-hand corner of the parchment, still dangled the chain, just where the Secretary of War had fastened it one hundred years before.

"During that hundred years, three generations of Osage Indians had lived and died and five head chiefs had ruled the tribe. For many decades they had known poverty, they had lived in the forest and on the desert, they had dwelt in tipis and in wigwams, in brush lodges and log cabins. Yet, though during those years many had died of starvation and disease, although the gold had been kept with the other treasures of the tribe in places that were never locked, no pilfering hand had touched it. Though any evil-disposed Indian in the tribe could have had easy access to it, there was the chain, not a link missing, not the scratch of a file on its surface."

"And yet you hear of Indian trickery!"

The Assistant Commissioner smiled, a knowing smile.

"There's lots of that, too," he said. "You can't afford to go to sleep in your dealings with Indians. They will try hard to put phrases in a

treaty, or to misplace symbols so that they mean something entirely different from what they appear to mean. But, once an agreement is fairly made and fairly understood, you can count on it, every time.

"Mr. O'Gehd," he continued, "tells me you expect to do color photography among the tribes. The Office of Indian Affairs is always ready to help the Bureau of Ethnology and I'll give you a letter which will be of service at every agency to which you go. You will note, my boy, that this office is not so much concerned with what the Indians were as with their present and their future. That is the distinction, it seems to me, between our work and that of Mr. O'Gehd. Don't let the picturesqueness of the Indian as he was shut your eyes to the need of teaching him to fit into modern times. The Bureau of Ethnology tells us what he was and is, the Office of Indian Affairs what he will be. They built up scientific knowledge, we build up a people. Their records fill the cases of museums and the pages of ponderous books; ours are happy Indian children in the reservation schools and the transformation of a motley barbaric horde into a quarter of a million United States citizens, the preservation of

their best ideals becoming part of the heritage of a unified American race."

It was with these words ringing in his ears that Virgil bade farewell to the ethnologist who left that afternoon for the Southwest.

"If I can," his friend said, "I'll meet you in Zuñi. I wish you could come right away, but I suppose if you have to prepare your plates I must be content to wait. I don't think I can stay in Zuñi long enough to be there when you arrive, but if not, I will leave word that you're coming and you can stay a day or two and then ride on to Walpi. I propose making quite a long stay among the Hopi, and will be glad to have you meet me there. In Zuñi or in Walpi, then!"

He shook hands heartily with the boy and briskly walked away, leaving Virgil a trifle overwhelmed at this calm suggestion to meet him, either at one point or another of the far Southwest, the two points in question being a couple of hundred miles apart.

"Well," the boy said to himself, as the figure of the ethnologist grew smaller in the distance, "I always said that I was anxious for adventure, and it looks as though I should have it now. And what's more," he continued to himself, "I don't

see how I can get to Zuñi before Mr. O'Gehd goes, so that I shall probably have to handle that part of the work alone!"

As Virgil had surmised, it took him a considerable time to prepare the materials that he felt he would need for so long a trip. Almost at the last moment his mother tried to induce him to withdraw from the plan, but Mr. Keen, realizing that it was Virgil's opportunity and, in secret, not a little proud of his son's success, gave his support. The boy left, at last, almost as loaded down with instructions as with baggage, his father's final words to him being:

"Art, my boy, remember, consists in revealing beauty which might otherwise be unsuspected. A picture, like a poem, is for ever, and I would rather see you return with every glass plate smashed than with mere photographs, however skilfully achieved, which do not stir the heart to see more beauty and goodness in the world."

Little by little, as the long journey dragged the hours by, Virgil became sensible not only of a change of climate and of scenery, but also that the people he met had a different note, a breezier, more slangy readiness of speech, and a greater willingness to chat without the formality of an

introduction. By the time that Virgil reached New Mexico, he had made friends with nearly every one in his parlor car and was aglow with western yarns. One old cattleman, full of gambling stories, held him spellbound for an entire morning, and it was quite with a feeling of life in a new world that Virgil stepped from the train at Wingate and exchanged farewells with the friendly conductor.

He was standing on the platform looking after the disappearing train, when a voice, redolent of the Rio Grande, came to him over his shoulder.

"I'm not aimin' to be introosive, no ways," the voice said, "an' I've made it a p'int to keep my health by remainin' strickly out of other people's business; but there's limits. Which I'm just burnin' to find out if that saddle is goin' on a cayuse or an elephant!"

Virgil turned good-humoredly to meet the quizzical smile of the station agent, who was regarding with the most lively curiosity a saddle Virgil had fitted up specially with all sorts of arrangements for carrying his photographic outfit.

"I'd rather have the elephant," he answered, "if you happen to have one handy."

The agent assumed a mock-serious air of intense thought.

"There was a Jumbo," he said, "visitin' this free an' enlightened commoonity a while back. Come to think of it, though, I believe he was doubling up with a circus as one of the bloodhounds in an Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"The two Topsy kind?" Virgil asked with a grin.

"That's the very brand," the agent agreed. "I might try and round him up for you on the wire."

"Couldn't think of robbing the show," Virgil said, assuming an air of self-sacrifice. "I suppose I'll have to be content with a horse."

"An' those other little parcels," pursued his querist, waving his hand toward two huge chests the boy had brought with him, "were you figurin' on snakin' those to the back of the saddle?"

"I hadn't thought of it," the boy replied, "it would be handy, though, if your horses round here are big enough."

"You would rather have a live animal, I presoom?"

"That's what I had in mind," Virgil answered, a little surprised at the question. "Why?"

"A couple of months ago a bunch of sharps who were sure ace-full on eddication, prospected round a while an' finally removed a slice or two o' mountain from the bones of a critter which would have made a rampin' steed just about your size."

"Fossil?" the boy queried.

The agent nodded.

"They gave him a name with about as many syllables as his tail had joints—and that tail stretched out would measure up to a sixteen-mule team."

"Guess I'll have to be satisfied with something smaller than that," said Virgil; "but," he added, looking at the two large chests which lay on the platform beside the saddle and which had provoked the agent's curiosity, "I don't expect to tote those with me all over the country. At least, not on horseback."

"Where were you reckonin' to put up now?"

"I'm going to Zuñi," the boy answered, knowing the Western custom of stating one's business, "my name is Keen and I'm doing special work for the Government in color photography. I have a new process and I'm going to make a set of plates of the Indians of the Southwest. I've special cameras and chemicals and a raft of stuff

in those boxes, but most of it I'll send on by to-morrow's train to Adamana."

"You're goin' to ride to Adamana, then?"

"That's my plan," Virgil answered, "unless some one who knows the country can steer me better. I've had that saddle fixed up so that I can pack enough stuff to cover all that I want in Zuñi, and when I get to Adamana, I'm going to unpack the boxes, stow away everything I used and get a new supply. Then I'm going to take in the Petrified Forest and pick up supplies again at Holbrook."

"That's an ornery jumping off place, Holbrook!"

"I'm striking north from there to take in the Moki and the Navaho reservations and after that, some of those canyons south of the Carrizo Mountains."

"Out in that Skeleton Mesa country? Are you —so to speak—reg'lar intimate with that region?"

"Never been there before," Virgil answered.

"It's about as tricky a country, son, as a Mexican gambler's deck!" said the agent warningly.

"Well," replied Virgil, recalling some of the expressions he had gleaned from the cattleman

on his journey down, "if the desert will play the game at my limit, I think I can get through."

The station agent nodded appreciatively.

"The sky's the limit when Nature takes a hand," he said, "whether it's a cloud-burst, an earthquake, or a prairie fire, all her chips go in on the first hand round."

"I'm going to tackle it any way," the boy declared, enjoying the picturesque flavor of the westerner's speech. "But," he added, a certain natural courtesy coming to him, "I'd be ever so much obliged if you could tell me anything about that part of the country."

The agent shook his head.

"My range has always been south," he said. "I ain't ridden a mile north o' the Santa Fe in all the years I've jingled a spur. But if you're goin' to the Fort, an' I reckon you are, Mesa Muldoon can give you a layout o' the country, as good as if he'd had a hand in the makin' of it."

"I am going to the Fort," Virgil agreed, "but they wrote me saying there was a wagon here every day."

"Sure. Mesa brought in a team," the agent said, "but he didn't say anything about expectin' any one on the four-ten."

"I didn't say just what day I was coming," Virgil answered, "although I wrote about a week ago and asked them to get me a horse."

"Which you look as if you might ride," remarked the agent.

Virgil flushed with pleasure, for he knew this was a high compliment.

"Just enough to get along," he answered, "I've seen enough of good riding to say too much about my own. When do you think the team will go out?"

" 'Bout an hour before waterin' time, I reckon," was the reply.

"All right," said Virgil, interpreting this phrase to mean that the teamster would not be long, "I'll get things in shape to start. I've a few things to add to that saddle."

The agent sauntered over, still wearing his quizzical smile.

"It sure needs addin' to a lot," he remarked with mild sarcasm. "Seems to me you've got everything there except a gun. Don't you pack any hardware?"

"No," replied Virgil. "Father knows the west, and he never carries a gun. He doesn't see any need for it, so he told me. I'm not worrying

any one, and there are no dangerous wild animals on the desert. If I were in forest country, with timber wolves around, it might be different. But I'm not afraid of coyotes and that's about the biggest thing you have round here, isn't it?"

"You see a cinnamon b'ar, once in a while, but they'll run away quicker'n you will. No, son, your father's dead right, the safest play in Arizona is to forget the short an' easy road to the right hip."

While chatting, Virgil unpacked one of the large boxes and setting the saddle on the other, unsnapped and unstrapped a number of pockets that had been made in it.

"See," he said to the station agent, "this is one of these new miniature cameras; they take a picture only a little over an inch square, but I've a good lens on this and the negative is so sharp that you can enlarge the picture to a foot square, if you want to. And," he continued, fastening a string of flat lozenge-shaped boxes along the edge of the saddle, "these are flashlight powders. Along that side are screens for color work, folding tripod, developing tank, and other small things. But this is what I think is the best part of the whole scheme." He touched a spring and in

the pommel of the saddle a metal lined cavity was disclosed. From it the boy pulled out a hard rubber holder. "This," he continued, "is all lined inside with a composition that keeps acid from eating through, so I can carry chemicals along without fear of breakages of glass."

"Do you develop everything on the road?"

"No," the boy answered, "most of the important stuff will have to wait until I get home. But nearly every night I intend to develop something, just to make sure that I'm getting results and that everything is in good shape. It would be rather a jolt, wouldn't it, after a trip of this kind, to get back home and find that most of your plates were bad! So I try to make sure, all the way along."

The boy filled his capacious pockets with extra lenses and other parts of his outfit and last of all, like a knapsack, strapped over his shoulders his large plate camera. He had hardly finished when a wagon with a spirited team of horses came round the corner of the "general store" and slowed up at the station.

"Anything for me, Cal?" he called.

"Young sport an' a trick saddle, Mesa," the agent replied. "Let me introdooce you. Mesa,

this is Mr. Keen, and, son, you're meetin' Mesa Muldoon, who can drive a team of unbroken horses, mules, or giraffes, I reckon, through the worst country that there is, an' never turn a ha'r."

" 'Tis blatherskitin' again ye are, Cal," the Irishman returned good-humoredly. "And what did ye say your name was, again?"

"Keen," the boy answered, "Virgil Keen. The Indians call me Quick Paint because I do color photography."

"An' I'll be callin' ye Virgil, me lad, for there's one of the purtiest bits o' country forninst Virgil Gorge in the Grand Canyon that ye ever saw. Are ye set? The critters won't hold in long."

"I'm ready," said Virgil, stepping on the hub of the wagon wheel and thence to the seat. He turned to the agent, "Thanks, awfully," he said, "for forwarding that stuff for me to Adamana."

"You don't need to worry about that," the agent called back. "It'll be waitin' for you. Adios!"

The station disappeared in a whirl of dust as the teamster gave the horses their heads, Virgil wondering whether he would be able to stick to the seat or not. Getting used to the wagon's swaying

and bumping motion, presently, he remembered the agent's lead and pumped the teamster industriously about the country through which he was to ride. He found that the name "Mesa Muldoon" had not been given without reason.

"I'm doubtin'," he said, "av there's any purtier sight than the desert under moonlight. Lonely? Av course it's lonely, but it isn't meself that would like to be drivin' a pair of fat brewery horses through crowded streets! Give me the desert, Virgil, where I can drive over a trail that looks like it begun an' ended in the blissed stars, an' where even a ghost would have to show up a mile before you met him."

"Are there ghosts out there?"

" 'Tis the world o' ghosts," was the reply. "But they're a dacint sort, an' many's the time I've followed a dancin' shadow on a trail I'd never seen before. An' what's more," he continued, as the memory of the desert trails came before him, "there's one Mesa, the White Mesa they call it, in the Navaho Reservation, that is the Judgment Throne o' the Ghosts."

"Have you ever seen them there?"

"I have not," the other answered, a trifle regretfully, "I've niver been by there in the moon-

light. The Navaho say it's haunted. But even in the daylight, or in the twilight, as I saw it once, there's a sort o' sadness in the beauty av it that makes ye want to cry. Faith, I think there's something wrong wid a man if he can ride by the White Mesa in the twilight an' keep his heart where it belongs."

Finding the teamster both so well acquainted with the country over which he was to ride and also so appreciative of the scenery of a country which usually is described as desolateness itself, Virgil set himself to learn as much as he could. By questioning he found out a number of points about his trail which would not be put down on any map and which afterwards proved to be of great importance.

At Fort Wingate, the boy found that a good saddle horse had been bought for him, subject to approval. He had written saying that a cow pony would not do, because of the weight of the photographic materials he must pack round with him, so a large-framed horse of the cavalry type awaited him in one of the corrals. Virgil arranged for payment without demur and started for Zuñi bright and early the next morning. At Fort Wingate he learned that Mr. O'Gehd had

been compelled to go on to Walpi, and that he would have to do the best he could in Zuñi on his own resources.

It was with keen interest that Virgil realized, as he started the following morning, that he was actually riding over the trail to the "magnificent Kingdom of Cibola." It was a friar's report of this, in 1539, which urged Coronado to seek for this marvel of seven great cities of treasure, but which, after much travel and not a little fighting, he discovered to be Indian pueblos. Over this trail the Spaniards, with their clanking armor, had ridden to a vision of golden promise, back over this trail they had been forced to retreat, the enraged Indians behind them. Here and there along his way remains of ruined missions recorded the names of martyred Spanish friars, of Fray Letrado, Fray de Avila y Avila and many more.

A few hours of stiff mountain riding brought Virgil to Nutria, a Zuñi farming village. The road now lay through the desert country, with piñon, cedar and sagebrush as the principal vegetation, the valley hemmed in with barren flat-topped mesas standing sentinel across the sky, yet, seen with the glamour of the Irish team-

ster's enthusiasm their very strangeness possessed a rare appeal. As the boy had approached Nutria, however, traces of cultivation began to appear, and as the trail made a very steep descent to the Springs, he saw abundance of water and some farming. Around the scattered pueblo of Nutria were many small but luxuriant corn patches.

Virgil stopped and watered his horse in the fertile spot, amazed at the luxuriance of crops which this narrow valley presented, when contrasted with the desert that bounded it on all sides. A great sense of loss came to him that he could not speak to the people whom he met, for he had heard Mr. O'Gehd praise the literature of the Zuñi, the poetry and beauty of their language, and tell how they hold to quaint old customs unknown to any other people of the earth, whereof they tell in the remnants of a noble tongue. From a lad, about eleven years old, who spoke a few words of English, Virgil learned that Zuñi was still a half day's ride away, and that Nutria was but a farming village, used during the summer, but deserted in the winter when the people returned to the main pueblo. He learned also that sometimes a few families stayed throughout the year, except

for the dance seasons, evidence of the changing character of the life of the Pueblo Indians, who now reoccupy the farming villages they had abandoned because the fear of atrocities at the hands of raiding Apache or Navaho has passed away.

Having plenty of time and more curiosity, Virgil traveled slowly, frequently leaving the trail to note some new form of cactus or some bush the character of which he did not know. It was drawing toward sunset as he neared Zuñi. As the sun descended slowly, the sky lit with glowing color and the desert seemed transformed. Virgil put his horse to the gallop, circling from the road that the pueblo might be silhouetted against the darkening sky.

Little by little the dusty greyness of the desert lost its harsh dry look and in the brooding dusk took on a life half-lit by mystery, a life it seemed that only evening knew. Purple shadows stole forth from far-off folds of the Zuñi mountains, the slanting rays of gold touched the tips of the sagebrush and made them bloom with tongues of living fire, the distant mesas seemed to draw in closer. The twilight gave the haunting evening life an unexpected note of friendliness and intimacy, melodied by the piping of the small birds

of the cactus flora, growing softer and more drowsy as twilight deepened to admit the stars.

Before him stood great Zuñi, massive, angular, and fortress-like, reared upon its sheer-built walls with a purpose self-contained and stern, forbidding the insidious siege of sun and sandstorm as sternly as it once repelled the charging fury of wild enemies, the terror-giving horsemen of the southwestern plain. Riding slowly closer, Virgil found himself almost below the walls of Zuñi, a reddish black city of piled confusion, squared and fantastically grim, with ladder-ends like the tips of shriveled fingers pointing upward against the sky.

Then, upon the topmost summit of the pile, standing out clearly against the darkly glowing sky when all the rest of the world was dim, appeared the figure of an aged Indian. For a moment he stood there, motionless, then, spreading his arms upward and outward, made for his people in the darkening village below a ceremonial prayer to the passing Sun. And with the gesture all remembrance of a Babel world seemed to pass, and Virgil felt himself alone on a limitless expanse of desert with the dying day, a City of Confusion, and one dim shadow of an ancient Zuñi priest.

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

THE ALLEGED "CENTRE OF THE WORLD."

General view of the Pueblo of Zuni, which its inhabitants believe to be the exact middle of the universe.

CHAPTER IX

EXORCISING A PUEBLO BOY WITCH

Darkness falls suddenly on the arid plains of New Mexico and Virgil had been so enthralled in watching the figure of the old Zuñi priest on a housetop of Zuñi, that when he came to make his way into the pueblo, at first he could not find the trail. The pueblo was built for defence, one house raised upon another, originally with few openings from the outside, and with the entrances purposefully hidden, but of late more facile modes of ingress have been made.

When Zuñi was a-building in the valley, not far from the mesa on which the old Zuñi of Spanish days lies in ruins, the treacherous Apache and the marauding Navaho strove ever to secure plunder from the pueblos and to carry the women off as slaves. Resistance was the only course, for the Zuñi, a sedentary people, could never revenge themselves upon their swift-riding enemies, and in consequence the pueblo Zuñi rose impregnable in its valley, surrounded by irrigated and cultivated

fields. There the Zuñi were safe from attack, and if the invading force were small, they could sally out in numbers and make an overwhelming sortie upon their foes from unsuspected exits. Recently built corrals of poles and sticks added to Virgil's difficulties, but he soon found the main trail, and rode up to the great courtyard of the pueblo.

The boy was welcomed, immediately on his arrival, by one of the younger men of the town, who spoke English, his phrases, however, showing that he thought the sentence first in Zuñi and then translated it, often word for word, causing a curious inversion of terms.

"Into our house you enter," he said slowly, "it is to food, food you eat. Into a corral, the pueblo below, your horse go. It is to food, food your horse eat."

Understanding that this was probably nothing more than a formal voicing of the welcome of the pueblo, which any stranger might receive, Virgil thanked his host. Then, taking from an inner pocket a small stick curiously painted and adorned with two small feathers which had been left for him at Fort Wingate by Mr. O'Gehd, he said:

"Brother-of-the-Water-People told me that I

should ask some one to take this to the Older Brother of the Priests of the Bow."

The other looked at the token closely, then spoke rapidly to one of the younger men who was standing by, the latter turning instantly and running up a ladder towards the largest clump of buildings, disappearing in the darkness.

"Brother-of-the-Water-People," the old Zuñi said emphatically, "all the Ashiwi (Zuñi) love. In the house of my brother a long time he live. In the heart of my father, good he is. In the heart of my mother, good he is. In the hearts of all my brothers and sisters, good he is. In his own heart good he is. When in the house of my father he live, the Rain-gods smile, quickly the crops grow, fat the sheep are."

Virgil rightly judged that this was almost the extreme of compliment and felt that he could himself say of Mr. O'Gehd, "good he is." He dismounted, and a lad, about ten years old, took his horse. Immediately the animal was surrounded by an inquisitive group of Zuñi, as much surprised by the size of Virgil's horse, as by the curious character of the saddle. This awakened the boy's sense of caution.

"When I was with the Arapaho," he said, "they

called me 'Quick-Paint' because I carry big medicine in pockets in that saddle. Perhaps some night I will make medicine for you. Could you put that saddle where it will be kept safe?"

"The saddle of Quick-Paint no one shall touch," the old Indian replied, "medicine shall be safe, Ashiwi medicine-man all old, Melicano very clever. Boy can do more than Zuñi old man can do."

"It isn't that I know more at all," put in Virgil promptly, not wishing to arouse a sense of rivalry, "it only seems bigger to you, perhaps, because it is so different."

While making this modest disclaimer, the messenger returned.

"The Older Brother in his own house eats. You him to join he says. To go, do you wish?"

"Yes," Virgil answered, "Brother-of-the-Water-People said he was a great and good man."

With a courteous gesture the Zuñi who had first welcomed Virgil invited the boy to follow him up the queer eight-runged ladder, its upper ends, in the dim light, seeming to rake the sky. At the eighth rung they stepped from the ladder and walked along the roofs of one tier of houses till they came to another ladder, and thereafter a third.

On reaching what was evidently the oldest and most solidly built portion of the pueblo, his guide stopped and disappeared down a hatchway. Virgil followed and found himself, at the bottom of this ladder, in a large sized room, scrupulously clean, with a flooring of slabs of stone. The furniture consisted solely of three metates or stones for grinding meal, some pottery, jars of water on the floor, and a few blankets hanging on a pole overhead. A bench of solid masonry about eighteen inches high ran along one side of the wall and two-thirds of the way on the opposite side, covering all the wall space except for the fireplace, which was of the most primitive pattern.

Several people were in the room, conspicuous among them the commanding figure of the Older Brother of the Priests of the Bow. He was evidently of great age, and while not spare and erect like the Plains Indians, still he had great dignity of presence. Ceremonial greetings were exchanged, Virgil acquitting himself creditably, remembering the advice of the ethnologist:

" 'In all your dealing with Indians, never hurry. An Indian will overlook ignorance, but not impatience.' "

A substantial dinner was put before the boy, to

which, after his long ride, he did full justice. The absence of a knife and fork was rather awkward, but he followed the example of his hosts and used a hunk of bread for such part of the meal as was not easily taken up by the fingers. The stewed dried venison, set forth in his honor, was well-cooked, and the "pone" of mixed piñon nut and corn flour was pleasant-tasting, though strange in flavor, to which strangeness its bluish-green color (caused by the addition of slaked lime) contributed not a little. New to Virgil, but also quite toothsome, was a jam made from the yucca baccata and peaches. Cornmeal water was served as a drink.

The meal over, Virgil waited a few minutes in order to make sure that no further ceremonial was pending, but as no one present made a move, he thought it was safe to speak, and to establish as soon as he could a relation of friendship with his hosts.

"Brother-of-the-Water-People told you that I was coming?" he queried.

The old priest nodded.

"Brother-of-the-Water-People much my friend. Brother-of-the-Water-People your friend. Soon

that you will come he told me. You carry picture medicine, he say."

"Yes," answered Virgil, realizing that this was the ethnologist's plan to enable him to make an impression immediately on his arrival, "would you like to see it now? I carry the lightning-medicine with me."

"Lightning, much rain brings. All is good that rain brings," said the Zuñi. He sat in thought for a few minutes and Virgil waited patiently. "Your lightning no rain brings?"

"No," Virgil answered simply, wondering how he would explain the acetylene gas process in simple terms, if the old Zuñi pursued his inquiries further.

Fortunately he was spared this, for another thought occurred to his host. He turned to the boy and said, quickly,

"Fire it is?"

"Yes," Virgil answered, "but it won't burn anything."

The old priest turned to one of his grandsons and gave him a long message. The boy went up the ladder like a squirrel.

"The mo'sona (director) of the Great Fire, to

come I have asked," the Zuñi explained, "the anger of the Fire God he will prevent."

Virgil promptly began preparations. From his saddle, which had been carried into an inner room, he unpacked a small folding projecting lantern, with a tiny but powerful acetylene gas lamp, the gas being generated by the dripping of water upon calcium carbide. From his pocket he took a small box of lantern slides, on very thin glass, also his folding tripod. He had only just completed his unpacking when the keeper of the Mysteries of Fire arrived. He was very old, even older than the boy's host, and knew not a word of English. He seemed full of curiosity and eagerness, and rapidly performed some brief ceremonies and chanted a couple of prayers to the gods as a protection against any evil that might otherwise ensue.

"I should like," said Virgil, when he had been given permission to proceed, "to hang this white sheet over that pole." He produced his saddle pad, which proved to be made of several thicknesses of white sheeting, evidently designed for the purpose of a screen. This was thrown over the pole, and two meal-grinding stones were set

on the corners, where it touched the floor, to keep it steady.

Setting up his tiny lantern on the tripod and starting the slow dripping of the water, Virgil touched a match to the gas jet and in a minute had a brilliant circle of light on the screen, such as never before had been seen in Zuñi. The women —for women hold a high place among the Pueblo Indians, and were allowed to be present—looked frightened, but the composure of the two old priests was undisturbed. All the slides were of Indian life, and as each slide was put on the screen, the boy merely gave the name of the tribe as "Arapaho," "Comanche," "Ute," "Navaho," and so forth, some of them being from photographs he had taken himself, but most of them being picked Indian pictures which the ethnologist had lent him and from which the boy had secured slides specially colored by a Government expert. Last of all, the boy showed his prize view, a picture of Zuñi, with Old Zuñi in the distance, a slide of great beauty and soft coloring.

"I have left the best to the last," he said, as he put this slide in the lantern, "because the Ashiwi are the oldest of peoples."

He let the picture remain on the screen for a few minutes, then turned off the water and let the brilliancy fade out gradually as the gas flickered lower and lower and at last went out. Throughout the whole exhibition not a word had been said by any of the spectators, but after the screen had been taken down and the lantern put away, the Priest of the Bow said to Virgil,

"The Ashiwi an old people, you say. How you learn this?"

"Brother-of-the-Water-People told me," the boy answered. "He said very old, but did not say how old. I think, perhaps," he added, hoping this might prove a leading remark, "he did not know."

"Not many know," the old Zuñi answered. "Picture you paint. Story I tell. You want that I should tell?"

Virgil nodded and leaned forward eagerly, with so evident a desire that his assurances were quite unnecessary.

"Part of this to Brother-of-the-Water-People I have told, not all." He paused a moment, then began the tale, which Virgil recognized to be the beginning or, rather, the framework of the great Zuñi epic, the wonderful poem of Early America,

which, as yet, has found no great American poet to versify.

"First of all men to leave the world of the Far Below the Ashiwi were," began the Older Brother of the Bow. "The world of the Great Outside in quick-moving mists was wrapped and in the fog was the Fire of the Beginning. In the sky the He-She was. (God, having both male and female natures.) Six worlds the He-She made, the six great worlds of the For Ever. The fourth world, the world of the Far Below, he made. The third world, the Water Moss World, he made. The second world, the Mud World, he made. The first world, the Wings-of-Light World, he made. The Outer World he made. The World-above-the-Worlds he made.

"In the World of the Far Below the Ashiwi lived. The deep darkness of the Never Light, its darkness was. All the longness of the time the Ashiwi lived there.

"The Sun-Father and the Earth-Mother two children had. To the World of the Far Below they went. In the World of the Far Below, darkness they found. In the darkness, figures they saw moving. They saw in the darkness the Ashiwi, moving. They said, 'Very few you are.'

The Ashiwi said, 'Very many we are.' The gods a fire lighted. The Ashiwi loudly screamed. The light of the fire their eyes-made-for-the-dark hurt. Light the Ashiwi never had seen.

"The gods a pine tree of the yellow north planted. High as the road that leads to the gods it was. The Ashiwi up the tree climbed. Many were left behind. The third world, the Water Moss World it was. Many stars (cycles) in the Water Moss World they lived.

"The gods a fir tree planted. High as the road that leads to the gods it was. The Ashiwi up the tree climbed. Many were left behind. The second world, the Mud World, it was. Many stars in the Mud World they lived.

"The gods an aspen tree planted. High as the road that leads to the gods it was. The Ashiwi up the tree climbed. Many were left behind. Light there was, like the gleam of the end-feathers of the Wings of the Morning. The first world, the Wings-of-Light World it was. Many stars in the Wings-of-Light World they lived.

"The gods a silver spruce tree planted. High as the road that leads to the gods it was. The Ashiwi up the tree climbed. Many were left behind. The Outer World it was. When up they

came, sweetly they breathed. When up they came, Evening Star was. The eyes-made-for-the-dark of the Ashiwi by the light of Evening Star were hurt. The light of the Wings-of-Light World as bright as starshine was not. The night was long. Morning it was. In the east the Sun-Father came. The Ashiwi scorched, they were burned. Into dark holes they ran. Under the mud they burrowed. Many stars they lived before the light of the Sun-Father they learned to endure.

"Not like the men of Now the Ashiwi were. Black as the World of the Far Below they were. Tails they had. Long hair all over them like moss they had. Long ears they had, so long that in one ear they slept, the other ear like a blanket lay. Webbed their fingers were. Webbed their toes were, like the beings of the Water Moss World.

"Knives of the old, old stone the gods had. The tails of the Ashiwi entirely off they cut. The ears of the Ashiwi partly off they cut. The toes of the Ashiwi they slit. The fingers of the Ashiwi they slit. Like the men of Now the gods the Ashiwi made. To make the prayer-plumes the gods taught. Many stars the gods with the Ashiwi

lived. The six worlds the gods showed. When the Ashiwi learned, the children of the Sun-Father and the Earth-Mother to the home of the gods returned."

The old priest paused as though he had finished, but Virgil felt sure that there should be more to come, he had not yet caught the clue. The ethnologist had sketched out for him a score of stories which fitted into this framework at various parts, and had also warned him that he would need to understand the basis of Zuñi thought if his pictures were to illustrate it properly.

"Are there six worlds now?" he asked.

"Six worlds there are," the old Zuñi answered. "The world of the north, the yellow world, there is. The world of the west, the blue-grey world, there is. The world of the south, the red world, there is. The world of the east, the white world there is. The world of the below, the black world, there is. The world of the above, the many-colored world, there is."

Virgil waited, longing to ask questions, for he saw that he was reaching the desired point, already he had an inkling of the meaning of all the color systems of the Zuñi, and he felt that there was more to come.

"Three peoples to each world there are," he said. "The Ka'lokta-kwe, the Crane people, there are; the Poyi-kwe, the Sage-cock people, there are; the Ta'hluptsi-kwe, the Evergreen Oak people, there are; these the people of the Yellow World are."

The reference to the Crane people gave Virgil at last the clue he had been seeking, he understood the purpose of the threefold division, and saw that these were the clans of the Zuñi race. Immediately, too, his mind, trained to poetic significance from early childhood, followed the symbolism which another lad might have failed to see, how these three peoples belonged to the land of the north, the Yellow Land. He saw how the crane comes down from the north, heralding the approach of winter, how the sage-cock dons a white winter plumage, and how the evergreen oak remains sturdy and green in frost while other trees are bare. Again the pause occurred and the boy waited impatiently for the Zuñi priest to go on.

"Three peoples to the world of the west there are," the Indian resumed. "The Ain'shi-kwe, the Bear people, there are; the Suski-kwe, the Coyote people, there are; the Aiyaho-kwe, or Red-

top plant people, there are; these the peoples of the Blue World are."

He paused again as though intending Virgil to remember the names of the clans, the bear whose coat is grizzly like the twilight, the grey coyote as he prowls in the evening and at night, and the red-top plant, the first flowering plant to respond to the warm west winds of spring. All these fitted easily into the lad's mind for the symbolism of the Blue-Grey world.

"Three peoples to the world of the south there are," the Zuñi continued, when the boy looked up at him again. "The Tonashi-kwe, the Badger people, there are; the Sho'liota-kwe, the Deer people, there are; the Ta'a-kwe, the Corn Plant people, there are. These the peoples of the Red World are."

The application of these was swift and easy. It was obvious to the boy why the badger—who hides all winter—should belong to the south; he knew that wild tobacco rarely grows except where the land has been burned over, and the ethnologist had told him that most beautiful of all Indian stories, the Corn-Maidens, and he remembered that in the legend the maidens came from the Southland.

"Three peoples to the west there are," the Zuñi went on. "The Tona-kwe, the Wild Turkey people there are; the Sho'hoita-kwe, the Deer people, there are; the Maawi-kwe, the Antelope people, there are. These the peoples of the white world are."

This was not quite so clear. Virgil saw at once why the wild turkey, which wakes at dawn and arouses everything within hearing by its hideous cries, should be assigned to the east, but the antelope and deer were not so clear until he remembered that the watercourses of Nutria were to the east of Zuñi and that the hunter would usually go eastwards.

"Three peoples to the world above, there are," the Zuñi proceeded. "The Yatol'ya-kwe, the Sun people, there are; the Apoya-kwe, the Sky people, there are; the K'yak'yali-kwe, the Eagle people, there are; these the peoples of the many-colored world are."

He paused just an instant, then seeing that the connection of the sun, the sky and the eagle was clear, went on,

"Three peoples to the world below, there are. The Tak'ya-kwe, the Toad people, there are; the K'yana-kwe, the Water people, there are; the

Chitola-kwe, the Rattlesnake people, there are. These the peoples of the Black world are."

The significance of these was obvious and Virgil noted with interest the name of the Water-People, to which the ethnologist was called a "brother," wondering whether perhaps he would be remembered after he went as having been a guest of some Zuñi clan.

"One people of the Middle World, there is," said the old Bow priest, with an air of finality, "the Pichi-kwe, the Macaw people, there is, which is the people of all the colors of all the worlds."

Far into the night the old priest talked, Virgil having ingeniously slipped the red glass off his darkroom lamp, and having brought it in when the primitive lighting arrangement of the pueblo room went dim. The unusual illumination gave an air of festival and the old priest grew talkative, Virgil listening intently and taking in every word.

He learned how the Zuñi people regard their pueblo Zuñi as the exact center of the world, the gods having their dwellings at the four cardinal points of north, south, east and west. He learned the beauty and exquisite cohesion of the Zuñi mythology, the part that each clan plays in the annual pageantry of the seasons, and how every

year each people has a definite part to play in the drama of their lives. He saw the tribe divided into six groups, each of which has three clans, and understood how the societies of winter, spring, summer, and autumn have their places in their proper clan groups. He perceived how wonderful to the Zuñi is every plant and every animal and every cloud-shift in the sky, for each of these is the peculiar heritage of some Zuñi clan. Even in each family, he learned, the sixfold division is carried out and childhood names are given shortly after birth, indicating the order of every child in the Zuñi tribe in that "world" which for ever is his own. He saw, thus, that the great dances of the Zuñi must always be correctly done, that an error in a procession cannot exist, for the performers do not take places assigned to them by some central director, but take the place that is from birth their own.

"You must remember, Keen," the ethnologist had said to him once, and the boy recalled the phrase, "that the life of the Zuñi, with its dances and its songs recurring at every change of the year, is an epic of the seasons, a true epic poem actually being lived out in the life of a people."

For a couple of days Virgil stayed at Zuñi, tak-

ing copious photographs and chatting with his host, the Older Brother of the Priests of the Bow, learning as much as he could of the stories and myths of the Zuñi.

"How long would it take to tell all the tale?" questioned Virgil, the second morning after his arrival, as the old priest sketchily mentioned a few of the many variations and incidents belonging to the great epic.

"On the first day of winter, to talk you begin. Every day, all the day you talk. On the first day of winter, next year, you finish. And there are many stories (parts of the story) I do not know. The tale is long."

"Is all the tale written down?" queried the boy, wondering if this great literature were available.

"In masks, it is written. In altars (designs) it is written. You in black on whiteness paint (writing). The Ashiwi in colors paint. Your black on whiteness your children teaches. Our masks and plumes our children teach."

"I see," Virgil replied, "it is the same here as among the Plains Indians; everything has a meaning."

The old priest leaned forward earnestly.

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

OVER ZUNI TO THE MESA WHERE OLD ZUNI STOOD.

The region of the fabulous "Kingdom of Cibola," which brought Coronado, in 1540, to plunder its supposed wealth of gold and precious stones.

"More, much more!" he said. "Brother-of-the-Water-People has told me of the Plains Indians. The Ashiwi much older. The Ashiwi live here in the middle (of the world). Every feather true is. Every color true is. The Ashiwi cannot forget. Brother-of-the-Water-People tell me that other people, all the learning one man has. All the Ashiwi know."

It was this fact that, as Virgil remained in the pueblo, impressed him more and more. As he wandered through the strange communal town, watching the women making their simple pottery, he began to trace the pride that every dweller had in the ancient traditions of the race. Here, in one small village, practically under one roof, were seventeen hundred people, with a language of their own, utterly unlike any other in the world, with a literature and a wonderful epic, written, not in the symbols of writing, but in the symbols of an immense series of dance dramas, whose legends declared their pueblo to be the exact center of the world. The ethnologist had told Virgil of the fusion of two primitive stocks in the Zuñi, one descended from cliff-dwellers, the other from a people who lived in walled houses of a single room. The boy was sharp enough to see that just as this

alliance had led to the pueblo architecture, so it had worked on their beliefs. Each of these early peoples, he knew, must have had a set of legends of its own, and the need of bringing the two different groups into one consistent whole was the force which led to the completeness of the consistent and poetic Zuñi mythology, as full of imagery as that of the ancient Greeks, but wilder, more barbaric, and nearer to the graphic thinking of primitive man.

Virgil, insatiably curious now that his interest was fully aroused, might readily have given offence to the pueblo people, but for the fact that he was the guest of the Bow priest, and that he gave the people unbounded pleasure with his pictures. The night after the exhibition of the lantern slides in the priest's house, Virgil suggested that he would give one to the village if his host agreed. Accordingly, the following evening, the sheet was fastened on the ruined wall of the old Spanish mission church, and thereon the boy showed the colored slides. The night was dark and absolutely without wind, and everything worked admirably. The contrast of primitive life, Hispanic civilization and modern Americanism was striking, for that ruined wall and a haunting phrase or symbol

here and there in a season's ceremony is all that remains in Zuñi of two centuries of Spanish occupancy.

The following evening, Virgil expected to repeat his showing of the lantern slides, and during the afternoon was engaged in special preparations for it. Hearing, however, the high-pitched voice of a child in fright, he turned sharply and saw a boy about nine years old in the grasp of an older boy, who seemed about sixteen. The bigger of the two was whirling the other round by the arms, laughing at the screams set up by the younger child, who was evidently hysterical.

Not knowing what to do, but thinking that if he spoke sharply, the older boy would understand the tone, if not the words, Virgil dropped the tripod he was engaged in setting up and started for the couple. Before he reached them, however, a woman came running out of one of the houses near by and the mischievous lad let go the younger boy's hand. But, to the surprise of Virgil, the child did not stop screaming as soon as he was set free, but, seeming to be in a panic of terror, fell to the ground in convulsions.

By this time a crowd was gathering, and on suggestion from one of the bystanders, a special

medicine-man, belonging to an order which chiefly looked after the sick, was summoned. He came, hurriedly went through a brief ritual with corn-meal, and, rising, made a speech to the villagers.

"What's he talking about?" asked Virgil, who had made his way to the side of his first friend in Zuñi, the Younger Brother of the Bow Priests.

"The little boy bewitched is, he says," the other replied.

"How?"

"The bigger boy a witch is," came the unqualified answer, said with an air of assurance.

"How do you know he is?" asked Virgil.

"A witch, he says," was the reply, as though that ended questioning.

Realizing that it would be dangerous, as well as useless, to cast any doubt upon the power of one of the head medicine-men of the Zuñi, Virgil kept quiet, but determined to watch what the proceedings would be. Convinced, of course, that except for the fright, no harm had been done by the older boy, Virgil determined if possible to save him from grave trouble. At present there was nothing to do but wait.

The healer next proceeded to impress the terrified child with the idea that he had been bewitched

and urged him to say who was his assailant. The child was still too shaken to answer. The medicine-man then gave him what appeared to Virgil to be a sound beating, but which was really intended as a vigorous massage, "to squeeze out the truth," as the interpreter phrased it. At last the child, who was a school pupil, cried in English,

"When I was near my house, this boy called to me. He wanted me to go away with him, but I was going home. When he grabbed me, I shook. I cannot stand up. Let me go home. I am afraid."

This entirely sensible suggestion looked hopeful, but even Virgil knew enough of barbaric ways to see that after such a statement the older boy would be put through some sort of an examination. Witchcraft accusations among peoples who believe in sorcery are always serious matters, and Virgil removed all his preparations for a lantern slide exhibition that night.

After supper, for which Virgil was inordinately hungry, not being used to only two meals a day, he was told that the court for the trial was about to meet, and followed his host to one of the long rooms. Five members of the Bow Priesthood were there. The medicine-man had been busy all

evening over the child, and their exertions had worked him into a state between frenzy and exhaustion. A few minutes after Virgil arrived, the supposed victim of witchcraft sank back unconscious under the rigor of the treatment. The doctors looked greatly relieved, the child's lips were opened and some fluid was poured down his throat.

"He is cured," Virgil's informant thereupon turned round and said. "Magic the witch shot. The magic all out. The little boy a sleeping drink has taken. Sleep three days, two nights. Wake up—magic gone!"

"I hope you're right," said Virgil. "But if the little chap is cured, what are they going to do to the older boy?"

"The boy a witch!" the other announced simply. "He say so, soon."

"You mean that the boy will confess that he is a wizard?" queried Virgil incredulously.

"Yes, say a witch he is," was the confident reply.

As soon as the sufferer had become unconscious, the interest was transferred to the accused, a fine-looking lad. It was evident to Virgil, from phrases his interpreter dropped, that the boy was

regarded as guilty without doubt, but that it was necessary to make him confess. Threats were used, and it soon became clear that the boy was doomed unless he could find some way out of the tangle, for both denial and silence were taken as signs of a "bad heart." At last, the Zuñi boy, who had been watching his supposed victim very closely, raised his hand.

"I tell," he said. "Two years ago, to Santo Domingo (a neighboring pueblo of the Keresan Indians) I went. With me another boy went. The mo'sona (director) of the Ne'we-kwe (Galaxy fraternity) to teach witchcraft offered. 'Yes,' we said. Every kind of medicine he had. Medicine to make people do as I say, I asked. Of roots the mo'sona made medicine. Two kinds of medicine he made. Two plumes he made. When Sun-Father came, third medicine he made. Foam like snow-on-the-mountain he made. Our heads and bodies in the foam he bathed. Plume to plant under a rock where the Sun-Father cannot see, he taught. The root-medicine we took. Two kinds we took. One we chewed and our hands with the juice moistened. Two boys we met. Our hands, moist with medicine, we gave. They jumped. They danced. They could not keep still. About

the streets they ran. Everywhere they followed us. Too crazy they were. In a short time they died. Medicine to cure we had. They would not eat. It was because they would not eat the cure medicine, they died."

The cleverness of the tale, as it was repeated to Virgil in a low voice, bit by bit, was apparent. The lad had watched the child closely while the doctors were working over him and made his story seem true by describing symptoms in his supposed former victims such as the priests had seen in the case before them.

Especially clever, Virgil thought, was the lad's idea in saying that he possessed a root which would counteract the effect of the other. He only wondered what would happen if the boy were asked to prove the truth of his story. This was exactly what happened. No sooner had he finished speaking than the members of the court with one accord demanded to see the medicine, and when the boy declared that he had none with him, the grandfather of the little lad who had been "bewitched" was instructed to accompany the accused to his home for the medicine.

On their return, the boy carried two kinds of root. One, he claimed, was the root producing

insanity, and was in one piece; the other, the healing root, was in three pieces. The judges immediately demanded a manifestation. Instead of seeming disturbed by this, the boy, to Virgil's great surprise, agreed willingly. He removed all his garments except some beads and the usual breech-cloth. Then he asked for a basket of sacred meal, and, after some hesitation, this was brought. He sprinkled the meal on the floor in an irregular pattern, and placing the single root in one division of the meal and the divided root in another, began a chant, which, from such portions as were translated to Virgil, seemed to him to be made up on the spot. Then, taking a bite from the root, he chewed it, moistened his palms and rubbed his hands all over his body.

Immediately he distorted his face, uttered piercing yells, spun around and jumped about, and made frantic efforts to seize the child who was lying unconscious. Although none of the Zuñi present would injure the lad, they restrained him from touching the child again and the supposed self-bewitched boy acted like one in a paroxysm of madness. Cleverer acting could not be seen. Then he swallowed a small piece of the other root, and immediately became quiet. Still dissatisfied,

the judges questioned the boy until after midnight, but he stuck closely to his story and would not give way.

Early in the morning there was a great stir. Virgil rose promptly to find the pueblo in an uproar. The accused had escaped during the night and had taken one of the fastest of the ponies belonging to the village. A Zuñi party was setting out in pursuit, fully armed. Hurriedly Virgil asked his host if he might go with the party, and, largely because the old priest had not been able to be present at the hearing the night before, he consented, agreeing with Virgil that the accused should not be killed until the full truth were known.

The tracks of the fugitive from the pueblo led southward, and, after a few miles of riding, a rise in the ground enabled the pursuers to see the figure of the boy on the desert a couple of miles away. At this, Virgil touched his horse lightly with the spurs and broke into a swinging gallop, leaving the undersized and half-fed ponies of the Zuñi far in the rear. After three hours' hard riding, Virgil drew near enough to see that the rider was indeed the fugitive, and the latter, seeing the white horse, and assuring himself that none of the

elders of the village were near enough to menace him, reined up.

By the use of some signs, the few words of English that the Zuñi knew, and the few words of Zuñi that Virgil had picked up, he managed to explain to the fugitive that, since he was bound to be caught anyway, it was better to be under protection than to risk being overtaken and killed. The accused boy, having a profound belief in the importance of the protection of a "Melicano" and knowing well the inhospitality of the desert, agreed to turn back. They rejoined the rest of the pursuing party, and seeing that the captive was accorded proper treatment, Virgil fell out of the party and allowed the Zuñi to take the prisoner back to the pueblo as though his capture were their triumph. This politic move stood him in good stead, for when he asked to be allowed an interview with the lad before the trial was resumed, permission was readily granted.

When the court convened, however, Virgil's host, the Older Brother of the Priests of the Bow, who had not been present the evening before, presided, and demanded that the boy tell his story anew. The wretched lad now found himself in the hands of the man who had the keenest mind in

all Zuñi, a leader who, even in a civilized community, would be esteemed as having great insight and learning. Under his sharp fire of cross-questioning, the boy's story would not hold together at all. The old Zuñi priest tripped him up at every second sentence, and it soon became evident to every one that the boy was not telling the truth and had deceived them all the night before.

This set the current of feeling very bitterly against him, and Virgil for the first time began to doubt whether he would be able to do anything to help the Zuñi lad. Then, suddenly, the boy cried,

"Yes, I lied! I lied! My father, my mother, my sister, I love. Not to mention them, I lied. Witches they are. My grandfathers, witches were. My grandmothers' witches were. To the family of first witches I belong!"

The shrilling cry caused great excitement, and some of the more superstitious shrank away as far as they could get from the accused.

The old priest looked at him coldly, and spoke in disbelief.

"All witches, the witches' plume-offerings have," he said.

"Them, too, I have," the boy cried, realizing

that he had plunged anew and must make good his second tale.

"Where? Where?" the judges cried, leaning forward eagerly.

"In my mother's house. At the winter closing, witches gather. Every year they gather. From all over the country they come. Nineteen witches there are. Three for each world there are. One for the midmost world there is. Every year them I have seen."

He was proceeding to describe with dramatic effect the appearance of the witches and probably would have launched into the ceremonies of their gatherings, when the chief judge cut him short.

"Your words tumble out black from your lips. Lies they are. If witches every year gather, many would see."

"No," the boy answered, "no one can see. Ancient plumes over our hearts we tie. Yucca strings on our breast we cross. Through magic yucca hoop we jump. On one side of the yucca hoop the witches men and women are, on the other side of the yucca hoop, dogs, coyotes, hawks, crows and owls. On nights of the winter, an owl I can be. Through stone walls, invisible cactus thorns I can shoot. Any one that injures me, him I can

bewitch. His fields no rain shall ever have. His body no good (health) shall have. His mind no straightness (reason) shall have."

There was a pause, and again the shrinking from the boy was perceptible. Virgil saw that the boy had a new plan of action, that he meant to make himself appear so powerful that no one would dare to molest him. Had he been able to walk out quietly then, not a person would have spoken to hold him back, except, perhaps, the shrewd old priest.

"For a bad heart, big lies are as easy as small lies to tell," he remarked, impassively. "Those prayer plumes we will see."

"I cannot show them," cried the lad, with assumed regret. "In my mother's house they are. In Pescado she is. The keys I have not."

"Keys I have," retorted the judge bluntly, much to Virgil's surprise, for duplicate keys were a modern touch that made the witchcraft idea seem all the more grotesque.

After a short wait the keys were produced, and every one present proceeded to the boy's home. Virgil, who stayed as close as possible to the boy, was amazed to find him so composed; it made him think that there might be something in the boy's

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

TERRACES IN OLDER PART OF ZUNI.

Home of the boy wizard through door to the extreme left, the unknown room being about three stories below the place where the small four-runged ladder stands.

story, after all, eerie and unbelievable as it sounded. And, glancing around at the party, Virgil could see that this thought had crossed the minds of others also.

"Prayer plumes in the wall are," the boy said, as soon as the door was opened, pointing at the plastered wall. "My mother a witch. Very angry she get. The wall to break down I am afraid. Everybody here she will bewitch!"

For answer, the old priest gestured to one of his followers to hand the lad an axe and bade him break down the wall. With the first stroke a quantity of plaster fell to the floor. The room was dark, the fire shedding a fitful flicker. Blow after blow the boy struck, bringing the plaster wall down in large pieces, and each time he stooped and examined the debris carefully. The small room became filled with plaster dust so that breathing was difficult and the heat intense. When the west wall was robbed of half its plaster and the prayer plumes were not found, some of the judges waxed impatient. They threatened the lad and his composure began to break down.

"Last winter with my grandmother I was. New hiding-place, perhaps they make!"

But the only answer he received was the quiet

declaration of the old priest that he must find the prayer plumes.

In apparent despair, the boy gave the wall a blow with all his might. To the amazement of all the watchers, and, Virgil thought, of the boy himself, a part of the wall fell in, disclosing a small room. It was barely six feet square, and, after all, in that strange beehive of rooms, where not half the chambers are known to the inhabitants, it was not so strange that there should be a dungeon-like store-room close at hand.

Virgil descended through the opening after the boy and stepped on something soft. He gave a little squeal, thinking the object might have been a snake, and the man who carried the torch turned its dim rays upon the floor.

There, right by Virgil's feet, were two packages of prayer plumes, old and falling to pieces. The boy suppressed all exclamation, but Virgil heard the sharp intake of breath. The plumes were passed to the old priest, who examined them as carefully as was possible in the dim light. During this examination and when all eyes were turned on the plumes, Virgil's quick sight spied a single feather on the floor and he picked it up quietly, attracting no notice as he did so. Seeing

what advantage the boy had made of every scrap of evidence that would seem to support his story, Virgil slipped this single feather into the hand of the accused without being observed. The boy gave him a grateful look, and secreted the plume.

Up through the hatchway, back through the broken wall and into the open air on the confused mass of roofs under the stars, the entire party went, arriving in the great plaza, where nearly all the population had been assembled. The prayer plumes were carefully examined by the experts, among them the old priest. They were declared to be genuine and very old, setting forth a symbolism that none of them could read.

The boy, although almost exhausted, spurred himself to a final dramatic effort, and explained the mysteries in terms so intricate that even Virgil's interpreter found it difficult to follow. It was nearly midnight, however, when the accused boy made his last stand for freedom.

"The black prayer plumes of witches you have found," he cried, "my story true you know. Once all the power of my witch fathers I possessed. Now, among them great never I can be. My power is gone. Through many fathers much power I have had. All is flown away. A witch

no more I am. Because no more witch I am, these things I tell. If still a witch I am, my tongue is fast."

"That's a wise move," said Virgil to himself exultingly, "if he can't clear himself of witchcraft in the past, it's a good scheme to stake his chances on the future."

"The great witch-feather I find!" the boy declared dramatically. "When in my hand first I take it, a whisper like to the hiss of a snake I hear. 'The black feather keep, it will save you,' the whisper said. But the black feather witch magic is. Never any one except one of the Ashiwi the feather must touch. Given by the witch-god to the grandfathers of my grandfathers it was."

"The feather!" the judges cried.

With a movement so swift that Virgil could not follow it, the boy brought from its hiding place the feather that Virgil had slipped into his hand in the forgotten room where the prayer-plumes were found.

"The witch-feather this!" he cried. "This the rain-gods makes angry. This the crops withers. This the streams dry up. Now no more. All the witch-magic gone."

"Why all the witch-magic gone?" demanded the old priest.

"Power of witch-magic flown away," the boy repeated. "If any but the Ashiwi touch it, all the witch-magic disappears."

He paused and pointed at Virgil.

"The Ashiwi from many witches he set free," he cried. "When his hand the feather touch and the feather my hand touch, my eyes from black to blue turn, from blue to black again, and the witch-power I feel go out.

"My life he save, all of our lives he save," he cried, rightly perceiving that this announcement of the freeing of the village from a witch-ridden enchantment would arouse such joy that his accusation would be forgotten. "If the Melicano not here now, the witches come with yucca strings across their hearts, their prayer-plumes they seize and a burning wind would blow. But the Melicano boy the feather touches, the witches cannot come, and all of our lives he save!"

CHAPTER X

CONFRONTED BY A MAD APACHE

Virgil's popularity with the Zuñi after his declared delivery of the pueblo from witchcraft was so great that he found it hard to tear himself away, almost every family in the place desiring to show him some special attention. Turning this to good account, the boy secured photographs of symbols never before pictured, jotting down notes about the Zuñi. These afterwards proved to be of great ethnological importance.

When four days had slipped away, however, Virgil saw the necessity of immediate departure, or he would be late for the Hopi Snake Dance ceremonies at Walpi. Knowing that the ride was likely to be long, the boy persuaded the Bow Priest's wife to give him a meal at sunrise. This was contrary to the Pueblo custom, for there nothing is eaten until an hour or so before noon. But, thanks to the courtesy of his hostess, it was not yet six o'clock in the morning when the boy, having made his farewells and having received

scores of invitations to return, turned his horse's head to the westward trail.

As he was thirty miles from the nearest water and the weather was hot, Virgil took the precaution of slinging across his saddle two native pottery canteens, given him by the grandfather of the boy he had helped through the witchcraft investigation. Later, he learned that these two jars were ancient pieces of pottery of great value, made of strips of clay coiled one above the other, like a basket. One of these Virgil afterward presented to the National Museum at Washington, the other he sent home. During the journey, however, the water which the jars contained was more valuable to the boy than the pottery itself.

Knowing the value of saving his horse for a long ride, Virgil kept a slow though steady pace, taking three hours for the first fifteen miles. Then he stopped, took a drink of water—finding it cool despite the hot sun, because of the evaporation through the pottery—and poured some into his hat for the beast he was riding. He reached Jacob's Well a little after noon, hobbled his horse, letting him browse on the sparse grass that grew near the water and took a short siesta in the shade of a couple of stunted trees near by.

By two o'clock Virgil was in the saddle again, covering the fifteen miles to Navaho by four o'clock. There he crossed the railroad and found a well-beaten wagon road instead of a narrow trail. Putting his horse to a good pace, he reached Adamana, eighteen miles farther, an hour before sunset. Sixty-three miles in the saddle is a good day's travel, and both horse and rider were glad when the station loomed in sight, together with the house occupied by Mr. Adam Hanna, the guide to the Petrified Forest, in whose honor the depot has been named.

It was a relief, after the early rising of pueblo life, to sleep late in the morning, and Virgil lazily opened his eyes the following day, wakening with a sense of guilt, as though he felt he had slept away a large part of the day. The guide was up and was preparing breakfast, which, with its coffee and fried bacon tasted good after the corn-meal-water and green flatcake of the Zuñi.

After breakfast, Virgil sauntered over to his trunks, which had been forwarded from Wingate. He loaded his saddle with a new lot of supplies, rigged up an impromptu dark room in the guide's house, and gave the rest of the morning to developing test negatives that he had taken at Zuñi,

making a few prints and writing up some notes. He was anxious to push on, but the saddle was heavy and Virgil knew better than to weary his horse during the first part of his journey.

The afternoon train having come in and the trunks sent on to Holbrook, Virgil and the guide strolled toward the Blue Forest region of the petrified trees, passing a famous group of inscriptions, known as the Pictographs, about two miles away. The boy took a couple of pictures of these, and, in the evening light, succeeded in getting good color plates showing the ground studded with the exquisite azure gems with which the surface of the Blue Forest is strewn, set in its strata of blue clays. The sunset glowed in deep orange tones near the horizon, shading to a pale green above, and the scene, though desolate, had an eerie beauty of its own.

"I should think," said Virgil, "that the Petrified Forest would be fine by moonlight!"

"It's not," the guide said abruptly, Virgil thought partly to head off any suggestion that a night walk might be desirable, "it's a dreary enough place, I think, at all times, wonderful though it is, but in the daylight the colors do help to brighten it up a bit. But at night—it would

depress a coyote to that extent he wouldn't have the heart even to howl!"

"It seems queer to me," said Virgil, as he picked up some of the richly colored pieces of silicified wood, "that no one has ever tried to use this stuff for ornaments."

"They have," the guide replied. "I reckoned once I was going to get rich that way. I filed a homestead on a quarter section (160 acres) that had the very finest pieces in the forest. A firm came in and started making table tops of the big pieces and all sorts of carved stuff like clock cases. There was quite a settlement here, and a lot of claims were filed."

"Why did they stop?" queried the boy.

"The Government stopped them," the guide replied, "they hadn't taken out the proper papers, and though it was money out of my pocket, I think it was right to make this a National Park. Now, of course, no one is allowed to carry away specimens. But if the factory had gone on running a few years, it would have picked out all the pieces that were brightly colored and just left the forest a heap of dull chips."

"That would have been the worst kind of a shame," agreed Virgil. "Isn't this counted as

one of the Seven Natural Wonders of America?"

"Yes," the guide replied. "But that wasn't the worst danger the Forest has been in. You've noticed how hard the petrified wood is?"

"I noticed it was heavy," answered the boy, "but I hadn't tried its hardness."

He took out his knife and tried to cut the stone-like wood. The steel was good and the edge sharp, but it made no more impression on the petrified substance than if it had been a diamond.

"It's hard, all right," he agreed.

"Though you would hardly have imagined it," the guide continued, "petrified wood is so hard that when ground up it makes the finest kind of emery. Some enterprising Easterners found this out, sent machinery down and were going to start a small mill."

"What stopped them?"

"A man in Canada discovered some kind of stuff that could be ground and shipped cheaper than this, because of the long railroad haul from Arizona, and so there wouldn't have been any profit in this mill. That was a good many years ago, but if that Canadian mill hadn't been started just at the time it was, the best part of this Petrified Forest would have been turned into emery."

"That would have been a miserable ending," said Virgil, indignant that commercialism could have been so blind, "for I suppose the Forest must have been this way for millions of years?"

"I don't know how long," the guide returned. "It's the oldest petrified forest in the world, I'm told. At least that's what a lot of Government experts on fossil botany have said when they were down here, and they have come quite a number of times. It's a good deal older than the Yellowstone and the California forests, ages and ages before those."

The guide, having once got fairly started on the question of the forest, talked incessantly all the way home and through supper until Virgil, for pure weariness, was compelled to forego his sense of good manners and hint that he was ready for bed. Though he had spent a quiet day, the high, dry plateau air, five thousand feet above sea level, was stimulating and fatiguing. He was up bright and early the next morning, however, ready for the day's experiences, which were destined to have a strange conclusion.

"It's about a six-mile ride to the Natural Bridge," the guide said, after breakfast, "I suppose you want to go there first."

"I want to go where I can see the forest at its best," Virgil answered, "where I can get the best color photographs."

"It's hard to take a good photograph of it," the guide replied, "and you can't get one that looks like a forest anywhere."

"Why not?"

"Because the blocks don't really look like trees. They are all much the same as you saw in the Blue Forest, just like huge columns, and they generally break into sections from four to six feet long."

"The blocks didn't look much like trees in the Blue Forest," Virgil admitted, "I didn't see one of them that had branches or twigs."

"There are no small branches at all," the guide declared. "I reckon that's because of the way the forest happened. One of the Government geologists was here once, and he told me that the forest didn't grow right here, but that this must have been the delta of a river, some time, and the trees were washed down by floods. I reckon he's right, too, because you find the trees buried in the solid sandstone."

"How did they get to the surface then?" the boy queried. "Did an earthquake shove them up?"

"They haven't been shoved up, but dropped down," the guide replied. "There's a case of it right there," he continued, reining in his horse: He pointed to a small mesa close to the trail and then showed where, in the very topmost strata, a petrified log was sticking out, a couple of feet of it showing.

"It's all been cut down from that level, that geologist chap said," the guide explained. "Once in a while you strike a harder bit o' rock than most of it, which hasn't all been cut away an' there you can see where the logs once were. But I reckon it must ha' been a long time ago since those rocks away up there were under a river an' waterlogged trees sank into the sand. It must have taken ages, too, after the land had dried off, for the rain and wind to cut away that sandstone the way you see it now. I reckon you were right, son, when you said the forest must be millions of years old."

"How deep down is it from here to where that log is, do you suppose?" Virgil asked, looking up with interest.

" 'Bout three hundred feet, I reckon. It's been cut down seven hundred feet at the deepest place an' there's not much rain here, at that. The wood

must have lain in the sand a long time, too, for the vegetable cells to get all filled up with that flinty stone stuff. It sure has made some bright colors, though."

"Some of the pieces are magnificent," Virgil agreed, "and I'm going to try and get some good pictures showing the colors. But, as a whole, the Forest does seem abandoned, somehow, in full daylight. It looks rather like a huge ruin, made by giants, ruined so utterly as to leave not even an idea of what it must have been."

This feat of imagination was a little too much for the guide, and he returned to the question of pictures.

"Jedgin' by some o' the photographs you showed me yesterday," he said, "you'd ought to be able to get some wonderful pictures of the Forest. In fact, I shouldn't wonder but what a color photograph would be prettier than the place itself, because you can see so little in a photograph that you wouldn't tire of it. It's the miles and miles of it, day after day, that gets a bit wearin'."

Passing through the First Forest, Virgil was anxious to spend a good many negatives, but was held back by the guide, who had shown a special

interest in the boy since he had seen the color plates that the lad had made of other parts of the country.

"A little way along the road," he said, "we'll come to the Natural Bridge. You'd ought to take a picture of that. But it's in the Rainbow Forest that you'll get your chance for color work. The trees aren't so big, but it lies prettier than the others and the colors are brighter. It was in the Rainbow Forest that I filed my claim."

"This must be the Natural Bridge right now," cried Virgil, as the road made a slight bend. "I never thought of the Bridge being a tree!"

"Jes' a single tree," the guide said, "turned into stone like the rest of them, and spanning the creek, jes' as hard as a piece of rock."

"I wonder what has kept it from splitting into pieces like all the others?" Virgil said questioningly.

"It really is split up," the guide said. "If you look closely you will see where the cracks are. It's fixed in pretty fast in the sandstone though, an' there is a good deal of the tree on either side, fast in the stone. Still it's a fairish sized span, about sixty feet or better. It's not likely to break, because each section holds the other in place same

Courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.

NATURAL BRIDGE OF A SINGLE PETRIFIED TREE.

Fossil trunk, millions of years old, transformed into a solid gem, spanning a creek in the Petrified Forest, Arizona.

as the keystone of an arch. The canyon below is about seventy feet deep at the deepest point."

"From here I'm going to take you to The Battleship," the guide continued, after Virgil had satisfied himself that he had a good picture of the Natural Bridge, "and I reckon we'd better have lunch here, because you've spent quite a bit of time with that camera an' there's a good spring right near the bridge. I've got to get back to the house to-night, so after you see The Battleship—you won't need to stay there long—we'll cut across country by a trail I know, though it isn't marked on the maps. I'll take you up to the Flat Tops, which is the sort of country the logs lie in before they are washed out. From there, you can see the ranch where you will spend the night, and you'll not need me to ride down with you."

Just as the guide said, from the summit of the Flat Tops, Virgil had a good view of the surrounding country, treeless and dry. The boy's companion rode with him to the edge of the slope, scarcely steep enough to be deemed a mesa, and pointed toward the southwest.

"If you look closely," he said, "you'd ought to be able to locate the ranch."

"I think I can see it," Virgil answered, after a

pause, "but, any way, it'll be easy enough to find."

"Can't miss it," the guide said. "Still, wait a minute. I'll make sure."

He dismounted, and sauntering to the edge of an opening between the rock, made a little pile of stones, almost like a small pillar.

"Got a handkerchief?" he asked.

Virgil produced the required crumpled ball from his pocket and the guide put it on the top of the little heap of stones, binding it down with a pebble.

"Thar," he said, "now you wander around this section all you want to, an' when you're ready to go on, just look for this spot of white. It'll catch your eye easy enough. Then you'll find the trail right below it. The track is some faint, but with the sun in the south you're not likely to turn northwards an' you're not more than three-quarters of a mile from the road. I don't believe you need to bother with what is called the Third Forest, but if you do, thar's a trail about half a mile long that runs out to the middle of that from a small shack, known as Jim's Camp, which you'll pass on the road. But thar's nothing thar but what's like what you've already seen."

"All right, Mr. Hanna," the boy replied. "I'll take your word for it. I don't want to do any more riding than I can help. I've a long trip ahead."

"That's the idee," the guide agreed. "Well, then, keep the trail straight past Jim's Camp till you come to a place where the road forks, the fork on the left makin' a sharp turn."

"Which one do I take?"

"I wouldn't take either. Thar's a dry gully called Cottonwood Wash, runnin' in a direction midway between the trails. The gully is just about straight ahead from the road you'll have been ridin' down. Keep on the right-hand side of the gully and you'll find it easy traveling. You'll see the ranch before you have ridden half an hour from the fork of the roads."

"That's easy," Virgil said, "I could find it with my eyes shut, with those directions."

"I'd keep 'em open, just the same," the guide said, as he shook hands with the boy, "an' I'll wish you the best of luck, an' start back."

"Ever so much obliged, Mr. Hanna," the boy answered, returning the handshake vigorously, "I'll send you some pictures after I get home."

The place seemed grim and forbidding after the

guide had ridden away. If only one tree had stood upright, Virgil thought, it would have made a difference. But so many millions of years had passed since those trees waved their branches over a world where as yet no human being lived that the boy realized it was wonder enough they should be preserved, changed into glowing and richly colored stone, without expecting them to be still fast rooted in the soil. It was not long after the guide left that Virgil started on his ride for Podillas Ranch, about eight miles away.

Although, as the crow flies, he had covered only about thirty-six miles between Mr. Hanna's house and the Podillas Ranch, Virgil was tired, for he had lugged a heavy camera up and down rocks and ravines to get good vantage points for taking pictures. Moreover, except for a short rest for lunch, he had been continuously in the saddle or on his feet. It had been a hot and windless day and the Forest possessed no shade. Accordingly the ranch was a welcome sight to the boy and he was warmly greeted by the members of the household, for the rare advent of a stranger was a matter of interest on the distant ranch.

"So you're interested in Indians," the old Arizonian remarked, puffing at his pipe while sup-

per was being prepared, and commenting on Virgil's brief introduction of himself. "I've been interested in them a good many years myself."

He pointed to a rifle standing in the corner, adding,

"I've never yet felt safe if I'm more than a dozen yards from a gun!"

"You were in the Indian fighting, then, sir?" queried Virgil, scenting a story.

"I've ranched the Gila River region as long as any white man here," the cattleman answered, "and my father was one of the few men who didn't leave Arizona in the sixties. Most of 'em," he added, with a certain grimness of humor, "most of 'em left it with wings. The Apaches had a mighty persuasive way of helpin' a white man to hit the celestial trail."

"In spite of all the good times I've had among the Indians," Virgil remarked, "the word 'Apache' has always stuck in my mind as being much the same as savagery. They were a treacherous and bloodthirsty race, weren't they?"

"The Apache has just got cruelty bubblin' up inside him like yeast in raisin' bread," was the reply. "There's lots o' good Indians, I'll have to admit that, an' I reckon there's some good

Apache, but I'm trustin' nary a one o' them. No, my boy, I've known too many men, women and children who were tortured to death by the Apache to have any partickler love for their painted hides."

"Was there really as much of that torture business as you read about?" Virgil queried.

"All depends on how much you've read about," the rancher answered, "but I was always willin' to admit that the Apache were fertile in inventin' torments. Smearin' a captive with honey and enthronin' him on an ant's nest in the burnin' sun was one o' their little contrivances. Flayin' alive was another, an' the Apache was one of the few Indian tribes who reckoned it tip-top diplomacy to send a half-scalped enemy back to his own tribe. Burnin' a prisoner at the stake they regarded as a suitable introductory entertainment to any well-organized dinner party."

"I always thought those stories were overdrawn, that writers just piled up the agony!" Virgil said.

"I think maybe they have," the ranchman admitted reluctantly, "an' from what I hear about the Plains tribes, even the Comanche, they were never near as black as they were painted. But

the Apache—an' by that I'm not meanin' everything that has been called Apache, but the real Chiricahua breed—is as fond of blood as a weasel, as savage as a wounded grizzly, as sly as a diamond-back rattlesnake and as crazy-headed as a locoed Texas steer. An' for pure downright fiendishness of disposition, an Apache has the cards stacked on any kind of picture demon I ever saw!"

"I don't suppose you've engaged any of them as hired help on the ranch, then," remarked Virgil, "if you feel that way."

"Not likely to while my shootin' eye is straight," his host replied with emphasis. "I know there are some folk—mighty few old Arizonians among 'em, though—who have Apache workin' for 'em. They say—an' I reckon it's true enough—that they are clever and willin' to learn, an' that they can be taught the value of money. I'm not denyin' that if you take an Apache cl'ar away from the life he knows an' put him whar everything is strange, he will submit. For me, I'm well enough satisfied to have the Apache employed by the Government for the next couple of generations. Thar they can have a strong hand suddenly if they need it. But on my

ranch, no! I'd always have a feelin' that an Indian was waitin' his chance. In the old days, an Apache would wait for twenty years to get revenge on an enemy, and, to my way o' thinkin', the Apache will wait twenty generations to get revenge on the white man. It isn't so long, either, since the times of Cochise and Geronimo!"

"Did you have anything to do with them?"

"Enough to suit me! It was Geronimo's trickiness that hurt General Crook, an' he was my friend. Crook spent many a night as my guest in the old ranch and a greater Indian fighter and Indian peacemaker this country never saw. It was owin' to Geronimo entirely that General Miles took up the campaign agin' the Apache, for Crook had believed to the last in the faith of the Indian. He said to me, once, that though he had treated with thirty different tribes and always found them honorable, he had come to think the Chiricahua were the fiends incarnate the Spaniards called them a couple of centuries before."

"I never thought of that!" ejaculated Virgil. "I wonder if the reports of the Spaniards started the general idea that all Indians were like the Apache? Their descriptions were the first ones, and things like that stick."

"Like enough," agreed the ranchman, "an' to be fair I'll allow the Indians had some reason. There was that bunch of Mescalero the miners decoyed into a buildin' on pretence of a council an' then set fire to—that was a dirty piece of work. Old Red Sleeves, who started the Mimbreño Apache on the war-path was goaded with a red-hot bayonet an' then shot for trying to escape; an' Cochise, who was a better sort than most o' the Chiricahua chiefs, was riled by bein' captured by soldiers when under a flag of truce. An' I reckon that the Spaniards didn't leave any too sweet a memory of the white man behind them when they quit the country. But still, I'm not willin' to admit that this is cause enough for the onmitigated savagery of centuries."

"I wonder," said Virgil thoughtfully, "what made the Apache such a ferocious tribe? It can't be merely the climate, because the Pima Indians, who live in the very hottest part of the continent, down toward Southern California, are quite peaceful."

"The Pimas were always hot-weather Indians," the ranchman said. "I asked General Crook that question once, an' he said he thought it was because the Apache were once a tribe from the

frozen north, away up in the northwest of Canada, an' that the stock had degenerated, their nateral vigor havin' turned to plain savagery down here. Then they're a mixed-up race, too, with all sorts of breeds in them."

"They're a northern race, all right," Virgil agreed, "because a friend of mine, who's an ethnologist, told me that their language is like that spoken in British Columbia, and there's no other tribe within a thousand miles using the same tongue. But, somehow, that doesn't seem to explain it all."

"Your friends, the peaceful Pima," remarked the rancher, as he rose and motioned his guest in to supper, "declared that each Apache had a special devil all his own. They were afraid to touch 'em even after they were dead, no matter how much they wanted the necklaces an' weapons the Apache warrior had used."

After supper, the beauty of the summer evening tempted Virgil, in spite of his fatigue, to stroll out to the Rainbow Forest, a little less than four miles from the ranch. On stating his intention of walking, however, the ranchman suggested that the lad should take one of the ponies from the corral, and called one of the men to help him. For

this Virgil was grateful, for although he could ride well enough, he was not sufficiently expert in western ways to rope and saddle a restive cow-pony.

Thanks to this assistance, the sun was not yet set when Virgil reached Rainbow Forest and he was able to take several sunset pictures, showing the rare glow from the agate-studded ground and the metallic lustre of the reflection of the setting sun from the gleaming or dull surface of the petrified logs. As the sun sank below the horizon the darkness fell quickly, for in the clear air of the southwestern deserts twilight is short.

Still Virgil lingered. The moon, which had passed the full, set early and the boy experimented with the grotesque shadows that it cast, using some of his especially sensitive plates. He left the lens open until the moon had disappeared and the night was dark save for the brightness of the stars which gleamed clearly in the still air. Following the call of habit, Virgil took out his plate and slipped it into the case. He had just reached up to unscrew the camera from the tripod when he heard a faint rustling.

The boy's heart leapt and a quick choking sense of danger possessed him, while the deadly-cold

wind of fear wrapped him around. His first thought was of a huge rattlesnake, rustling its dry coils over a rock, but he remembered how seldom rattlers move abroad at night, and besides, the sound was too large for any snake known to North America. He had no revolver, nothing heavy that would serve as a club, and his pony was hobbled a hundred yards away. He listened intently, but there was no further movement, and as he strained his ears for the slightest sound, the boy felt in his pockets for his clasp knife. With the large blade of this open and held ready, Virgil felt a slight access of confidence, not so much because of the worth of the weapon as because of the feeling that he had a weapon, no matter how ineffective.

As his hand swung back to his side, his muscles tense and quivering, the knife clutched tightly in his grasp, his wrist struck against something hard in his coat pocket. Instantly he remembered his little tin box of flashlight powders, without which he seldom traveled. From the box he drew a flat package of the powder and the little fusee cigar lighter that he carried as a surer fire-maker than ordinary matches.

Again he heard the rustling. It was very faint,

this time, but it was nearer. Yes, it was nearer.

His ears, overstrained and tense, seemed to hear a muffled breathing.

The hand of panic began to creep slowly up his spine and Virgil felt that in another instant he must run, run anywhere, shrieking, but he fought the panic back, and summoning every fibre of his manliness, placed the powder on a slab of petrified wood near by and touched the fusee.

The whole scene flashed into a light as bright as though under the fiercest sunlight.

There, not twenty feet away, crouched as though waiting for a spring, with a look of eager hate, was an Apache, painted as in a nightmare, war-striped on face and body, smeared on chest and shoulders with the ghastly pallor of white clay, over which fell his long and matted hair.

For the instant that the flashlight lasted, stunned by surprise, Virgil and the Apache stared at each other motionless. Just as the light was on the point of extinction, a puff of wind lifted the black cloth from the top of the camera and wafted it to the ground in front of the Indian.

The light went out.

There was one wild blood-curdling yell, and then silence.

For minutes that seemed like years the boy stood there, expecting that each moment would be his last, but he heard no sound. And as he stood, still seeing in his mind the glare of hate in the Apache's eyes, a thought, more terrifying than all, stole in and took possession of his brain. He understood. The Apache was mad.

Alone at night in the Petrified Forest with an Apache madman, and with no other weapon than a pocket-knife! Still, while there was no further sound, he was safe.

To stand unmoved was not more dangerous than to stir, so with the flesh creeping along his back, one hand still holding his small knife—so feeble a weapon against such a foe—Virgil took down the camera and slipped it into his case, slinging it over his shoulders, knapsack fashion, as before. Then, forcing his feet to walk, instead of breaking into a fear-stricken flight, he reached the pony, slipped off the hobbles and, as he mounted, laid a second flashlight powder on a ledge of rock. Swinging into the saddle he touched his fusee to the powder.

Once more the scene flashed into sight. All was as before—the gaunt rocks, the huddled trunks of the stone forest lying on every side, the

Courtesy of the Am. Museum of Nat. Hist.

THE WINGED MESSENGER OF DEATH.

White Mountain Apache releasing stone-tipped arrow from backed sinew bow.

sharp outlines of the stunted junipers, and on the ground, prone, with his face to the earth, the Apache, the black cloth which had caught on a jagged rock just above him seeming to hover over him like some strange bird from the Under World.

The boy's confidence returned, but he had not reckoned with the pony, which already scared out of its wits by the first flash, wheeled at the second and headed for the camp in a wild stampede.

At the sound of the pony's hoofs and the sudden realization of the existence of a flesh-and-blood enemy, invisible to him before because the glare of the flashlight prevented anything behind it being seen, the Indian madman leaped to his feet and with a motion so swift that the eye could scarcely follow it, drew an arrow from his quiver and set it to his bow. But, before he could pluck the string, the flashlight went out and the pall of darkness fell again upon the scene.

Virgil swerved his horse and heard an arrow whizz past him into the night. The boy did not need this to bid him urge the pony to its topmost speed, for the animal was racing wildly and Virgil had no control over him. Again an arrow sang past him, closer this time, and Virgil knew that the Apache, fleet-footed as any horse, was

fast upon his heels. The men at the ranch heard from far the sound of the pounding hoofs, sensed the danger and ran down the trail. As the maddened pony slightly slackened speed to plunge through the gate of the corral one of the men grabbed him, throwing the pony back on his haunches and Virgil dismounted, practically tumbling off.

"Mad Apache over there!" he gasped.

The men snapped their revolvers from their belts and ducked behind the pickets of the corral.

Presently one of them whispered.

"I see him," he said, and raised his revolver.

"Don't shoot," cried Virgil, realizing at the instant that he did not want to be the indirect means of injuring the Indian.

But he spoke too late. As the words left his lips, the trigger fell. The report was followed by a cry of pain.

"Did you kill him?" asked Virgil in awe.

"Nailed his hand, son," said the stable boss, "that's all. Only wanted to crease him, anyhow. Wish it was a bit lighter. I sort of hate to go up to him in the dark. 'Bout the only thing you can be sure of with an Apache is that he's dangerous until you know he's dead."

"Wait a bit, then," one of the other men suggested, "some one will come along with a light, hearing your gun."

The expectation was correct. At almost the same instant the door of the bunk house was thrown open, giving a beam of light straight down the trail and showing the Indian running away swiftly, one arm hanging by his side.

"Stop!" shouted the stable boss, punctuating his order with a bullet high over the Indian's head.

The order might have been misunderstood, but there was no mistaking the intention of the shot and the Indian stopped. The stable boss and his companion started forward and were joined by half a dozen men, including the rancher. With leveled revolvers they surrounded the intruder, and took away his arms, the Apache making no resistance.

"I reckon he won't shoot any more arrows for a while," grimly remarked the stable boss, glancing at the Indian's hand. "That was a pretty shot of mine, Monty, I don't believe there's a bone broke."

"Noth'n' but a few sinews," the other agreed. "I allers said you could see in the dark."

Then the rancher spoke suddenly.

"What's that on your back, son?" he said, turning to Virgil.

"That's my camera," the boy replied.

"Well, you want to be pretty durned grateful to your camera, if that's it, I'm thinking," said the cattleman.

"Why?" asked Virgil, puzzled.

The stable boss reached behind the boy's back and gave a sharp pull.

"This is why," he said, and held out a long feathered war-arrow.

CHAPTER XI

HOPI DANCING WITH LIVE SNAKES

The ranchman's wife took charge of Virgil as soon as the excitement from the capture of the Apache had subsided. The boy was highly wrought up, for after all, he was still quite a youngster, despite his height and sturdy figure. The following morning, though he had slept brokenly and was eager to be up and on the trail, the autocratic mistress of the household kept him in his room by the simple frontier device of walking off with his clothes. Not until noon did she come back again, and on her return, found the boy fast asleep. He lay in oblivion to the outside world until nearly evening, for the night had been a severe shock. But boyhood recovers rapidly, and after his long sleep and a good supper, Virgil felt quite himself again.

"What have you done with my friend the Apache?" he asked.

"Your friend the Apache," the ranchman replied, "has gone back to his reservation under

the care of Gabriel and two of the boys. The agent will know how to look after him."

"I should think the agent of a reservation would have his hands tolerably full if he had many like that to handle," commented Virgil.

"It's a job I'm not hankerin' after," the cattleman declared, "an' I'd never pick an Apache reservation for an easy an' quiet life. Even if everything was goin' on a greased trail, I'd be all the more on edge, because I'd be sure that there was trouble brewin' somewhere."

"Did you find out why he shot at me?"

"Not for any particular reason, I should fancy, jes' because he's one o' the old type," was the reply. "He'd evidently been drinkin' 'tiswin,' too, though where he got it is hard to say. It was in tryin' to put down the makin' and drinkin' of 'tiswin,' or corn-beer, that the trouble started with the Apache thirty years ago. It makes them regularly crazy, like that friend of yours last night."

"What was he doing up here, any way?" asked Virgil. "I didn't think Indians were allowed to leave their reservations."

"They are sometimes," the ranchman replied, "lots of 'em are working on ranches and farms, or with gangs of laborers. They have to ask leave,

but it is easy enough for 'em to get liberty unless they show signs of violence and then they are kept down with a tight curb-bit. After his little performance our crazy visitor, likely enough, will be closely watched.

"He told an interesting story, though, as much as I could make out of it. He is a medicine-man, and when he was a boy he dreamed of a rainbow-colored tree. They call him Rainbow Tree, by the way. But because a tree when it's alive dies every fall and grows again new every year—I'm tellin' you this the way he told me—he needs a new piece of rainbow tree every year and the agent lets him come up to get a piece. He was angry because he thought that your being in the forest that night would spoil his medicine."

"He looked like a raving madman," Virgil said, shivering a little at the remembrance. "I didn't believe, before, that you could see the fires of the pit in a man's eyes."

"At first," the ranchman said, smiling, "you scared him a lot worse than he did you. He said in the first lightning he saw nothing but the light, so you must have stood behind it an' the glare half blinded him. Then he told some fairy tale I couldn't make head or tail out of, about a black

shape dropping out of the lightning an' holding out a threatening hand to strike him."

"Oh, I know what that was," explained Virgil, "that was the black cloth. A puff of wind blew it over near him, just as the light went out."

"Rainbow Tree thought he was a goner, sure, that time," the cattleman affirmed; "but he said that in the second lightning he heard the horse's hoofs and saw you. He would have thought you a spirit then, too, only he knew that the hoofs of spirit horses made no sound. That was why he didn't shoot at you before. He said there was no manner of use in shootin' arrows at the lightning. But if you hadn't had that thing on your back he would have nailed you sure, for the arrow stuck in your camera case right in the middle and almost at the top of it. Luckily for you it was a 'medicine' arrow with a broken stone tip. If it had been a steel point it would have gone through the leather, struck the spine and paralyzed you on the spot."

"I'm mighty grateful that the Apache was pious enough only to carry ancient arrows," Virgil said, "but I'm glad, too, to know that Gabriel didn't hurt him badly."

"Gabriel's so set up about that shot," the

ranchman said, "that there won't be any living with him for a while. Not but that it's good shooting, though," he added appreciatively, "to crease an Apache's fingers with no other light than the stars, at a distance of forty paces.

"It's lucky, too," he went on, "that you had one of our ponies last night instead of your own horse, or I doubt if you would be here to-day. Rainbow Tree must have followed you at nearly as fast a pace as your full gallop, and if you had been on an animal that didn't know the ground and hadn't headed straight for home, he would have run the horse down and got you sure."

"I'm only sorry," said Virgil, "that I didn't have a plate in the camera when I put on the flashlight. It would have made a great picture."

"Try it again," suggested the other, "an' get your camera ready ahead of time."

"No, thanks!" Virgil answered. "I like Indians, but I've had about enough of Apache to satisfy me for a while. Maybe I'll come back and do them justice some other time. But right now I'm glad that my next tribe is a bit easier to deal with."

"You're goin' to Walpi, I think you said? Where's that? Up on the Moki reservation?"

"Moki, or Hopi, yes," the boy answered, using the now accepted term. "I may have to go on to Oraibi, because I don't remember which pueblo had the Snake Dance last year, and those two places hold it alternately. But I shall meet Mr. O'Gehd, the ethnologist, up there, and while you've all been just as kind as you could be, I must start off to-morrow morning."

Having but thirty miles to cover, Virgil did not make an early start next day, but rode quietly over the Woodruff road until it forked towards Holbrook, taking the entire distance at one stretch. As before, he unpacked his trunks at the station, reloaded his capacious saddle with every possible device—for he would not see the boxes again until after his trip was over, and sent the trunks back to Wingate, expecting to return by the Fort Defiance road. He had already sent some plates ahead to Walpi, Mr. O'Gehd having supervised their transportation, and he expected to be able to send back finished plates from there, a wagon making a trip every other week. He went to bed with the sun, for a long ride was scheduled next day.

Before six o'clock, soon after the sun showed itself over the dry barrens of the east, Virgil

swung himself into the saddle. He had breakfasted an hour earlier and, even before he was served, had seen to it that his horse was fed, so that both were quite fit and ready for the trip. He put forty miles of road under his horse's feet before lunch, only once halting to give his mount a hatful of water and to take a drink himself. He stopped for lunch at the springs near Twin Buttes, though the water was none too good. The sun was hot, and after finding a small gully, the angle of which was such that the sun would not shine into it a little later, the boy went to sleep. His siesta lasted two hours, so that Virgil woke up quite refreshed and saddled his horse again.

A more desolate country, he thought, he had never seen. The deserts around Zuñi and the Petrified Forest were dreary enough, but there was at least a play of color in the various rock formations. The road to Keam's Canyon, however, was over the great plateau, the western edge of which breaks into the flat-topped mesas on which so many of the Hopi pueblos have been built. A few stunted piñons and sparse cedar, with occasional stretches of sagebrush that looked thirstier than the dust itself, gave little relief to the landscape under the scorching sun, and Virgil

was heartily glad when Antelope Mesa became visible. On surmounting the mesa he was too tired to turn off to the left for a brief visit to the ruins of Awatobi, once one of the centres of the Spanish pueblo mission work, although the story of the destruction of Awatobi by the people of the neighboring pueblos, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, because some of the Indians were baptized by the invading "black-robes," had been told him by the ethnologist.

Virgil spurred on toward the Government school, two miles away, on the farther side of the mesa, right in the Canyon itself, and felt, on his approach, that some Aladdin must have been there to rub the magic lamp, for no fewer than three good wells, equipped with pumps, poured water lavishly from underground sources. Not a drop was wasted, but the mere sight of a sufficiency of water, after that desert ride, was like a glimpse of fairyland.

Not less a miracle, it seemed, was the work of the Hopi school. Though Virgil stayed only one night at the building, he learned enough to straighten his mind back into its normal pose about Indians, for the Apache had given him a hard jolt. But a school of 200 pupils, the boys

Courtesy of the Office of Indian Affairs.

THE OLDEST FARMERS OF AMERICA.

Types of Pueblo Indians who practised irrigation and dry-farming before the landing of Columbus.

learning the principles of manual trades, of improvements in agriculture and the proper care of horses, and the girls becoming capable cooks and laundresses, and learning simple rules for caring for the sick, was well worth while. The teachers were as enthusiastic over their pupils as the boys and girls were about their teachers, and a high degree of frugal prosperity was evident.

"This is the real work," one of the teachers said to Virgil. "The Indian Office has been given some problems which have no solution, like the Walapai reservation near Truxton (Ariz.). I was there for a couple of years and I tell you I was sorry for the chap who was supposed to teach the Walapai to farm. The reservation consists of about three-quarters of a million acres of the wildest and roughest country that lies out-of-doors, and an Indian could not live on it, if he wanted to. There are not five acres of irrigable land in the whole area, and not one boy who was being taught farming would ever do thirty minutes' farm work after he left.

"But this is different, the Hopi have a chance, and I tell you, Keen, I believe there's no race in the world that will do better than the Indian if given a chance, and I think the Indian Office is

going just the right way about it. I have been in the service long enough to know that you can't always tell when you're out in the field work what peculiar mix-up may not be in the way. There are a good many snarled threads yet, but the tangles are coming out, and it does one's heart good to see the help and happiness that the Government has brought by its school and agency work, like this."

Virgil felt that enthusiasm was needed to keep up interest in so arid a spot as Keam's Canyon, for profoundly susceptible as he was to climate and to scenery, he felt that life here must be full of difficulties. He contrasted the stony mesas with the rich-grassed prairies and the clumps of trees beside the streams, in the country where the Last Indian Council had been held. In spite of the teacher's praises, and of the happy children he had seen at the Hopi school, Virgil could not picture the tribe as other than a marooned people, perched upon toilsome eyries in a silent and a lonely land, with Ute, Navaho and Apache enemies waiting to sweep down upon them from every side, and above, a pitiless sky, from which the rain too seldom fell.

Not until the well-made wagon road from

Keam's Canyon began to ascend the First Mesa, did Virgil perceive that the mass of rock before him was a town; indeed, he was almost upon it before he was able to distinguish its grey walls from the bare grey rock on which it was built. Nothing but the scarlet bunches of red peppers drying on the roofs and hanging on the walls, reminding him of Zuñi, served in many places to distinguish the artificial and the natural wall. From the cornfields in the To Tsegi Canyon he could see upon the East Mesa the three pueblos of Hano, Sichomovi and Walpi, the last of the three at the extreme south of the promontory, a flat, queer-angled castle, overlooking a naked land, with here and there a patch of corn wrung from the arid and unyielding soil.

Hano, the first inhabited pueblo to which Virgil came, was somewhat of a disappointment after Zuñi. Only at one point was a part of the structure three stories in height, and most of it was but two. But Virgil remembered that the people were not Hopi at all, but Tewa, an Indian tribe of the Tanoan family. Knowing that Mr. O'Gehd would be expecting him, Virgil stayed but a few minutes in Hano and rode on. Sichomovi, occupied by a mixed people and containing only about

a hundred inhabitants, held but little interest for the boy, and he pressed forward without delay along the high mesa which towered over the surrounding country, on to Walpi.

The sight of this great pueblo of an ancient time, where once more than a thousand people dwelt, made full compensation to Virgil for the long and tedious ride. Standing aloof and watchful like some great sentry at the edge of an unformed world, Walpi shimmered in the sun. Below, far below, the little fields might be seen, reached by the illimitable trail cut in the solid rock, up which came all the water, all the food, carried by the women, the burden-bearers of the village. The interminable trail seemed to the boy a fearful price to pay for safety, but he remembered the Apache of three nights before, and understood.

A lad came forward, and, without a word, stopped Virgil's horse. The boy dismounted hurriedly, fearing lest he should be violating some law of the great Snake Dance. He had been told at the Keam's Canyon School that although the Snake Dance proper was finished in one day, the ceremonies continued for nine days before and preparatory ceremonies for twenty days earlier.

Not knowing where the horse would be taken, because the pueblo looked as though it were built on the very edge of impassable cliffs, Virgil slipped the saddle from the animal and laid it on the ground in the shade of the wall of one of the out houses. He knew that no Hopi, not even a child, would disturb it. Without a guide and scarcely knowing where he went, the boy walked forward when his attention was arrested by a deep rich song, coming from a near-by chamber. Though tempted to go in and see the cause, Virgil feared to intrude, thinking this might be one of the kivas or sacred chambers. As after events proved, he was right, for the chant that he had heard was the closing strain of the last of the sixteen songs of the Antelope priests.

Presently the song ceased, and as the echoes of the voices died away, there stepped forth from the kiva a young fellow, who bore the sacred paho or praying sticks in his hand. Without waiting for a second, or even looking at Virgil, the messenger ran at a swift gait northwards over the mesa and down the narrow footpath to the northwest.

"Well, Keen," said a familiar voice over his shoulder, "so you got here after all!"

The boy, who had been watching the departing runner, turned gladly to meet his ethnologist friend.

"I expected to be here yesterday, Mr. O'Gehd," he said, shaking hands, "but I lost a day at the Podillas Ranch," and he related his adventure with the crazed Apache medicine-man.

"I'm afraid we can't give you any such thrilling experiences here," the ethnologist replied, "but there will be plenty to keep your every nerve alert. Just watch that runner, now, and tell me what you see."

Virgil looked out across the plain from the mesa, catching sight in the distance of the figure of the runner, appearing very small in the valley below. Watching him closely the boy saw him run to a rock, about half a mile from the foot of the mesa. There he stooped, seemed to sprinkle something and laid down on the ground one of the sticks he had brought out of the kiva.

"What is he doing, sir?" asked the boy.

The ethnologist did not answer at once. Virgil, still keeping his eyes fixed on the courier, saw him drop on his knees, and raising his hands to the sky, remain there for a few minutes in prayer. When, after about two minutes of this devotion,

he rose to his feet and recommenced his swift run, the ethnologist spoke,

"In a hollow of that stone at which you saw him stop," he said, "there is a small shrine. You saw him sprinkle upon that shrine a few pinches of the sacred cornmeal, the cornmeal that is so hard to get in this dry land, the cornmeal that so often is their scanty all. And those sticks you see him carrying are prayer sticks, 'paho' they call them. Most of them have been specially prepared by the Antelope and the Snake priests, with prayers that they may bring rain, but other prayer sticks have been sent to these shrines by various men and women of the pueblo, who have some favor to ask of the Great Mystery to whom the Rain is only a servant."

He stopped as the messenger below, circling the southern end of the mesa once more, halted before a shrine, made his offering of cornmeal and sacred sticks, deposited the worship of the people, and knelt in the burning sun, a messenger of prayer.

"This is his seventh day," the ethnologist continued, as soon as the courier had started again on another part of his mission. "The first day he makes a circuit of twenty-five miles, encircling

all the fields of the outlying farming villages. Each day he makes the circle a little closer, to persuade the rain-clouds to draw nearer and nearer in, until at last the life-giving showers descend upon Walpi itself. He goes, as one of the priests expressed it to me, 'so that the rain-clouds which live so very far away may hear the prayers of the people and come nearer. As every shrine is near some Indian's plot of peach trees or his patch of field, no Hopi is so poor as to be forgotten of the gods.' "

"It's rather fine, I think," said Virgil, "the runner with its circle closing in to draw the rain. Somehow, too, seeing him so small in all that waste, fits in with the sunshine and the loneliness."

The ethnologist gave a shiver.

"Loneliness is the word," he said, "I don't quite know why it is, but among the Hopi, at Oraibi especially, I always have more feeling of being cut off from the world than anywhere else. I've been down in the Snake kiva," he continued, "most of the last four days, watching the ceremonies when the Snake priests come in from their four days' hunt to the north, west, south and east respectively. Every day I have seen them

come in and toss their snakes into the mass of squirming reptiles, watched unceasingly by the Snake priests underground. A rattlesnake may be a Hopi's elder brother, as he claims, but I'm not over-anxious to insist on so close a relationship.

"But," he added, changing the subject, "I suppose you are ready for something to eat. I've persuaded the old fellow who is looking after me here that I am 'American' enough to want three meals a day instead of two, and as that is not always easy to get in Walpi you'd better join me. I've had a room kept for you, any way."

Virgil accepted the offer with gratitude and was especially delighted to find that he was able also to secure a small chamber suitable for a dark room, for he knew the importance of making sure of every detail. The ethnologist had warned him that the actual dance on the ninth day did not occur until towards sunset, and that the most spectacular part came at the end when the light was very dim, so that he had to make special arrangements to meet the conditions.

"I suppose, sir," Virgil said to him the next day, when they were standing together chatting about the Antelope Dance to take place that even-

ing, "that this whole festival is connected with some Hopi legend."

"Of course. It is a myth, dramatized,—much more broken up than Zuñi mythology. In Walpi, particularly, the Snake Dance has attracted tourists for so many years that I fancy the priests are losing a little of the deep and fanatic religious regard that you will find in other pueblos. Then, too, a good deal of the story is symbolized by ceremonials down in the kivas which few ever see except the priests."

"What is the story, sir?"

"There are several versions of it," the ethnologist replied. "I'll just give you an idea of the way it goes, you have seen enough of the Zuñi myths to know how every incident in the main story gives an opportunity for endless digressions?"

"Yes, Mr. O'Gehd," the boy replied.

"It is a fault of nearly all primitive stories, and the Hopi legends are no exception. This very one is not the central myth, but still it is like a large stem and many other ceremonies are connected with it.

"The story tells how a youthful hero of a very ancient time, who was called Tiyo, visited the

Underworld and had wonderful adventures, both physical and magical, with various kinds of mythic creatures. There is a cycle of these tales, some of which remind one of the encounters of knights of chivalry with dragons and other fabled monsters.

"Among the various places in the Underworld to which an unknown power led his steps was a wonderful Snake chamber, where two beautiful maidens were making their home with the Serpent gods. In those days the Snakes—like the snake in the Bible—had the power of speech, and the Hopi always represent the Snakes as being wisest of all creatures and keepers of the sacred mysteries. Tiyo—there is another cycle of tales that comes in here—persuaded the Snakes to initiate him into the mysteries, especially those which could bring rain. These divine Snakes taught Tiyo the prayers to be said and showed him how the prayer sticks were to be made for rain. Besides this, they spoke of the wonder of the Corn as the great Food of the World, and told him that one of the two maidens he had seen was the Corn-Maiden, and that where she was, famine could never come.

"The hero, however, was wise enough to see

that if he brought the Corn-Maiden away, he had no pledge that she might not disappear, so brought the two maids to his home, keeping the elder, the Snake-Maiden, for his own wife, and giving the younger and more beautiful, the Corn-Maiden, to his younger brother, who became the ancestor of the Antelope clan. Tiyo got the worst of the bargain, for his Snake-Wife gave birth to reptiles and disappeared. Afterwards all his Snake-Children disappeared. But the rest of the tribe had learned the prayers for Corn and Rain and continued them, remembering always that it was through the Snake-Gods that they had been first instructed.

"When the tribe became small the Horn or Antelope people, which had once lived with the Snake clan, separated and joined the pueblo where the Flute people lived. The Horn people has almost died out, though several of its clans are still represented, but the ceremonies of the Corn still remain with the Antelope priests. The rites of the Horn or Antelope people or phratry are sufficient in themselves, because, if you remember, the children of the Corn-Maiden did not disappear like the Snake-Children of the Snake-Wife, and so the

Antelope priests have their dance all to themselves on the eighth day.

"Now you will see the reason of a good deal of the Snake Dance. Because the Snake-Wife and the Snake-Children disappeared, the Snake priests cannot carry out their share of the ceremony without the presence of their 'elder brothers,' to whom they really feel themselves related, almost as much as we do to our cousins. Accordingly, for four days, before the dance, the Snake priests go out to the four points of the compass, one day to the north, the next to the west and so on, and catch all the snakes they can, bringing them back to the kiva. By doing this, they secure the presence of the descendants of the actual children of the Snake-Gods who first brought them rain in their hour of need and taught them how they might win the coming of the rain-clouds thereafter."

Understanding clearly the meaning of the dance, and how it commemorated the adventure of the Hopi demigod, Virgil found interest in a number of small ceremonies during that day which otherwise would have escaped him. When a shallow hole was dug in the dancing place and covered

with a resonant board, the boy was able to understand why this means of attracting the attention of the people of the Underworld was so necessary. And when, later, the procession of Antelope priests came out to begin the dance, much of the symbolism of their painted bodies and their ceremonial costume was clear to him. As the ethnologist had pointed out, by knowing what the symbols meant, he was able to photograph essential things, where otherwise, perhaps, it would have been some picturesque but otherwise unimportant incident which would have attracted him.

It was toward evening when the Antelope priests marched in procession from their kivas and circled the cleared dancing space four times. The light was good, the contrast of colors striking, and for a moment Virgil forgot the religious purpose of the dance in his eagerness to secure good color plates. He noted that each man, as he passed over the board that had been laid across the hole, stamped hard upon it, to awaken the attention of the dwellers in the Underworld to their dance and prayers. The symbolism of the Corn was presented, with little spectacular effect. Evidently, this was regarded as mainly prepara-

tory for the Snake Dance, since as yet the visitors had not gathered from the surrounding pueblos.

The first few faint streaks of dawn were scarcely in the sky when the ethnologist called Virgil the following morning.

"The world's awake," he said, quickly. "You'll have to do without breakfast. Jump into your clothes and get busy."

The boy leaped to his feet. Dressing did not take long, for undressing had been but perfunctory the night before, and he scrambled out with a camera slung over his shoulder.

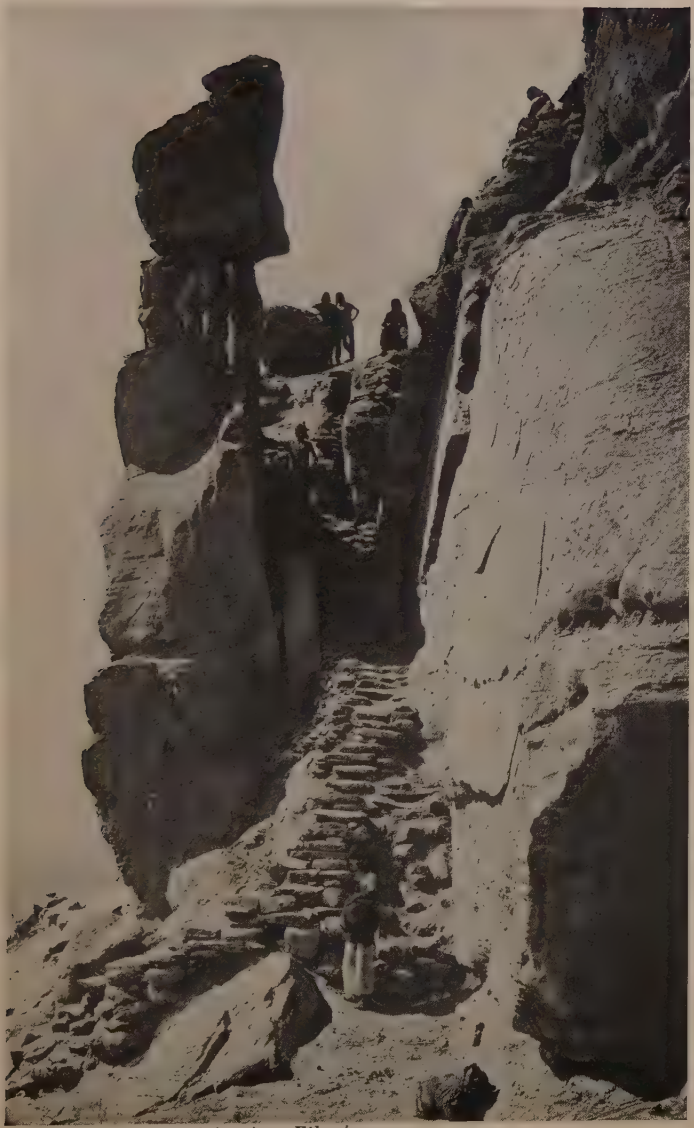
"Get half way down that trail," his chief said, "I'll show you where. The runners are coming in already. You haven't a second to waste," and started off himself at a fast clip, the boy at his heels.

Down the precipitous path, which was so steep that ordinarily Virgil would have gone slowly and carefully, the ethnologist sped like a chamois. Virgil, though wondering whether the heavy camera he was carrying would cause him to miss his footing and land him in a heap at the bottom, followed him, jump by jump. All along the trail, wherever a projecting bit of rock gave standing room, the children of the pueblos were gathered,

some having come from far away villages, the girls especially showing excitement in the expected arrival of the runners.

Half way down the trail the ethnologist stopped, a piece of level ground about the size of a table top giving room for the two. Virgil unslung his camera from his shoulder and set up his tripod, long practice having made him so adept that in less than sixty seconds from the time they stopped he was ready for an exposure. He was none too soon, for at that instant a long welcoming shout arose, heralding the coming of the runners, as the sun rose clear of the low rocky hills to the east, lighting as with burnished gold the pueblo Mashongnavi on the Second Mesa, although the trail, being on the northwest side, was still in shadow.

As the runners reached the steep rocky trail of irregular steps, they did not even slacken their pace, but came rushing up with a magnificent stride. As they passed along, the girls sprang before them from either side of the path and tried to wrest from the grasp of the runners the corn-stalks that each bore. Despite the shouts and apparently furious outcries, the runners seemed quite able to keep their holdings for those maidens



Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

FOOT TRAIL TO WALPI.

Long, steep, and dangerous climb to the Hopi Pueblo, up which all water and food for the town was at one time carried by the women.

whom they were willing to have despoil them of their treasures, and sped on, without a halt, to the summit of the cliff, the troop of children following after them with shouts and laughter.

It was with a great sense of contrast to this joyous scene of bringing the Sacred Corn in the first glow of the sunlight that Virgil received a message from the ethnologist to come and see him outside the Snake kiva.

"I've managed to secure permission to take you down there," he said, when the boy arrived, pointing to the underground chamber. "You are to be there long enough only to take one photograph. It will have to be a flashlight. Do it as quickly as you can, and with the least disturbance possible. There is no photograph in existence, and for all I know, it may be the only one ever taken. I shall not come back here for a number of years, and while the present head of the Snake priests is a friend of mine, he is very old and I might have no influence with his successor. I'm telling you this to show you that you cannot afford to take any chances."

"How about a place? Is there room enough?"

"There's only one place that you can stand," the ethnologist replied. "Focus at twelve feet.

Bring your camera down already set. Ignite the flashlight and get away. But, you understand, this is one of the main things I want. A slip-up would be fatal. Now you've got two hours to get ready. Do what you like. Test a plate from the box, if you're going to open a new one to make sure that the emulsion is all right. Inspect your camera for pinhole leaks. Do everything to make this safe. But be ready. When I send for you, there must be no delay."

"Very well, sir," Virgil answered, "short of accidents, I'll see that everything is as sure as I can make it."

Carefully, bit by bit, Virgil tested every single part of his apparatus, and, having a brilliant thought, measured the door of the kiva and found that two cameras could be taken down side by side. By working rapidly he succeeded in fixing them firmly together, one being for colored plates and one for the ordinary negative, and tied a string to each of the legs of the two tripods so that they should open the required distance and no more, eliminating all visual focussing. He was ready ten minutes before the time set, and until the ethnologist called him, the boy's nerves were on a hair-trigger.

At last his friend came to the top of the kiva steps.

"Now!" was all he said.

Virgil followed him down the ladder to the kiva. The cameras, as he had measured, just passed through. The place reeked with the peculiar odor of rattlesnakes. At the far side of the kiva Virgil could see in the dim light a floor which still bore marks of having been made in a design of sand, protected from the main floor by slabs of stone, sloping inward, and on the floor before the sand a large pottery bowl. The priests were singing a slow moaning song with a curious dropping minor strain. Every few minutes one of the snakes would be pulled out of the squirming tangle into which they writhed themselves, stroked with a bunch of feathers to make it uncoil, then picked up by one of the priests, who dipped the serpent's head into the bowl of "medicine" water, and then placed the creature back on the dry sand of the altar.

The boy wasted no time. The floor of the kiva was fairly level and his cameras were set. He was no sooner on the floor than he slipped into the corner which had been left clear for him, and almost before the half-dreaming priests could realize

that he was there, Virgil had set his fusee to the flashlight. For an instant the whole scene was illuminated, the bulbs of the cameras pressed, and within fifteen seconds the boy was on his way up the ladder. The ethnologist followed him with a smile.

"You're a westerner, sure enough," he said, "you did do that in a hurry. They certainly can't complain of having been much put out. But are you sure that everything is all right?"

"Quite sure, sir," the boy answered, "that is, unless something has happened that I don't know anything about, or unless the plate has a flaw. But I thought, Mr. O'Gehd, that I wouldn't risk waiting, and while you were in the kiva this morning I prepared the developer and everything just ready to put the plate in. If it isn't just right I can let you know in about two minutes. That is the black and white one. I'll keep the color plate, though, until I get home."

He slipped into the pueblo chamber which he had fixed up as a dark room, and, with a good deal of anxiety, carefully slid the plate into his developing tank. At first nothing appeared, but in a second or two the picture began to show and came out strong and clear.

"It's all right, sir," called out Virgil, as he dipped the plate in a bowl of water and then dropped it into the fixing solution, "I've got a bully negative."

This success gave the boy confidence for the task of securing the records of the Snake Dance in the evening, and his interest was heightened by the streams of people that came from every direction, principally Hopi, but also Tewans from Hano, Tiguans from Taos, which as lately as 1910 rose in rebellion; and Keresans from distant Acoma, the fortress of the clouds, lofty and inaccessible, the oldest inhabited settlement in the United States. Even their old time enemies the Utes and the Navaho were among the spectators, with a goodly sprinkling of scientists and travelers.

With his large camera set not far from the kisi, —the brushwood shelter erected in the center of the dancing space—Virgil waited with what patience he could command for the great final act of the ceremony. First a man came swiftly from the Snake kiva, carrying a bag filled with something heavy. He cast it down within the kisi and returned. Virgil wondered what the bag might hold, till, watching it closely he saw something

moving inside. Then he understood, the bag, lying six feet from where he stood, was full of squirming and angry snakes, many of them rattlers. It was not a comfortable feeling.

Next in procession from their kiva came the Antelope priests. In the lead were two little Hopi boys, each about seven years old, dressed in every detail like the rest of the priests, and who seemed to know the ceremonies equally well and went through them as solemnly. At the door of the Snake kiva they stopped, the asperger sprinkling the ground with some aromatic liquid and each of the Antelope priests throwing a pinch of cornmeal into the Snake kiva. Last of all came an old man, constantly rotating the "bull-roarer" or whizzing stick, which made a roaring noise intended to symbolize the thunder and wind of a severe tempest.

After they had passed, the Snake priests came up from below, the upper half of their faces painted black, the lower part daubed with white clay. Their barbaric costume consisted of a short girdle about the loins, on which was painted a figure of the great Plumed Serpent, while from a belt at the back of each, streamed, like a tail, the pelt of a grey fox. A turtle shell rattle was

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

DANCE ROCK AND KIVA, WALPI.

Edge of the Pueblo near which the Snake Dance is celebrated.

fastened to the left leg. They wore feathers in their hair and every third priest carried a "tickling whip" or fan of feathers. The first part of the dance was not unlike that of the Antelope priests the day before, save that both parties had a share in it.

Then, quite suddenly, there came a change in the low humming song that the Antelope priests had kept up continuously since they left their kiva. The chant altered to a jerky rhythm with a curious rasping sound that set Virgil's blood running wildly, and the Snake priests shook their tickling whips, stamping with the right foot to a throbbing measure that seemed to set the solid rock of the mesa in a quiver. The beat of the measure grew quicker and quicker, until the rising and the falling notes seemed snarling, savage and terrifying, then changed again, with absolute suddenness, to a quiet strong march melody full of sharply marked drops of tone and cadence.

The chief of the Snake priests led the dance, followed by one companion who kept one hand on his left shoulder and with the other carried a feather whip. The second companion, who also carried a feather whip, followed immediately after. The three came forward with a rhyth-

mic stamping step and danced toward the kisi.

The head Snake priest stooped towards the bag. When he straightened himself again, a rattlesnake, four feet long was hanging from his mouth. He had grasped it with his teeth.

In turn the other Snake priests followed, the leader of each of the eleven groups of three stopping at the kisi and each afterward holding one, two or even three snakes in his mouth. There were a few bull snakes and whip snakes—which are not venomous—but most of them were rattlers. Several times the priests were struck, Virgil snapping one picture just at the very instant that a rattlesnake darted its poison fangs into a young dancer's cheek. As the ethnologist had told him that the Snake priests never died from snake bite, though often were made dangerously ill, the boy was not alarmed, although the sight of the striking reptile gave him a queer sensation.

As each priest returned near the kisi in the circular-moving dance, he would throw down the snakes he had carried on the former circuit and pick up others. It was the work of the third man of each group to gather these cast off snakes, picking them up as they squirmed and wriggled away.

If they coiled to strike, a few strokings with the feather whip made them uncoil, when they would be picked up with apparent fearlessness.

Steadily the excitement grew. The four priests stationed at the four corners of the square found difficulty in keeping the rattlesnakes out of the crowd, for a certain number of them would escape the gatherers, who had to remain more or less in line. The Hopi women and children seemed as much afraid of the snakes as any of the visitors, having none of the apparent indifference that the men showed who were handling them. As for Virgil, standing with his camera near the kisi, which was the very center of operations, he felt as though every hair were standing on end. Grateful indeed was he for the ethnologist's advice to put a pair of leather "chaps" over his thickest leggings, especially self-congratulatory when a rattlesnake nearly six feet long slithered over his foot trying to escape from a pursuing dancer. The patter of rattles filled the air, the droning hum mounted higher and in the shadows of the growing dusk the reptiles seemed larger and more menacing.

Then, at some signal so swiftly given that Virgil did not catch it, the Snake priests and Antelope

priests formed a circle, the gatherers holding great bundles of snakes in their hands, the following priests having collected all the snakes that had been carried before and the carriers still holding at least two snakes each between their teeth. The head Antelope priest poured a circle of meal on the ground, dividing the wheel into six segments for the four cardinal points and the upper and the lower worlds.

The instant the last particle of meal had fallen, every priest threw his snakes into the circle, which became a tangled, writhing heap. Simultaneously a group of women rushed forward and emptied handfuls of meal over the hideously contorting mass. Then with a deftness so marvelous that not a single reptile wriggled out of that small circle of cornmeal, the thirty-three Snake priests precipitated themselves upon the writhing heap and clutched each a handful of snakes, most of them carrying from five to ten of them. Before the first priest, running at top speed, had reached the edge of the mesa twenty yards away, every snake had been picked up and was in the hands of a runner, men and serpents looming large against the fading fire of the sunset sky.

To the edge of the mesa they came and plunged

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THE SNAKE DANCE AT WALPI.

Antelope and snake priests near the Dance Rock during the first procession when the snakes are taken from the brushwood shelter.

down the steep trail at breakneck speed, carrying the snakes with them as they sped. Far out upon the plain in every direction they ran with undiminished speed, and as the last golden-green reflection of the vanished day fell upon the scene, each priest released the snakes he bore with a prayer that their Elder Brothers should carry to the serpent keepers of the great mysteries of the Underworld the prayers and petitions of the Hopi for another year.

The ethnologist crossed the dancing space.

"Well?" he said inquiringly.

"It is very beautiful and rather terrible, Mr. O'Gehd," answered Virgil, his nerves a little shaken, for he had been close to the writhing snakes for over an hour.

His friend held up his hand for silence.

"What do you hear?" he asked.

"I hear some children laughing," Virgil answered, "nothing else!"

"Within an hour," his friend replied, "Walpi will be all song and laughter and joy. Where the grim wonder of the writhing snakes was seen, the little girls will play. The fast is over and the feast is come. No Hopi ever fears that his prayers will not be answered."

CHAPTER XII

THE NAVAHO DEFYING THE FLAMES

Virgil stayed with the ethnologist in Walpi a few days, learning to grow quite fond of the kind pueblo dwellers, the picturesque figures of the girls with their hair done up on each side of the head in huge wheels like a squash-blossom, appearing in several of his plates. Also, at the request of the ethnologist he took a number of pictures of women weaving the characteristic dark-blue Hopi banket and making the sacred-meal basketry plaques. The boy enjoyed the family life, the pueblo tribes being a section of the great Indian race where marriage is not largely a matter of barter. As in many other tribes, Virgil found that more than one wife in a household was unknown, and like their name, Hopi (which means peaceful-all-people), he saw them to be courteous, hospitable and full of fun.

Accordingly, it was with a very real sense of leaving good friends that Virgil rode away with

the ethnologist on the trail to the Canyon de Chelly, where is one of the greatest groups of cliff-dwellings in North America. Near by was to be held the special ceremony of the Mountain Chant for which Mr. O'Gehd was riding to the Navaho Reservation.

"It seems queer to me," said Virgil thoughtfully, after they had been riding a couple of hours, "that the Navaho should live in such a desolate kind of country."

"Why, Keen?" asked his friend.

"I've always thought of them as warriors and hunters," the boy answered, "and I'm sure I've heard the people of the pueblos talk of them that way. They ought to have been able to pick and choose their land. Yet you told me that they were more or less wanderers."

"They are in a way, but still they have fairly well settled places of living. Take that house, for instance, that you're looking at now."

Virgil stared in front of him, then all round, but could see nothing resembling a dwelling.

"Is it on that far mesa?" he questioned, thinking that perhaps the Navaho might have partly adopted the pueblo habit.

"No," was the smiling reply, "I told you that

you were looking right at it. We have passed at least a hundred ruined houses this morning!"

"Mr. O'Gehd!" protested the boy, "I haven't seen one."

"That doesn't prove that there weren't any, does it? As a matter of fact there's one not sixty yards from you."

Virgil reined in his pony.

"That little mound, you mean?" he asked in surprise, following with his gaze the direction pointed out.

"That's it!"

The boy turned off the trail and galloped to the heap of earth.

"There doesn't seem to be anything here except a little pile of earth, a few stones and some burnt sticks," he called back.

"That's right," his friend assured him, "a Navaho never lives in a house in which any one had died, so when a death occurs, the rafters are pulled down and piled over the remains and the place is set on fire. From the minute that a torch is put to the place, the spot becomes the abode of the 'tci-ndi' or the shade of the departed. Sometimes the wood is not entirely consumed, but a Navaho would die of cold before he would put a

piece of that charred wood on a fire to warm himself or perish of starvation before he would eat a morsel of food cooked on a fire of haunted embers."

"If every time some one dies, the house has to be pulled down," Virgil observed, "it's no wonder they build them so carelessly. And I should think that custom would do a lot to prevent the Navaho building more permanent houses."

"It does," his friend replied, "and so when a Navaho becomes ill in a log house they carry him outside. If he does not recover, the house is not affected. But the principal trouble about teaching the Navaho to live in permanent houses is that they feel themselves too conspicuous."

He reined up his horse.

"Listen a minute," he said, "do you hear anything?"

"I can hear a dog barking," Virgil replied, "but I don't see any dog."

"You haven't seen any Indians, either, since we crossed the reservation line, have you?"

The boy shook his head.

"Yet, at the present moment," the ethnologist continued, "there are probably a dozen Navaho looking at you from the doors of their houses,

and if you should fire your revolver, the report would probably be heard by half a hundred of them."

"Then where in the world are they hidden? Are they down by the streams?"

"There are no streams that run all the year round. But even if there were, the Navaho would not live near them. They build their hogans quite a distance from the springs, evidently a survival of ancient hunting days, when it was desirable not to frighten away the scanty game."

"Where are these invisible houses, then?"

"On the edges of piñon groves, in the shadows of overhanging mesas and other hidden places. In the early days the Navaho were raiders and plunderers, and it was difficult for their victims to secure vengeance on a people who live in such a scattered fashion. You'll find, though, Keen, if you look around a bit, that you can tell a very great deal about a tribe and its customs by the dwellings that they build."

"How, sir?" asked the boy.

"Well, just to give a few instances. You can tell from the long-house of the Iroquois tribes that they had advanced to a full community life with a central authority. The camp circle of the Plains

tribes shows a looser organization, with clan survivals, many little chiefs and a greater independence of the warriors. The pueblos show a people who lived in single room houses driven to the protection of lofty sites or huddled villages, but keeping the single room idea. The Indians of the far Northwest, where few people undertook to drive them from their harsh surroundings, built large individual houses with their totem poles. The Navaho, you see, being a raiding tribe, built so as to avoid notice by plundered enemies; the circular wigwam, with sides of bark mats and with the earth from the middle thrown around the base, is the semi-permanent dwelling of the Indians who practised agriculture in the fertile Ohio and Mississippi valleys; in the excessive heat of the far Southwest, the Cocopa erect their primitive wickiups of grass and brush without any regard for villages or order. The Florida Indians lived in small villages with a common platform built on piles above the swamps, while the Eskimo, in the Arctic Circle, forced to a pitiless struggle against the Frozen North, builds his igloo or snow house individually and knows little of village organization."

"One would hardly think," said Virgil, "that

a difference in the ways of building a hut could tell so big a story."

"It doesn't stop there," the ethnologist pointed out, "many of them tell the history as well as the government of a tribe. The Navaho hogan, for example, just such a one as you were looking at, tells an interesting history. The Navaho, you know, are Athapascans, like the Apache, coming from the far north. And the Navaho have a most elaborate ceremony for building of each of these tiny hogans, just as they would if they had been building a community house in the far north. And what is more, Keen," the other continued, "although the Navaho live in a country with very little timber, they go to the most extreme pains to get the largest available pieces, a vague hereditary remembrance of the days when their forebears lived in a heavily timbered region. Their 'house beautiful' or 'hogan nijoni' is a most important affair."

"Why do they call it a house beautiful, sir," asked the boy, "do they decorate it a lot like the Pacific coast Indians?"

"Not a morsel," was the reply, "they would think that a sacrilege because the first hogan, in which lived First-Man and First-Woman, was

Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.

A NAVAHO "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

Typical hogan, scarcely visible from a distance. Note the Indian wrapped in his blanket, fearing lest a photograph of his face should give the spirits power over him.

built by the gods of the rainbow and the sunbeam. There were four other hogans, at the four corners of that First World. One in the east was made of Clouds, and Thunder was the guardian of the door; in the south the hogan was constructed of blue fog, and there the Frog dwelt paramount; in the west was a hogan built of the mirage, and the Rain-Spirit danced before that door, and in the north was a hogan made of green duckweed, guarded by the Tortoise. The legends of the Navaho tell exactly how each of these was built, and the 'qacal-i' or medicine-man will not bless a house which is not rigidly built after this pattern."

"I must get photographs of some of those." Virgil declared.

"They're not especially picturesque," the ethnologist continued, "but there are a number of larger hogans, used for ceremonies, known as Yebitcai hogans. There is a special ceremony for these and they are built when a Navaho thinks his hogan is not just right, when it is infested with red ants or he has a constant toothache. Sometimes these are used again at ceremonies and the Mountain Chant will be held near one, most probably. And," he added, "judging from

the look of this arroyo, we ought to be getting near the Canyon de Chelly."

"You spoke of that as being a place where there were some old cliff dwellings, sir," said Virgil. "Are there any cliff-dwellers still?"

The ethnologist turned to him.

"Get the idea clean out of your head that there is any such thing as a separate race of cliff-dwellers," he said. "People talk about the mound-builders and the cliff-dwellers as though they had been races dropped from the sky just to put up a few queer mounds like the Cahokia or the Serpent Mounds, or caves like the Canyon de Chelly ruins and then were pulled up into the sky again, leaving no trace of their origin. The mound-builders and the cliff-dwellers were Indians. Not a single article has been found in a mound or a cliff dwelling showing a civilization other than the Indian; within comparatively recent times the Creeks and Cherokee were building mounds, and just over the border in Mexico the Tarahumare still live in their cliff dwellings and caves."

"You've a way of cutting the ground from under one's feet, Mr. O'Gehd," Virgil said with a wry smile. "I was just getting in the right state

to dream all sorts of wonderful things about the cliff-dwellers when you said we were going to a place where so many remains existed."

"It doesn't hurt your dreaming to start with a right instead of a wrong idea," the other answered, "and, if you have time after the Mountain Chant ceremony, I want you to do some work on those ruins, because a great many of them have not been thoroughly pictured, only sketches made."

"Why were the cliff dwellings built, Mr. O'Gehd?"

"Generally for protection. Some of them are storehouses, some seem to be little more than watch places near valuable fields, others are small farming villages, such as Nutria is to Zuñi; only a few show that they were permanently settled."

"How can you tell, sir?"

"By the kivas," was the reply. "If a ruin shows no remains of a circular kiva—which was always built differently from the rest of the building—it shows that no ceremonies could have been held there, and consequently, that it could not have been occupied all the year round."

"Yet they held a very large population, didn't they?"

"Very small," was the reply. "There's not a 'village' in this whole region that ever held more than a hundred people, and most of them averaged from twenty to forty. But there have been several periods of occupancy just the same. The Navaho still use many of them for storing corn. You'll see better when you go over them later. It seems to me that, just as soon as the Mountain Chant is over, you might ride down the Canyon and get a general idea of the place. I shall be busy for a couple of days after the ceremony and then I'll be ready to go over the ruins with you, bit by bit. If your friend, Lost Wolf, joins us here, you might ride through with him. You said he was coming, didn't you?"

"Yes, Mr. O'Gehd," Virgil answered. "I wrote to him that we were only a couple of days ride from his reservation and told him the dates we would be here. I don't know for sure, of course, but I think it's likely he will come down."

"Well," the ethnologist said, "I'd like to see him again. I think he'll do well, and he may have quite a following among the Arapaho. If it were the Navaho or the Apache, now?"

"I wouldn't so much mind the Navaho, sir," Virgil answered, the glint of a camp in the dis-

tance catching his eye, "because they have made a lot of advance, haven't they? Isn't the Navaho blanket supposed to be about the best ever?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but after all you must remember that the Navaho did not invent the loom. Most of the credit is due to pueblo tribes, for the Navaho blanket is not a true development of that warlike tribe. Before the Navaho wandered southwards, they knew nothing of weaving, but dressed themselves in rude mats of cedar bark. They raided the pueblos that had been partly civilized by the Spanish, took the women captive and incorporated them into the tribe. The Navaho, partly due to their northern extraction, were a more independent and an abler race than the Pueblo Indians, and the free, independent life gave an opportunity for individual artistic taste to develop. Because they wandered, too, and went up to the mountain snows with their herds, blankets were necessary. Pottery, being hard to move, was of less value, and developed more readily on the pueblo where the houses were permanent. See," he continued, as they rode on to the Navaho gathering place that the boy had noted a few minutes before, "those blankets make a brave display!"

"But didn't all Indians have blankets?" asked Virgil, looking at the riot of color before him. The dry grey valley, with the white sand and the red walls of the Canyon beyond, was simply ablaze with spots of vivid reds and yellow, wrought in patterns large enough to be distinguishable half a mile away. "It seems hard to think of an Indian without one."

"Blanket or robe," was the reply, "you will find everywhere. The Chilkat blanket of Alaska was a marvel of spinning and weaving, but no loom was used, and the materials were mountain goat's wool and shredded cedar bast. Wild hemp, rabbit fur, hair and plumes were made into blankets. But the reason, Keen, that you think of them so readily is that blankets became a staple of trade in the early fur trapping days and the Indians wore European made, or later, Canadian made 'Mackinaw' blankets. The real, native-made blanket, made of native product and dyed with native dyes is very hard to get now and quite valuable. The Government is trying to keep the real art, such as that of the Navaho from being ruined by imitation. Even here, among the Navaho themselves, you'll find lots of shoddy stuff, either sold to them direct or made from

cheap yarn, gaudily colored and passed off on them as being especially easy of sale when woven in the characteristic designs."

"I wonder which of these is the chief," said Virgil, as they rode towards the group.

"No chiefs here," the ethnologist said, laughingly, "this is a real Woman's Suffrage people."

"You don't mean that the chiefs are women!" Virgil exclaimed, scandalized at the very thought of such an overturning of boyish ideas.

"Not exactly," the other replied, smiling at the lad's protest, "but the important factor in Navaho life is the mother. She holds the purse strings, and since the council organization is loose and there is no council for the men, it is her hand that determines almost everything, now that plundering and hunting are no more. In the last few years there is a change, though, because it has been found that the Navaho are excellent workers and in building the great Zuñi dam, the Navaho distinguished themselves, some becoming expert mechanics. You may notice some of these men here who show a much greater readiness to follow the advance toward civilization than the Zuñi, for example, although the Zuñi type is better in its own way."

Of the first Navaho who came forward to greet them, Mr. O'Gehd asked if the "qacal-i" or chanter had arrived, and on learning that he was present, the ethnologist dismounted and bade Virgil make arrangements while he himself went to the large ceremonial hogan. The boy found a Navaho who spoke English and the Indian led him to a brushwood shelter, little larger than the others, which had been prepared for their coming. It was entirely open to the sky, but Virgil had become inured to sleeping in strange conditions and paid little heed to that. He unpacked his photographic kit, saw that everything was in proper trim and explained to his Navaho acquaintance that this was all "big medicine." Seeing that he was interested, he took out a few of his color transparencies and showed them, the Navaho passing them to several others who stood near, and returning them with the remark that they were "almost as good as the magic sand paintings."

In about half an hour the ethnologist reappeared, followed by a keen-faced old Navaho resembling the northern more than the pueblo type, whom he introduced to "Quick-Paint" Virgil, as Flight-of-Geese.

"Last time I heard the Mountain Chant, Keen," he said, "the qacal-i was of another clan. Flight-of-Geese is head of the Yellow Bodies clan and I am anxious to see where his version is different from the one I heard. They all vary slightly. So listen closely and try to remember it, and then I'll tell you mine afterwards and we can compare them."

The ethnologist turned to Flight-of-Geese, motioned him to the shelter, and after all were comfortably settled, signified to the medicine-man with a gesture that he could begin. Instantly, without the usual Indian pause and without any hesitation, Flight-of-Geese began his story in fair, if jerky, English.

"In the Carrizo Mountains, so many years ago that the grandfather of the oldest turtle could not remember, lived a Dine' (Navaho) family, mother, father, two boys and two girls. There was very little water near the place where the hogan was built. One day the oldest brother found a place where the ground was wet. He took a digging stick, one with a sharp point. The old ones (gods) smiled on him. The hole filled with water. It is now called Thobinakis, which in your tongue means One-Eyed Water.

"There was very little food. The young men hunted rabbits and prairie dogs, but there were not many to find. The maidens ran about the country searching for the seeds of grass. They were always hungry. In the winter they were cold. There were no blankets at the time this family lived upon the mountains. Presently all the rats (gophers) were eaten. Presently all the lizards were eaten. After that there was nothing to eat. So they had to go. They traveled a long time.

"They came to the big river (San Juan River) and found plenty food. Presently they found a small river which flowed into the big one. There were tracks of deer. Then the father built a hogan, a hogan beautiful he built it.

"The boys hunted four days but caught nothing. They were very hungry.

"The father taught the boys how to make a sweat house with four different kinds of wood. They made it. Into the sweat house they went. It was so hot that their eyes nearly burned up. Then they jumped into the river. Four times they did this. They fell into a dream and dreamed of killing deer. Next day they hunted deer. They caught nothing.

"'Go hunt a deer,' next day the father said. 'Go east, go west, go north,' the father said. 'Do not go south,' the father said. Each killed a deer.

"In four days they were hungry again. They killed no more deer.

"The father said, 'Go out to-morrow and kill a deer. Do not dress it. Leave the deer where it fell.'

"Next day they killed a deer. They went back to the hogan.

"They said, 'What shall we do with the deer?'

"The father said, 'Cut the skin around the neck, take the skin off the head with the horns and ears. Take off the hide, it is mine, put the pluck (heart and entrails) in the hide. One bring me the hide and the pluck, the other the skin of the head and the meat.'

"They did it.

"The father said, 'Hang the pluck on the mahogany tree.'

"He hung it there.

"The father took the bow and arrow and handed them to the elder brother. They both pulled the bow. The arrow pierced the pluck and grazed the mahogany tree.

"The father blew medicine on the pluck and

on the son. The father said, 'When you want to kill a deer shoot through a mahogany tree and where your arrow strikes there will be a dead deer.'

"The father said, 'Find your arrow.'

"The elder brother found it in a cliff rose.

"The father said, 'Shoot through the cliff rose and where your arrow strikes there will be a dead doe.'

"They made the skin of the head to look like a deer by putting in sticks. The skin of the doe they painted like an antelope. The younger brother learned to walk like a deer. They hunted together. The younger led the deer, the elder shot the arrows. They had plenty meat.

"One day the elder wanted to hunt alone. He shot no deer. Next day he hunted, but he got no deer. Near evening he remembered what his father had said. He shot his arrow through a cliff rose. He saw a doe falling shot on the other side.

"Every day his father said, 'Do not hunt to the south.'

"Next day the elder brother went to hunt.

"The father said, 'Do not hunt to the south.'

"The elder brother to himself thought, 'Why

does not my father want me to hunt to the south?'

"The elder brother left the hogan for the east. When he was a long way away from the hogan he turned towards the south. Far away there was a hill. He climbed the hill. On the top of the hill he looked back. He looked to the north. There was his old home. Very far away was the home. The lovely land! His heart wept to return.

"He did not look south. He stooped and was putting on the deer mask.

"He heard a noise.

"There were many warriors. They were Ute. He was a prisoner. They asked him why he had a mask.

"He would not answer.

"The Ute told him he would die at sunset unless he told. It was not medicine, therefore he might tell. He told the Ute all that his father had taught him. He taught them about the sweat-house and the four kinds of wood. The Ute did not kill him. He was a slave.

"One day an old woman came into the tent. She crawled round the fire on her hands and knees.

"She said, 'My grandchild, do something yourself.'

"She disappeared. She was not there. He went out of the tent and walked round it four times. She was not there.

"It was a Yay-bi-chy (guardian spirit).

"The Ute made a feast and council. The Dine' (Navaho) carried water.

"An owl-man sat in the water. He was smoking a pipe.

"He said, 'Do something yourself! Walk where you hear my voice!'

"It was not there. The Dine' walked round the spring four times. It was not there.

"It was a Yay-bi-chy.

"He went back to the lodge. He was tied fast. The council talked through much of the night.

"There was a cry, 'Hu! Hu! Hu!'

"Listen! The sound of footsteps!

"Behold! The white lightning!

"See! The white lightning over the heads of the Ute!

"They see nothing, only talk.

"The Yay-bi-chy came through the smoke hole. He stood on the white lightning.

"The Ute see nothing, only talk.

"The Yay-bi-chy said, 'Do something yourself! They say, You are to be whipped to death at sunrise.'

"The Dine' said, 'I am poor, see the way I am tied!'

"The Yay-bi-chy said, 'Do something yourself! When you leave the tent, take those bags covered with embroideries. When you leave the tent, take tobacco from the pouches near the fire.'

"The Yay-bi-chy was not there. Four times the Dine' looked up the smoke hole. It was not there.

"The qoc-thothi bird flew down the smoke hole. It flew over the heads of the Ute.

"The Ute nodded.

"It said, 'Do something yourself!'

"The qoc-thothi bird flew over the heads of the Ute two times.

"The chiefs went to their tents to sleep.

"The qoc-thothi bird flew over the head of the Ute three times.

"The people of the tents stretched themselves out to sleep.

"The qoc-thothi bird flew over the heads of the Ute four times.

"The guards to whom the Dine' was tied slept.

"The qoc-thothi bird flew up through the smoke hole. It was not there. Four times the Dine' looked. It was not there.

"He worked hard and untied the cords. He loosened the pegs of the tent. He took the bags with embroideries. He took the tobacco from the pipes and pouches by the fire. He left the tent.

"The owl hooted.

"He remembered the Owl-Man and walked fast that way. There was a deep canyon. He could not go down.

"The Yay-bi-chy came. It said, 'Get on the top of that spruce tree, and climb down.'

"The tree moved away.

"The Dine' said, 'See, grandfather, the tree moves away. I cannot reach it.'

"The Yay-bi-chy flung the white lightning round the top of the tree. It flung it like a lasso is flung around a horse.

"The tree came to the edge of the cliff. The Dine' climbed down.

"The Yay-bi-chy said, 'Take four sprays.'

"He took them.

"There was a great noise.

"The Ute were coming. They were coming fast.

"The Yay-bi-chy said, 'Hide in that cave!'

"The Ute were coming. They came fast.

"The ground was rocky. The Dine' had hurts on his feet.

"The Yay-bi-chy blew hard. There was a white rainbow from his feet to the cave. It was soft. The Dine' could not walk on it.

"The Yay-bi-chy laughed. The Ute were very near.

"The Yay-bi-chy blew another breath. The rainbow was as hard as ice. The Dine' ran along it to the cave. The Ute could not cross.

"The rainbow was not there. Four times he looked out of the cave. It was not there.

"At nightfall he came out of the cave. He walked fast all the night.

"At daylight he heard the Ute. He was afraid.

"Suddenly he saw a mountain sheep on a rock. The sheep was very black.

"The sheep said, 'My grandson, come on the other side of the rock.'

"There was a cleft. The cleft was very narrow. The sheep blew in the cleft and it was a path. The Dine' walked up the path.

"There was a hole. The hole was very small.

The sheep blew into the hole and it was a cave. The Dine' went in. The Ute could not find him.

"At nightfall he started again. At daylight he heard the Ute. He was afraid.

"There was a little old man sitting on the ground, cleaning cactus fruit. He had a sharp nose, bright eyes and a small moustache.

"It was the Bush-rat.

"He told the Bush-rat who he was.

"The Bush-rat said, 'I shall save you.'

"He took him to his hole. The Bush-rat blew a strong breath and the hole was a cave.

"The Bush-rat woman said, 'Will you eat?'

"The Dine' said, 'I am very hungry.'

"The Bush-rat woman brought him old shells and seeds.

"The wind-yay (wind-god) came into the cave.

"The wind-yay whispered, 'Do not eat!'

"The Bush-rat woman brought him chips and bones.

"The wind-yay whispered, 'Do not eat!'

"The Bush-rat woman said, 'What will you eat?'

"The wind-yay whispered in his ear.

"The Dine' said, 'The food in the white jar and the food in the black jar.'

"From the black vessel the Bush-rat woman took piñon nuts and yucca fruit. From the white vessel the Bush-rat woman took cherries and cactus fruit.

"The wind-yay whispered, 'Do not eat rat food in rat house or you will be a rat.'

"The Dine' held the food in a fold of his cloth.

"At nightfall he came out. All night he walked. At daybreak he heard the noise of the Ute and their horses.

"The Yay-bi-chy came and said, 'My grandchild, have you come only this far?'

"The Dine' said, 'My grandfather, see how swollen are my limbs. I am exhausted.'

"The Yay-bi-chy said, 'Climb that hill, but close your eyes as you make the last step.'

"With hurts on his feet, but running swiftly, the Dine' climbed the hill. As he took the last step he closed his eyes.

"He opened them again. The little hill was a high mountain. Miles away he saw the Ute at the bottom of the mountain. He rested there all day. The Ute climbed the mountain slowly.

"At nightfall he started again. He walked all night. At daylight he crossed the big river. The Ute came fast on their horses over the plain. The

Dine' could not run swiftly. His legs were stiff, swollen and black.

"He was not alone.

"The wind-yay, Nilt-ci, was beside him. Nilt-ci blew a strong breath and there was a whirlwind. It roared about them and then put its point in the ground. It dug in the ground a cave with four rooms.

"The Ute was almost upon them. There was no time to go into the cave.

"The Ute reached back for their arrows.

"The wind-yay said, 'Have you anything?'

"The Dine' said, 'Four twigs of spruce.'

"The wind-yay said, 'They will do.'

"The Ute put their arrows to the string. They were very near.

"The wind-yay made four balls of mud and through them he stuck the twigs of spruce.

"Listen! The wind roared.

"Hide! The hail! Large as the balls of mud, the hail fell on the Ute. Many were killed. Many turned back. The Dine' entered the whirlwind cave.

"The Yay-bi-chy led the way homewards. Far away was a fire on a mountain.

"The Yay-bi-chy spanned the valley with a flash

of lightning. The lightning was easy to the feet. The Dine' ran across it swiftly.

"At the foot of the mountain was a great hole. The Yay-bi-chy pointed in and led the way.

"The hole was warm. There was a bright fire. The fire was burning without wood. There were four pebbles on the ground, black to the east, blue to the south, yellow to the west and white to the north. The flames came from these pebbles.

"Around the fire, burning without wood, lay four bears, a black bear to the east, a blue bear to the south, a yellow bear to the west and a white bear to the north.

"The bears asked for tobacco. Four times they asked.

"The Dine' took the tobacco he had got from the tent of the Ute.

"He handed the pipe to the black bear. The bear took a whiff; the black bear fell and lay still. He handed the pipe to the blue bear; the bear took two whiffs, the blue bear fell and lay still. He handed the pipe to the yellow bear, the bear took three whiffs; the yellow bear fell and lay still. He gave the pipe to the white bear; the bear took four whiffs; the white bear fell and lay still.

"The Dine' took the ashes out of the pipe. He

rubbed the ashes on the four bears and they got up.

"The bears offered him bear food.

"The wind-yay whispered, 'Do not eat.'

"He did not eat.

"The bears showed him how to make kethawns (prayer sticks to the bear-gods).

"The bears drew a sheet of cloud from the corner of the cave. In the sheet of cloud were painted the yays of cultivated plants. This was how the Dine' learned the plants of the gods.

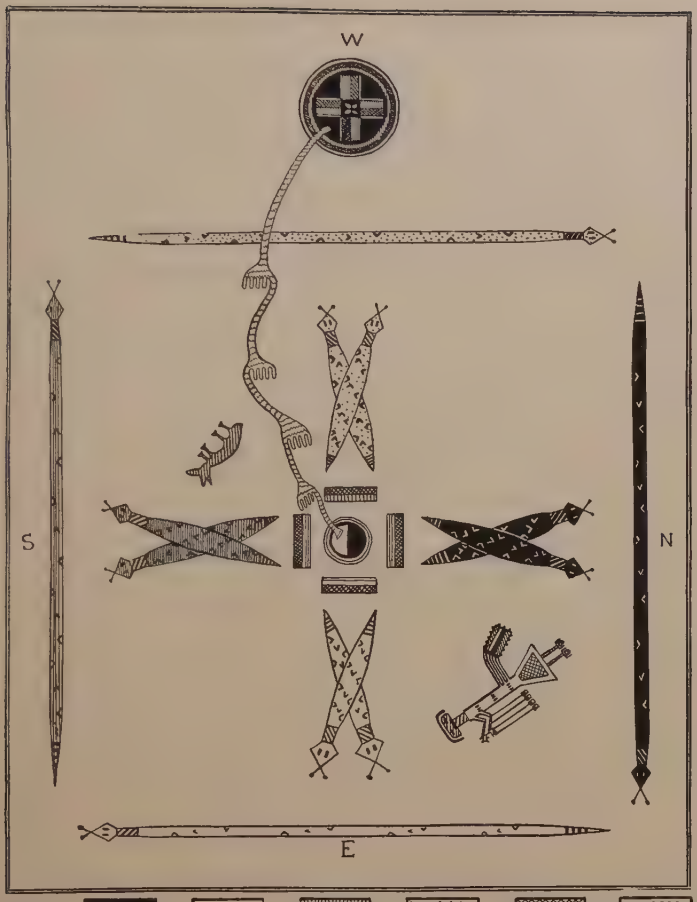
"The bears said, 'Many dwell at Tsenastoi (Red Stones) who shall help you.'

"The Dine' left the cave. He went down the valley.

"There was a tornado. The tornado said, 'Who are you?'

"The Dine' cried, 'I am Dsilyi' Neyani (Reared within the mountains)'. This was the first time the name of the Dine' was spoken. This was the name of the Elder Brother of the family that lived on the Carrizo Mountains so many years ago that the grandfather of the turtles could not remember.

"The wind-yay said, 'At Tsenastoi are evil ones.'



Courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology; redrawn by the author.

NAVAHO SAND-PAINTING OF ADVENTURE.

[Scale 1 inch to 1 yard.]

Design in colored sand at the Mountain Chant ceremony, representing visit of Dsilyi' Neyani, a Navaho demigod, to the home of the Snake Gods. The central circle is the House of Water; the four oblongs, red and blue, are rafts of sunbeam; on these the Snake Gods stand, white, blue, yellow and black; the four long snakes are the boundaries of the House of Snakes; in the west is the sacred mountain, crossed by rainbows; in the southwest, a grizzly bear, typifying the hero, whose tracks are wrought in cornmeal; in the northeast is the wind-yay, his deliverer.

"Dsilyi' Neyani came to the rocks. He did not fear the evil ones.

"Two great rattlesnakes guarded the door. They were large. They were as large as the great river. The wind-yay breathed and the serpents shook their rattles but did not bite.

"In the cave was a bald-headed old man, with a tuft of hair over each ear. He was Klict-so, the Great Serpent. The wind-yay told the tale and Klict-so showed Dsilyi' Neyani how to make the prayer sticks of the Great Serpent.

"They went into the house of the thunder. To the house of the lightning they went, where at each side of the room were lightning birds, black, blue, yellow and white, flashing colored lightning from their claws.

"They went to the Rainbow House of Kathlugi the Butterfly-Woman. The Butterfly-Woman taught Dsilyi' how to paint. She pulled his hair till it grew beautiful. She laid two streaks of lightning on the ground. Dsilyi' Neyani put one foot on each streak.

"The Butterfly-Woman said, 'The white lightning is yours now.'

"The lightning made a trail to the house of Est-saycigini (Holy Woman). In this house the

sun stood on the east wall and the moon on the west wall.

"They went to the house of the Holy Young Men, where was a sapling dance. They went to the house of the porcupines. They went to the house of the skunks.

"They went to the home of the snakes. Here learned Dsilyi' Neyani many mysteries. Here he learned the Dance of the Beauty of the Earth.

"Close by was the home of the Young Woman Goddess.

"By the broad cherry trees lived the four gods who are also named Dsilyi' Neyani.

"They said, 'Like us you have been made by the Butterfly-Woman.' The yays seated themselves at the fire. Each held an arrow. The shaft was made of the cliff rose. The head of the arrow was of stone. The fletching was of eagle feathers. The breath feather was of the Tsenahale (harpy). They cried, 'Ai! Ai! Ai! Ai!' At the fourth cry each swallowed his arrow.

"Such is the beginning of the dance of the Great Plumed Arrow.

"They came to the house of the Bitses-ninez (Long Bodies). They rose as the strangers entered. Their heads touched the skies.

"They cried, 'When you make us, make us as big as we are!'

"Last came the house of the Yay-bi-chy where Dsilyi' Neyani rested for four nights. The yays bade him farewell.

"They said, 'We expect you will return.' Therefore Dsilyi' Neyani dwells with them forever.

"To his home he went and for years taught his people the wishes of the Cigini (Holy Ones) and the ways of being grateful.

"There came a day.

"Dsilyi' Neyani, the Elder Brother, hunting one day with his younger brother said, 'Behold the Cigini!'

"The younger brother could not see them.

"Then Dsilyi' Neyani spoke. He said, 'Farewell, Younger Brother. From the old places the yays come for me. You will never see me. When the thunder peals you will say, "There is the voice of my Elder Brother." When the beautiful birds and the grasshoppers come, you will say, "There is the beauty of my Elder Brother." When the harvest comes, you will say, "There is the gift of my Elder Brother."'

"We have not forgotten. Not one year passes

but we sing the song of the gifts of Dsilyi' Neyani."

The cadence of the Navaho qacal-i or chanter had grown softer as the story closed and the dry wind rustled fitfully through the desert growth. There was a long silence and then the ethnologist gravely inclined his head. Soundlessly the old man rose and passed beyond the brushwood, and Virgil's companion fell into a reverie that the boy did not wish to disturb. He fell asleep, indeed, still watching the figure of his friend outlined against the brushwood of the rude summer shelter.

At five o'clock in the morning, the whistle of the quacal-i sounded, for the ceremony itself was about to begin. The first hour was spent in preparations, and then the sick man—for whom this healing ceremony was performed, was brought in, supported to the lodge by two companions as though at the point of death, although really his complaint was but some trouble with his eyes. The chanter threw upon the fire in the center of the lodge some aromatic herbs which sent up pungent, though fragrant fumes, and the sick man held his face over the fire and inhaled them.

"He'll choke to death in that smoke," whispered

Virgil, who was almost in that state himself, though he was near the door of the hogan. But the sick man endured it for the appointed time, during which the assistants prepared sacrificial sticks and plumed wands that copied step by step those taught to Dsilyi' Neyani by the various gods into whose homes he had entered. Other assistants were busy grinding the colors for the sand painting, the photography of which in color was to be the supreme test of Virgil's invention. The grinders made five colors; black, of charcoal; white of a white sandstone; red, of a red sandstone; yellow, of a yellow sandstone, and blue-grey from the black and white mixed in a certain proportion. In making the sand painting the sand is sprinkled through the thumb and forefinger, at about the speed that sand usually runs through an hour glass.

Each day, while special ceremonies went on, and the excitement grew more tense as the day appointed for the Great Fire Ordeal grew near, a special sand painting was made in the medicine hogan. The first picture showed Dsilyi' in the house of the snakes; the second, the secrets of the gods of cultivated plants that Dsilyi' had seen on a cloud in the cavern of the bears; the third was the

Visit of Dsilyi' to the home of the Long Bodies in the House of the Dew and the last one was a sand painting of the great Plumed Arrows of the Arrow-Swallowers. Within the medicine hogan the last day was given to the making of the arrows themselves, which were made of reed and of two pieces, one fitting into the other, so that the feathered end might be telescoped down while the stone head was held within the mouth, giving exactly the appearance of a sharp-pointed arrow being swallowed.

Meanwhile, all through the last two days, the men were busy searching far and near for dry wood, dragging the fuel from considerable distances, until by the afternoon of the day set for the dance, a huge pile of wood had been gathered, the stack of juniper and cedar being about twelve feet high and sixty paces in circumference. Moreover, large piles of fuel were piled near by for replenishing the flames. A corral of branches was made outside the corral and with its completion, a hush of expectancy fell over the camp which to that time had been full of bustle and cheerful commotion.

Just after sunset, the qacal-i posted himself some paces to the east of the wood pile and began

a chant. With the first notes and at the sound of the rattle, the young men rushed forward and completed the corral, filling the gaps that had been purposely left until that time. The guests moved into the corral, from a ring three deep about the circle. When they were still, rattles and drums were beaten loudly and a torch was set to the great wood pile. The flames shot up with incredible force and fury, making the corral like a furnace, almost unbearable even at the outer edge of the circle.

Instantly a dozen forms, lean, lithe and daubed with white clay so that they looked like living statues of marble, came leaping through the entrance of the corral, waving short wands tipped with large balls of eagle down. Twice they circled the fire and then began to thrust their wands toward it, each eager to be the first to burn them off. The heat of the fire was so intense that this seemed beyond human power. Some would lash wildly toward the fire, to retreat with their long hair singed and smoking, others like blinded lizards lay flat upon the ground and wriggled toward the flames only to be turned back, just out of reach of the actual flames, by the red maw of the torturing and blistering heat. Others tried

to catch the flying sparks upon their wands, but none was so crazed by the stress and frenzied endeavor as to leap into the flames, though, as the ethnologist whispered to Virgil, this had been known to happen. At last, after an hour's dancing and yelling, each man's ball of down was burned to a crisp, whereupon with a new dance measure they circled the fire once again, and whirling their wands in the air, seemed to make them blossom once more into a ball of down, a trick accomplished by the attachment of the down to a ring loose upon the stick, which, until the proper moment, was concealed in the hand that held the wand.

After a pause the two Plumed Arrow swallowers came into the ring. They performed an elaborate ceremonial dance, and then—in silence for the only moment of that yelling night—they seemed to swallow the magic Plumed Arrows. Although Virgil had seen the arrows made, the effect was so realistic that he could hardly believe that each man was not piercing himself through and through. Then, with the arrows seeming stuck down far into their throats, the two men danced a stiff constricted step as though in agony. Withdrawing the arrows once again,

they were applied to the body of the sick man as possessing healing powers.

For six long hours, various groups of Indians came and performed dances around the fire, until, shortly before dawn and when the fire was dim, a band of dancers, not less than twenty in number, raced wildly into the ring, bearing huge flaming torches in both hands, with which each belabored the man in front of him until they all looked as though wreathed in flames. The thick coat of white earth served in part to prevent some burns, but a nerve-shattering odor of burned flesh told the story all too truly that on the next day a gaudy blanket would cover the back of many a sufferer who would scorn to show the pain he was enduring. Before the torches had all burned down, the dancers rushed madly over the embers of the dying fire, and as they left by the gate, three gaps were torn in the great circle of branches to signify that the dance was over.

Virgil was too shaken to try to sleep, and the brushwood shelter, open to the sky, gave no shade from the morning sun. Besides, the whole camp was wakeful, many parties starting for their distant homes the instant the dance was over, more waiting for the feast that was to follow. The boy,

deafened by the yelling and the perpetual pounding of the drum all through the night, and with his eyes smarting from the heat and glare of the fire, wished to get away and be alone a while. So, chancing to meet the ethnologist, he said to him:

"If you don't mind, Mr. O'Gehd, I'll go up the Canyon of Chelly to-day. I'm a bit sleepy and this camp is as noisy as if every Indian were a parrot! They're gay enough, and I'm sure they're making just as much racket. I'll go down to a cool and shady place and take a snooze. Afterwards I'll ride down the canyon and look over some of the ruins, as you suggested."

"Good idea, Keen," his friend said heartily, "I'd like to join you and get away from the tumult myself, but I can't be discourteous. This is such a contrast, too, to most of the dignified Indian gatherings, but the Navaho are generally noisier than most tribes and the Fire Dance always excites them."

"It did me, too," said Virgil, as he strolled away to get his horse.

The Canyon de Chelly, viewed from its mouth, gave little sense of the majesty and grandeur found a few miles further down. Virgil was too

tired to do more than find a place to rest, and he lay, almost without moving, in a cool cedar-shaded cove until the afternoon was half way spent. Then, waking with a start, refreshed but hungry, he munched some food that he had put into his pocket upon starting and rode on down the Canyon. The constantly increasing height of the narrowing walls, especially as he drew near to Monument Canyon, was magnificent, and the fact that within seven miles of riding he noted over fifty ruined cliff villages was overwhelming. He was just about to turn back when he noticed on the map of the ruins that Mr. O'Gehd had given him, one marked "inaccessible."

The word spurred Virgil's adventurous spirit. How could a village be inaccessible, he thought? And if it was marked "inaccessible" on the map, no one had ever been there! He determined, though the evening was drawing on, to make an attempt to scale this place. If he could not do it, no one would be the wiser with regard to his failure, if he should succeed—and Virgil could climb like any cat—it would be a feather in his cap.

Hobbling his horse near the base of the canyon wall up which he proposed to climb, Virgil took

every breakable object out of his pockets and began the search for a way. He spent fully an hour before he found what must have been part of the old way up to the village and most of it had weathered and worn away and there were now seeming impossibilities before him. But the distance to be bridged that was difficult of climbing seemed so small, he was so near to achieving his quest that Virgil grimly determined to himself that he would scale that cliff, whether it looked possible or no! Generally meditative, the boy had a tremendous fund of vital energy that he rarely called into play and this particular difficulty spurred him to the full.

The first fifty yards possessed no special difficulties for an active lad, but there the trouble began. The rock was weakened by the weather, and while a projecting spur seemed to afford a foothold, Virgil found on testing it with his foot that it would not hold his entire weight. He set his teeth and began working patiently. Drawing his pocket-knife, he scraped the sandstone bit by bit until he made a shallow grasping place for his fingers, and another for the toe of his foot. Then, placing only a portion of his weight on the shaky spur he made a rapid scramble, just getting a

sufficient purchase to enable him to reach an even more perilous though solid projection a foot or two beyond. Clever and daring as it was, the moment he sprang Virgil knew he had been reckless, he had not thought of a return. There was nothing to do now but to go on.

With the consciousness that he had made escape a difficulty, the zest of the adventure increased, and by high-hearted courage, patience and a natural gift for seeing irregularities in the cliff face, Virgil succeeded at last in reaching the ruin. He knew it was too late to make a thorough search, he had no camera with him for photographs, it could not have been carried up that climb, and his hope of finding another way back was shattered. From where he stood, the way down seemed more hazardous even than the climb up had been.

Casting around for a possible path, the boy saw a small piece of broken pottery on the ground, which he had kicked up as he shuffled his feet in the lee of a wall to test its probable depth. He slipped the earthenware into his pocket, noting, as he did so, that it seemed of ancient make. Then, for the light was fading in the steep walled Canyon, he set himself to the descent.

All went well until he reached the place which

had given him a halt on his upward way. Remembering that, after all, the spur had borne his weight for a moment once, he decided to try it again, but Virgil had forgotten that in the return the full weight of his body would have to rest upon the weak and shaky piece of rock. Backwards he stepped, but as his foot touched the stone it loosened and the boy, making one wild grab at nothingness, fell fifty feet sheer down the cliff, striking, fortunately, on the soft bank of loose talus, but rolling on, bringing an avalanche of stones in his wake and reaching the bottom of the slope unconscious, a heavy bowlder pinning him where he fell.

The last flicker of the day had gone and the stars were shining brightly when Virgil opened his eyes and tried to remember where he was. His left leg felt strangely numb, but he was not in any pain, save when he tried to move, and a few attempts soon showed him that was impossible. He was a prisoner, and, for all he knew, no one might ever find him there.

As the night wore on, the numbness in his leg passed away and excruciating pain succeeded. He knew it was in vain to cry out, every Navaho

who might have been in the vicinity was at the feast, and shouting would only tire him. Besides, he felt too weak to shout. A gorgeous pageantry of Indians flashed across him as delirium came, born of the pain. But ever and anon he would rouse himself to consciousness, and during one of those spells he reached down into his pocket, for his left leg was free, and pulled out the piece of pottery he had found in the ruin above. As soon as it was in his hand, however, he forgot why he had wanted it, and relapsed into a stupor. His last thoughts were that even if no one came to him, the pictures were all taken and he had told the ethnologist enough of his processes to ensure that his plates would be developed and that none of his work would be lost.

The night was paling into dawn when the sound of ponies' hoofs rang down the canyon, and the leading figure, seeing a white horse, leaped from his pony's back and rushed over to where Virgil was lying. The sound of the footsteps roused the boy and he looked up to see a slight figure standing beside the ethnologist who had led the search party down the canyon.

"Why, it's Lost Wolf!" he cried, his voice

dying away with the exertion of speaking. Then, in a lower voice, he said, "Help me up, old chap, won't you?" He opened his hand with a glint of pride and showed the piece of pottery.

"See," he said, turning to the ethnologist with a glance at the ruin overhead, "I've scaled the 'inaccessible!' "

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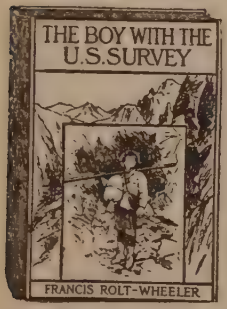

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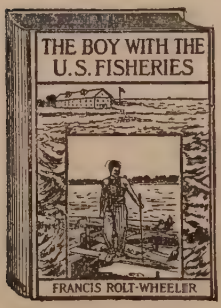

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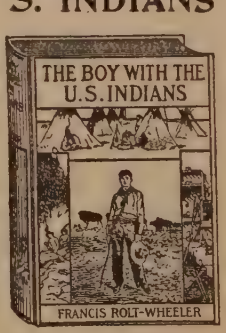

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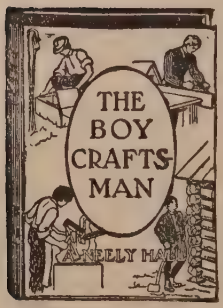

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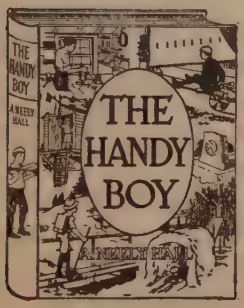

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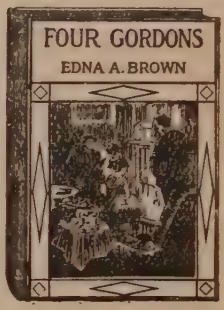

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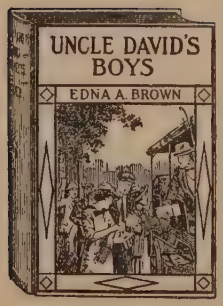

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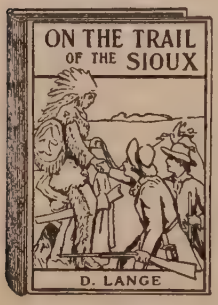

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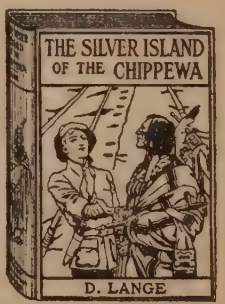

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